THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his need.

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THE kingdom of Siam lies between the parallels of latitude ten degrees north, and twenty-three degrees north, thus being situated wholly within the northern tropic zone.

In area it is about as large as the state of Texas, comprising some two hundred and ninety thousand square miles. In addition to Siam proper, the king of Siam also exercises control over the southern Laos, or Shan States; and, prior to the late troubles with France, he claimed tributary rights over certain territory in Cambodia.

Although situated in the tropics, the climate of Siam is far from being a constant one, and depends largely upon the declination of the sun. In the winter of the northern hemisphere the heat in Bangkok is not excessive, except perhaps during a portion of the afternoon, while the nights are cool and invigorating. About the first of March, however, when the

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sun has begun to near the equator, the heated term of the day is largely extended, and later, the nights also become almost intolerable.

The country is partly rugged and mountainous, but is well watered by several large rivers, the most important of which are the Menam and the Mekong; and along the valleys of these rivers and their tributaries is located the major part of the population of the kingdom.

Along the lower part of its course the Menam winds through a plain formed of rich alluvial deposits thickly overgrown with mangrove and palmetto, while a little further from its mouth are fertile rice-fields extending on each side as far as the eye can reach. Numerous canals or bayous branch off from the larger stream, and furnish the only means of communication in this part of the kingdom.

Brilliant crimson flowers deck the trees, contrasting vividly with the many shades of green. The blue sky overhead and the yellow flood of the river give plenty of variety of color. Here amid the variegated foliage may be seen the small white tulip, or "Japanese magnolia," as it is termed in America, and scattered here and there are groups of oleanders and large trees matted with vines whose blossoms resemble wistaria or lilac. Birds fly to and fro, scared from their indolence by our puffing little steamer, and give action to an otherwise absolutely reposeful scene.

At a sudden turn in the river we startle a pair of long-legged cranes, white as the driven snow, and showing out clearly against the dark-green background. Folding their long legs carelessly backwards, they languidly flap their course northward until they are lost to us in the next bend of the stream. No houses, no fields, or signs of civilization are in sight. No signs of life are visible save the idly flapping cranes, and perhaps the flout of an inquisitive fish, anxious for a nearer view of our noisy little steamer.

By and by a canoe steals mysteriously from beneath an overhanging branch; its sole occupant a dark-brown Siamese, who paddles silently across the yellow flood of waters. The air is still, save for the rushing of our little steamer, and the native boat leaves a long V-shaped ripple, ever increasing in width until its lines disappear in the green hedge bordering the river.

We are now nearing the canoe, but the Siamese are not an inquisitive race; and furthermore, the little steamer in which we are borne, is well known along the river. She is one of the king's yachts, and carries the blood-red flag of Siam, upon which is depicted the white elephant, the index of all government institutions. The occupant of the canoe gives us merely a passing glance as his boat sweeps by, and his smooth dark-brown back and shoulders glisten in the sun-light like polished bronze.



ONE OF THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANTS.

Soon, upon the bank, appear single houses, standing flamingo-like, upon piles driven in the soft ground, and the mangrove bushes



A VILLAGE ON THE MENAM.

give place to larger trees. Paknam, a small collection of stilted houses, situated some twenty-five miles below Bangkok, and about twelve miles above the Outer Bar, is the first settlement seen. Small as it appears, Paknam, nevertheless, contains some six thousand inhabitants, composed almost entirely of fishermen, pilots and other seafaring men.

Canoes now appear more frequently. They glide along the edges of the river, where the current is less swift, and as they near our vessel we notice that the occupants, one and all, are engaged steadily in chewing betel.

Above Paknam the country along the river banks is slightly higher, and in some places small levees have been raised. No rice-plantations of any extent, however, are met below Bangkok, but at no distant day they will be possible there. The Menam is subject to an annual, and in some years a semi-annual inundation. The high-water season generally commences in June and ends in November. During this season the waters of the river overflow their natural banks and spread over the surrounding country. The river brings down, held in suspension, a fine silt which is precipitated over the land, forming each year a layer some three inches in thickness, of fine fertile soil; and when this occurs it practically insures a bountiful crop in the rice-fields for next year. Under this constant accretion the general level of the land is gradually becoming higher. When the land has attained such an altitude as to be only inundated at the highest floods it then becomes cultivatable. Rice is the great famine-conqueror of Asia. Gaunt Famine cannot find a home where rice can be raised with certainty each year. No wonder, then, that the Oriental races, accustomed in their overcrowded land to struggle not for wealth, but for a mere existence, should almost worship rice. They introduce it into all ceremonies. The little white grains are prolific, and hence came centuries ago the custom of the use of rice at weddings.

The houses are generally of a very temporary nature, consisting of a light framework of poles, sides of straw or cane matting, and are covered with very steep thatched roofs. Among the lower classes

not much privacy is desired, nor is it obtained. The doors and windows of the houses are frequently only mere openings in the matting.

Those houses that are built upon piles have each a rough ladder, or a pair of rude steps leading up to the doorway from the water's edge; for here, during the freshets, the river sometimes rises from six to eight feet above its normal level.

Occasionally buildings of a more pretentious nature are seen, some having panelled sides, and faint attempts at decoration; and finally, about eight miles below Bangkok, we come abruptly upon a large warehouse, situated some distance back from the river, built in European style, with walls of masonry and roof of galvanized iron. Painted upon its white walls in large Roman letters are the words, "Kerosene Depot," which recalls to us the fact that despite our strange surroundings we are still in the midst of the nineteenth century.

We now commence passing rafts of lumber and round timber. Soon the tall smoke-stacks of the rice-mills at Bangkok are seen, and finally, at a sudden turn of the river, the city itself comes into full view.

The former capital of Siam was Ayuthia, a city situated on the Menam, about eighty miles above the river's mouth. Ayuthia was founded in the fourteenth century, and previous to this but little is known of the history of Siam as a nation.

About the year 1767 Siam became involved in a disastrous war with Burmah, which resulted in total defeat for the Siamese. The conquering Burmese invaded the upper part of the kingdom, and laying waste villages and rice-fields, finally captured Ayuthia, and made a desert of the surrounding country. Many ruins of the ancient temples of Ayuthia are now standing in the midst of a wilderness. Lofty and picturesque in their robes of ivy they testify, even in their desolation, to the grandeur and extent to which the capital of Siam must at that day have attained.

Driven from Ayuthia, the Siamese retreated further down the valley of the Menam, into the more impenetrable lands, where they could not be followed by their victorious enemies, and here, some forty-five miles below Ayuthia, and about thirty-five miles above the river's mouth, founded the present city of Bangkok.

Bangkok occupies portions of both of the river banks, official buildings and large temples being located on either side. Large canals intersect the city, and these constitute the principal streets and avenues. There are, however, several well-paved streets, and upon one of these has been recently laid a line of street-railway.

Almost all locomotion is by water. Nearly every family keeps its private canoe or row-boat. The European firms and the larger Chinese Hongs maintain steam-launches, and these little ubiquitous vessels are constantly rushing to and fro. Large boats are continually plying on regular routes, taking the place of the street-cars, cabs and other public vehicles of firmer built cities, in carrying from one quarter of the city to another those who are not provided with other means of transportation.

In a city where there is literally such a large "floating population," no accurate record of the number of its inhabitants can be obtained. The population of Bangkok is variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand souls. Of these probably one-half live upon the water, while there are perhaps fifty thousand persons who do not reside permanently here, but move in their boats or floating houses from one place to another, as best suits their business interests or personal inclinations.

A trip along the river-front or down one of the crowded canal-streets is an interesting one. The houses of business are so constructed that the front wall can be removed by day, thus giving to passers-by a full view of the interior with the wares displayed for sale.

Here may be seen articles of every nature and from all parts of the world. Earthen-ware filters from Singapore, Russian flour, Canton crêpe and native leopard skins, Japanese matches, English tinware, American agricultural implements and mineral oil, etc., etc., all piled in seeming confusion, but each article in plain view as our boat glides past.

Each house has in front of it a large porch, or wharf, protected by an overhanging roof, and here our steam-launch may tie up, while we make our purchases. The business of the city is largely monopo-



WAT S'KET, BANGKOK.

lized by Cantonese Chinamen, who compose fully one-third of the city's population.

The temples, or wats, as they are termed in the Siamese language, are by far the most imposing feature of the city of Bangkok. Among these, the finest is probably Wat Phra Koh, a temple situated within the palace grounds, and which consists of half a dozen buildings with paved court-yards between. Wat Cheng, however, on the opposite side of the river, is much larger and occupies a more prominent position. All are built of brick and stucco, and stand upon closely piled foundations. Their immense roofs are composed of green, yellow and brown tiles, artistically contrasted, and give a beauty to these buildings that a photograph does not reproduce.

The prevailing religion of the Siamese is, of course, Buddhism. Situated as closely as Siam was to the spot where Gautama received the divine inspiration, these people were among the first to embrace the offered faith. The king is himself a devout Buddhist, and his brother is a Buddhist priest. Yet, notwithstanding that he is a follower of Buddha, the king has issued a proclamation announcing that all religions are to be free and unmolested in his domain. This is one of the beauties of the Buddhist religion,—that it is a religion based upon love and kindness, and not propagated by the sword. In Siam, therefore, the Christian missionary has not to contend with the same fanatical antagonism that is met with among the followers of Mahomet, nor yet to endure the sneers and gibes offered by atheists in more civilized European countries.

Polygamy is allowed in Siam. The king has two principal wives and a number of concubines, the latter being daughters of Siamese nobles. All reside within the palace walls.



A SIAMESE POSTMAN.

The king has a number of children, all of whom are apparently of the same social standing; only those of the principal wives, however, are in line of succession to the throne. They are all designated as princes and princesses, and on fête-days ride on the sacred white elephants in the royal processions. The crown prince of Siam is a fine manly-looking boy about fifteen years of age.

The palace grounds are quite extensive and separated from the main part of the city by a wall some fifteen feet in height and about six miles in circumference, which also encloses the royal gardens.

Within the palace grounds, in addition to the residences of the royal family and the temples, are numerous buildings occupied by attendants, the barracks for the king's body-guard, and also houses for those persons in charge of the sacred white elephants, the temples, and the royal gardens. In all there are about three thousand persons who permanently reside within the walls The palace itself is modern in architecture and is a handsome building, but it is surpassed in beauty by several of the temple buildings. The other buildings are not at all conspicuous and resemble warehouses and tenements.

There is a general but erroneous supposition, that the Buddhists of Siam regard the white elephant as a deity. According to the tenets of their religion each Buddha must pass through a series of transmigrations before attaining perfection. He must at some period occupy the form of certain white animals, especially that of a dove, a monkey, or an elephant. For this reason all white animals are held more or less in reverence by the Siamese, since they believe that these must have once been superior human beings. They regard the white elephant as especially exalted, supposing it to be animated

by the spirit of some former king or hero. From ancient times, the kings of Siam, and also the kings of Burmah, have eagerly desired to own white elephants, and when coming into possession of one of these animals have loaded it with dignities and honors. In Siam the province in which a white elephant has been found is given special privileges for that year, and a title of nobility is conferred upon the fortunate person making the discovery. The elephant is captured and brought down the river upon a large raft, profusely decorated with banners, fruits and flowers, and escorted by hundreds of ornamented barges, amid much noise and display of fireworks.

When the procession arrives at Bangkok the raft is met by the king himself, who then and there confers upon the animal a name and title of nobility, by which it is thereafter known. The elephant is given a special apartment and this title is posted conspicuously over the doorway. Some ten or twelve persons are appointed solely to attend upon him and guard him. The care consists in the procuring of the food, keeping the large stall comparatively clean, guarding against the animal's escape, and controlling it when marching in the royal processions.

In addition to the reigning king there is another personage known as the second king, not however in the line of succession, and whose position in the government of the nation it is difficult to determine. The present second king is the brother of the late monarch and the uncle of the present ruler. He is one of the advisers to the king and is also regarded as the commander-in-chief of the army; but, in fact, his duties appear to be entirely nominal. He occupies a palace—also a walled enclosure, which is in a somewhat dilapidated condition—in another quarter of the city, some distance from the royal palace.



WAT PHRA KOH.

Notwithstanding the disastrous defeat of 1767, the kings of Siam have in later years been generally victorious over the kings of Burmah, retaking from Burmah a large portion of the territory at that

time lost, and the king of Siam now exercises dominion over the Laos or Shan States. The most important city in the Laos country is Chieng-mai, the capital, containing some sixty thousand inhabitants, which is situated some five hundred miles above Bangkok. The king of Siam is ruler over about six millions of people. Fully one-third of the population are Chinese, the remainder being composed of true Siamese, Laos, Burmese, and a number of half-castes, the mixed offspring of these various races.

With regard to their personal appearance, the Siamese are perhaps the most distinctive of all the Asiatic peoples. They do not resemble either the Chinese to the northward, or the Malays to the southward.

The true Siamese is a short, "stocky" man, dark-brown in color when he works in the open air, but almost as light as the Mongolian when belonging to the higher classes. They have dark-brown—almost black—and glittering eyes, and short, stiff, wiry, jet-black hair. The hair of both men and women is always worn cropped rather closely, and is in most cases the only covering that the Siamese coolie wears to protect his head from the rays of the tropic sun.

In disposition they are mild and gentle. Generally speaking, they are timid and careless of the future. The nature of their climate is not calculated to make them industrious, and as a consequence those vocations that require steady exertion are principally monopolized by the ubiquitous Mongolian. The Chinaman labors to acquire wealth, the Siamese works only enough to satisfy his present wants.

The Siamese, especially those living along the valley of the Menam, are almost amphibious in their nature. Thousands of them are constantly travelling up and down the winding river in their frail canoes or upon diminutive rafts. Even the babies early learn to swim, and it is not a rare spectacle to see on a house-boat or raft several diminutive children playing about, with small ropes tied about their waists, the other end being belayed to the door-post in order that the mother may haul the youngster aboard should he happen inadvertently to tumble into the river.

The great yearly labor—that of getting out from the forests the immense supplies of teak and other hard woods—is performed by elephants, ungainly and unwieldly-looking animals, yet endowed with an intelligence that is almost human. At Ayuthia is situated the great elephant corral, where the wild elephants of Siam are not only captured but also reduced to subjection. The elephant is naturally one of the subjects of greatest interest to the traveller in Siam, for in no other country, save perhaps in India, can this animal be seen to such advantage. Some years ago herds of wild elephants were large and numerous, but the number of herds is now greatly diminished and the herds themselves are smaller. This diminution is mainly due to the fact that there is an increasing demand for the elephant's labor, while on the other hand, they rarely breed in captivity. All of the herds of roaming elephants now practically belong to the king. They inhabit the northern part of the kingdom, and although not domesticated, are not so wild as they formerly were.

When there is necessity for the capture of a number of these, or when there is some celebrated personage visiting at the Siamese court, the king may order an elephant hunt, which is engaged in by thousands of persons and numbers of domesticated elephants. The capture is effected by surrounding and driving a herd to this strong corral at Ayuthia. Sometimes the herd is driven a distance of over one hundred miles, and a zest is given to the hunt on account of the danger that attends it. Rarely is there an elephant hunt which does not result in the death of one or two persons, and the wounding of many more.

The party is thoroughly organized and under the control of certain well-tried captains of divisions. They proceed to the neighborhood of that herd from which it is intended to make the capture, and draw a cordon about the entire herd. Among the elephants taken to assist in the hunt are certain animals that have been latest captured and who are only half tamed. These are now loosed and driven into the forest, where they soon meet and fraternize with the wilder animals; for very likely some of these half-tamed animals have recently belonged to this herd. After a short time, in which to allow the two classes of animals to become



ENTRANCE TO WAT CHENG, BANGKOK.

acquainted with each other, the hunters commence closing in, at the same time shouting, beating gongs and firing muskets loaded only with blank cartridges. The herd become confused. No matter which way they turn they meet these irregular sounds. Finally the cordon breaks away on that side towards which it is intended to drive the herd. The word of command is now given to the half-tamed elephants, mingled with the wild ones,—a word of command which they instinctively obey,—and these start, forthwith, leading the herd in the desired direction.

The corral is a large, square enclosure formed of a stockade of heavy tree-trunks, each about twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. These are planted deep in the ground, and extend in height some twelve or fifteen feet. The entire corral is surrounded by a high embankment, walled, and just outside of this is a large pavilion



ELEPHANT AT WORK.

from which the royal party and other invited spectators may in safety witness the capture.

The herd having been safely corralled, the domesticated elephants are now divested of their howdahs or saddles, and are also sent into the enclosure, and the gateway is made secure. Then by word of command these well-tamed elephants fall upon and beat the others, driving them here and there within the stockade. The frightened and infuriated animals exert all their strength in efforts to pull up or break down the barriers, and are soon much fatigued. The hunters now, slipping in and out between the posts of the stockade, place here and there, well within the enclosure, stout nooses made of hide and of manila rope, and in this manner succeed in ensnaring, by one of the feet, those animals that it is desired to capture. The noose, being gotten once about the animal's foot, he is, from the outside of the enclosure, hauled bodily to the nearest part of the stockade, elephants assisting on the line if necessary, and is there left secured until the entire lot have been captured. It is in this part of the proceeding that the greatest number of accidents occur, for the hunters, feeling that the eyes of the people are upon them, become reckless in their movements, and place themselves in positions where a false step means to be hurled against the barriers, or else trampled to death.

The animals having been thus secured, the gateway is unbarred and the herd are as rapidly driven back to the locality from which they came, by hunters especially detailed for this purpose.

The operation of taming is a longer process. One of the animals that has been secured is taken to this central stockade or alley-way. First, however, each foot is lassoed with long ropes, and these are held, if necessary, by the tamed elephants, who drag the poor beast between the two rows of piles. His terrible trunk cannot be fastened in any way, but each foot is firmly tied to a post, whereupon the men themselves retire from the corral, leaving two or three of the most trustworthy elephants within the stockade to torment the captive. These now, obedient to orders which they receive from their masters, proceed to lash the captive elephant with their trunks, while the poor thing is powerless to retaliate.

After this tormenting has been carried on for some time, the Siamese who is in future to act as keeper to this elephant, comes into the corral and drives the tormentors away. The man now brings



A NATIVE SETTLEMENT.

buckets of cold water and throws them upon the animal's heated sides, speaks to him kindly, and brings him bundles of grass. He even strokes the rough legs, taking care, however, to keep well out of reach of the terrible proboscis.

The man now retires and the tormentors are ordered to return. Again they lash the captive into a frenzy, and again the keeper drives them away, pets and cools the animal. This process is continued for a greater or less number of times, according to the disposition of the animal, who finally reasons with himself and arrives at the conclusion that this man is his friend, while to the other elephants, his tormentors, he apparently attributes all the woes and ills which have recently befallen him. He finally becomes friendly with the man, his protector, and is thereafter obedient and affectionate.

In the forests and in the timber-yards the elephants work with patience and intelligence. They are easily taught what is required of them, and after once comprehending this, will work steadily until ordered to desist. The elephant, however, is perhaps the most sagacious of all animals that have been dominated by man, and is apt, therefore, at times, to trust rather to his own knowledge than to that of his master. Many instances are told of their thus taking the law into their own hands. It is generally best to teach him the result that you wish accomplished, and then to allow him to execute the work in the manner that he thinks best.

In many cases the load weighs over a ton, yet it is always handled with apparent ease, or else the animal will not attempt it. They have a way of testing the weight of a load, as it were, and if they consider it beyond their strength no persuasion can induce them to try to lift it.

In the valley of the Menam there is much low, swampy land, back of which are high mountains where the hard woods are found. When the land is partially overflowed it is difficult to manage the heavy logs that have been felled in the previous dry season; and then it is that the compact strength of the elephant is of such great advantage.

They thread their way in and out among the logs and underbrush, bearing their keeper securely seated aloft, and at a touch or a word will lift a certain stick of timber and carry it to the desired place.

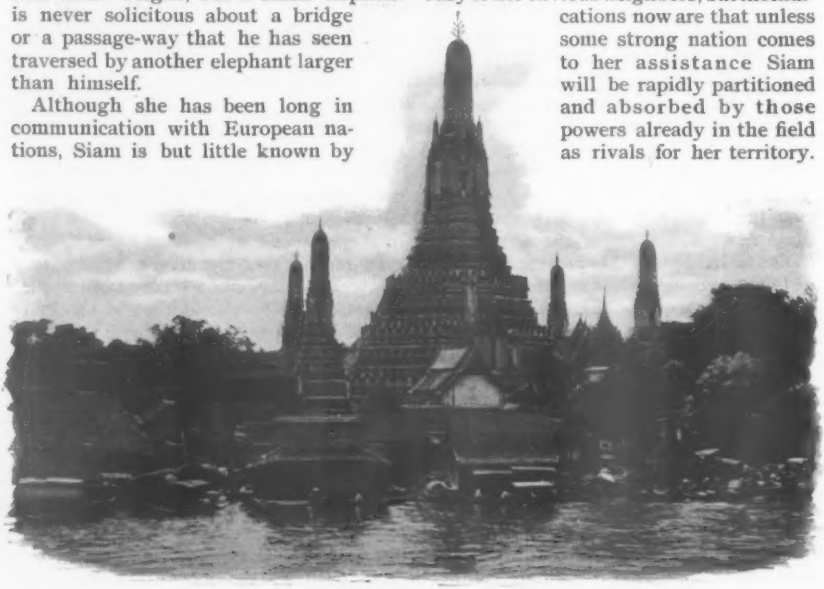
When they are used about saw-mills they show much intelligence in always choosing avenues which will admit of the passage of their bodies or of the load they are carrying. In order to illustrate this the keeper will purposely order the animal to pass through narrow alley-ways. The elephant, without stopping, touches with his trunk first one and then the other side of the alley-way of lumber, and this measurement shows him at once the width as compared with the width of his own body. If the measurement proves satisfactory he continues through the passage-way without pausing. If the test does not suit him he stops and cannot be made to try the passage.

In the same manner, when carrying logs, they will test the width of the passage-ways; and always before crossing a bridge for the first time they carefully test it to see that it is strong enough to bear their weight; but a small elephant is never solicitous about a bridge or a passage-way that he has seen traversed by another elephant larger than himself.

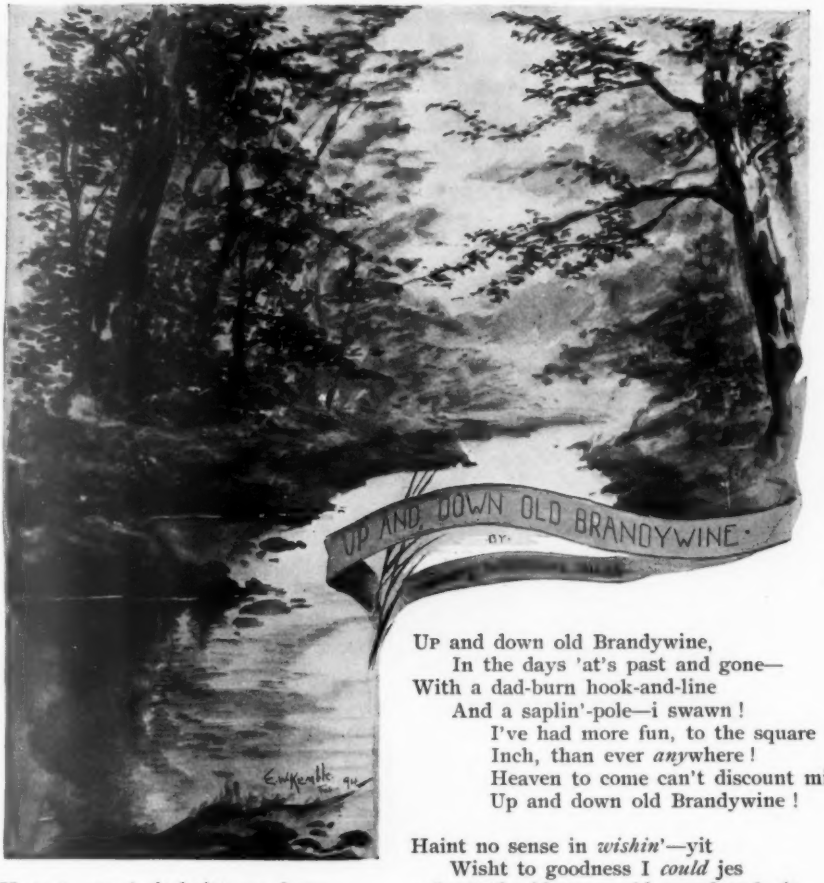
Although she has been long in communication with European nations, Siam is but little known by us to-day, and there are no doubt many surprises in store here for the western traveller during the next decade. In natural resources Siam is a rich country. The soil is especially fertile and the acreage already under cultivation is ample to support the entire population. Gold is found in the mountains, and copper, lead and tin have also been mined. In numerous localities precious stones, principally the sapphire, emerald, amethyst and topaz are to be found, and in some places are mined by Europeans.

The very abundance of her unexploited resources, however, now forms the source of a danger that menaces this country, for it seems to have been definitely decided among certain European nations that Siam is to be the next country to suffer a gradual delimitation of her territory. If this decision has been reached it will not be many years before the autonomy of this kingdom will have entirely disappeared, for the Siamese are not a warlike people and could not make a determined resistance to systematic encroachment.

Hitherto her immunity from conquest has been mainly due to the mutual jealousy of her envious neighbors, but the indications now are that unless some strong nation comes to her assistance Siam will be rapidly partitioned and absorbed by those powers already in the field as rivals for her territory.



WAT CHENG.



Honest, now !—it haint no *dream*
'At I'm wantin',—but *the fac's*
As they wuz ; the same old stream,
And the same old times, i jacks !—
Gim me back my bare feet—and
Stonebruise too !—And scratched
[and tanned !—
And let hottest dog-days shine
Up and down old Brandywine !

In and on betwixt the trees
'Long the banks, pour down yer noon,
Kindo' curdled with the breeze
And the yallerhammer's tune;
And the smokin', chokin' dust
O' the turnpike at its wusst—
Saturd'ys, say, when it seems
Road's jes jammed with country teams !—

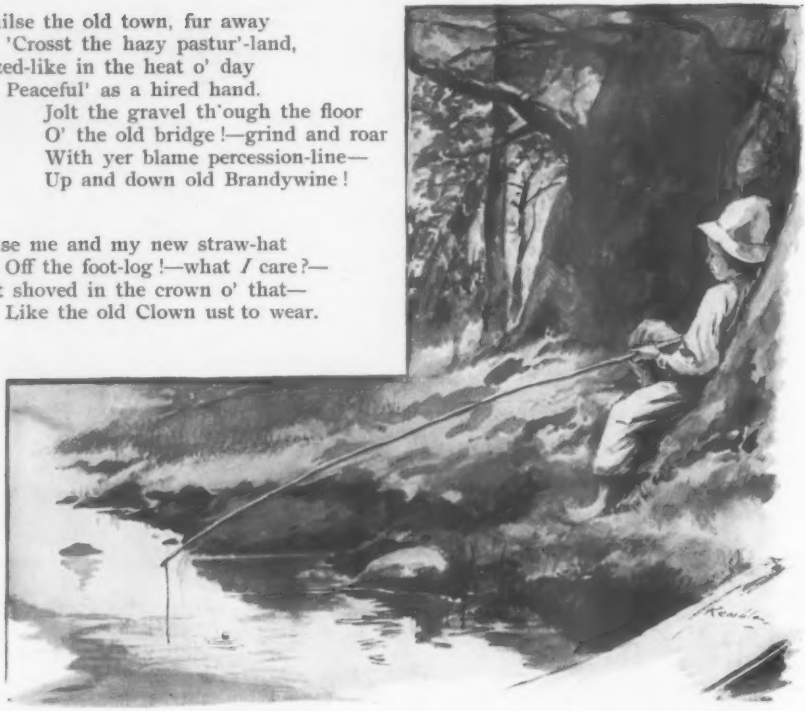
Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook-and-line
And a saplin'-pole—i swawn !
I've had more fun, to the square
Inch, than ever *any*where !
Heaven to come can't discount mine
Up and down old Brandywine !

Haint no sense in *wishin'*—yit
Wisht to goodness I *could* jes
"Gee" the blame world round and git
Back to that old happiness !—
Kindo' drive back in the shade
"The old Covered Bridge" there laid
'Crosst the crick, and sorto' soak
My soul over, hub and spoke !



Whilse the old town, fur away
'Crosst the hazy pastur'-land,
Dozed-like in the heat o' day
Peaceful' as a hired hand.
Jolt the gravel th'ough the floor
O' the old bridge!—grind and roar
With yer blame percession-line—
Up and down old Brandywine!

Souse me and my new straw-hat
Off the foot-log!—what *I* care?—
Fist shoved in the crown o' that—
Like the old Clown ust to wear.



Wouldn't swop it fer a' old
Gin-u-wine raal crown o' gold!—
Keep yer *King* ef you'll gim me
Jes the boy I ust to be!



Spill my fishin'-worms! er steal
My best "goggle-eye!"—but you
Can't lay hands on joys I feel
Nibblin' like they ust to do!
So, in memory, to-day
Same old ripple lips away
At my cork and saggin' line,
Up and down old Brandywine!

There the logs is, round the hill,
Where "Old Irvin'" ust to lift
Out sunfish from daylight till
Dew-fall—'fore he'd leave "The Drift"
And give *us* a chance—and then
Kindo' fish back home again,
Ketchin' 'em jes left and right
Where *we* hadn't got "a bite!"

Er, 'way windin' out and in,—
Old path th'ough the iurnweeds
And dog-fennel to yer chin—
Then come suddent, th'ough the reeds
And cat-tails, smack into where
Them-air woods-hogs ust to scare
Us clean 'crosst the County-line,
Up and down old Brandywine!

But the dim roar o' the dam
It 'ud coax us furder still
Tords the old race, slow and ca'm,
Slidin' on to Huston's mill—
Where, I 'spect, "The Freeport crowd"
Never *warmed* to us er 'lowed
We wuz quite so overly
Welcome as we aimed to be.



Still it peared-like ever'thing—
Fur away from home as *there*—
Had more *relish*, like, i jing!
Fish in stream, er bird in air!
O them rich old bottom-lands,
Past where Cowden's Schoolhouse stands!
Wortermelons—*master-mine!*
Up and down old Brandywine!

And sich pop-paws!—Lumps o' raw
Gold and green,—jes oozy th'ough
With ripe yaller—like you've saw
Custard-pie with no crust to.
And jes *gorges* o' wild plums,
Till a feller'd suck his thumbs
Clean up to his elbows! *My!—*
Me some more, er lem me die!

Up and down old Brandywine!...—
Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!—
Flick me with a pizenvine
And yell "*Yip!*" and lem me loose!
—Old now as I then wuz young,
'F I could sing as I *have* sung,
Song 'ud shorely ring *dee-vine*
Up and down old Brandywine!



A YEAR'S AMUSEMENTS.

By Frederick A. Schwab.

THE dramatic season of the current year, which began, as usual, early in October, and which approaches its end when the sun shines yellow, is not likely to be remembered through its artistic brilliancy. As the country grows older, its theaters increase in number, and every playhouse added to the list marks an advance in point of architectural beauty, costliness, or fitness; unfortunately, it does not appear that the ambition and activity denoted by this condition of things brings about, directly or indirectly, any distinct betterment of public taste, or any accession of gifted actors or important plays. The most flattering estimate of the actual situation suggests that, while in places of amusement the land is richer than ever before, it is no worse off, in respect to entertainers and entertainments, than it was, say, two decades ago. In connection with theatrical matters in New York in the seventies, I recall a paragraph that stood at the top of a column in one of the most sedate of metropolitan dailies. It proclaimed that the San Francisco Minstrels — then at the height of their popularity — were literally at the head of dramatic affairs in New York. I recall, too, that the assertion was not ill-founded. We have been privileged, since those remote days, to listen to Salvini, and to Coquelin; to Duse, and to Bernhardt; to Irving, and to Sonnenthal; but there is no gainsaying the fact, after all, that the shining successes of the twelvemonth at our very doors, have been "1492" and "Charley's Aunt;" and that the amusement-seeker, asking an average person's advice, just now, as to where to pass an evening, is told, with decision, that "The Country Sport" is the representative drama of the moment. If one were pessimistic enough to view the present situation as the climax and fruition of the theatrical year, the impression would not be grateful.



From a photo by the Cameron studio.

HENRY IRVING AS "BECKET."

But one should not judge the present season, or its predecessors, solely by their culmination. Looking back upon the incidents of 1893–94, it is to be regretted that the year should not go on record through the revelation of some performer of extraordinary merit; that, notwithstanding the liberal encouragement given the American playwright and composer, no



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EMMA EAMES-STORY.

dramatic author or musician should stand forth as endowed with rare promise, if not already as a master of his art; that, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, not one theater can be cited as having been devoted, week after week, to a continuous series of high-class productions; and, finally, that the good things beheld have come, as it were, in streaks, with a depressing plenty of stony strata between the few layers of soil irradiated with veins of precious ore. In this regard, the situation is almost identically the same described annually from the period in which stock-companies went out of existence. On the other hand, attractions of a dignified type have probably been more abundant than ever before, and if their influence has not been potent enough to mould the character of the season as a whole, it cannot have been quite negative. The largely increased number of theaters, and the swiftly-growing theatrical importance of some of the minor cities, have diffused this influence to some extent, to the advantage of the lesser towns, and to the disadvantage of New York; the thoughtful amusement-seeker, however, on the qui-vive for admirable performances, has not lacked opportunities of enjoyment and edification. In default of a single playhouse conducted after the fashion of the model theaters of Europe, some comfort may be found in the reflection that the plane of individual connoisseurship, if not that of public taste in the broadest sense of the term, has been raised by the best representations, sporadic though they have been, of the twelvemonth.



From a photo by J. B. Falk, N. Y.

AMANDA FABRIS.

The long and prosperous series of performances furnished by Mr. Henry Irving must be considered as the most noteworthy event of the season. Mr. Irving was no stranger to American audiences, previous to his reappearance here in the fall, and he long ago asserted himself so convincingly as a student and thinker of a type seldom adorning the stage, as a man possessed of extraordinary magnetism, as an actor of wide experience, and as the greatest stage manager of the age, that discussion of his excellences and shortcomings was never thought of when he made his first bow to the New York public, this year, on the opening night of Abbey's Theater. Nor was it deemed necessary to analyze the art or descant upon the personal fascinations of Miss Ellen Terry. It was felt by Mr. Irving's audiences, in the New World as in the Old, that whatever he and his associates did would be done in all sincerity, and with that unsurpassable attention to theatric surroundings that has made the London Lyceum's work famous in

all English-speaking countries; and expectation was not disappointed.

The English actor and his company have been seen this winter in their familiar round of plays, and in "Henry VIII." and "Becket," the latter a series of episodes and dialogues rather than an organic dramatic whole. Whatever subtlety and significance one may find in Mr. Irving's "Becket,"—and his admirers discern in this as in most of his personations all sorts of striking characteristics,—there are not a few playgoers that would rather see him as Lesurques and Dubosc, or as Matthias, in "The Bells," than in his less time-worn rôles. Close acquaintance with the comedian helps one to submit to his mannerisms, to his strange elocution, and to his semi-grotesque ejaculations; and one feels, in his every effort, its genuineness; the auditor, too, can turn, again and again, for relief to the marvellously beautiful stage-pictures, that, under the actor's supervision, are a continuous delight to the eye; but most men will remember Mr. Irving, the player, by his purely melodramatic representations. A like qualified opinion is very generally entertained concerning Miss Terry, whose physical charms are still magnetic, and who has, of course, none of Mr. Irving's distressing peculiarities, but whose limitations are quite as sharp as her associate's. But after all, with farce-comedy and the concert-halls making incessant and effective inroads upon the drama, it seems thankless to cavil at performers of the order of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. They were surrounded this season, as of old, by a competent, if not illuminative, company, in which Mr. Terriss's personality was most distinct.

It may appear unpatriotic, if not unjust, in a review of the dramatic season in New York, after having awarded first place in the record to an Englishman, to assign the second to another performer from abroad; and, withal, it must be conceded that the visit of M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading, if less remunerative than Mr. Irving's, was, to the fraction of the community that understood their language, quite as interesting. I liked M. Coquelin better at the Comédie Française than as a "star," and I have always had the same feeling in regard to Mme. Bernhardt, for both artists took on a luster from their surroundings that they have never borrowed from the semi-provincial troupes that accompany them; but so much pleasure is



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JULIA MARLOWE.



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OLIVE MAY AND MAUDE ADAMS.

derived from beholding, under almost any circumstances, players of this type, that memories are easily and profitably silenced. I have, of course, in mentioning Mme. Bernhardt's name in connection with M. Coquelin's, no idea of drawing a comparison between the two artists. No spark of that *feu sacré* that illumes the look and word of actors and actresses of the highest order, lights up M. Coquelin's performances. These, in truth, do not need the touch of genius to charm and amuse. M. Coquelin has vast experience as a comedian, and a masque and a voice than which nature will never fashion any better suited to the Molière rôles in which he excels; but it is in the line of character, of which Mascarille is the prototype, in modern low-comedy, and in eccentric parts that he shines in all his effulgence.

In other characters, he reveals the merits of the trained and very intelligent French player, doing nothing badly—not even M. Duval, in "La Dame aux Camélias,"—imprinting naturalness and accuracy of detail on every representation, and imparting significance to every line and glance; but he accomplishes nothing further. I was not carried away by his work in "Thermidor," which piece Mme. Jane Hading helped out more than he did, and, to go to an extreme, I thought his Tartuffe little better than conventional. But he was an unapproachable Mascarille, and a magnificent Giboyer; nor have I forgotten his Duc de Septmonts, in "L'Etrangère," an extraordinary picture of a vacuous, insolent, brittle, and nevertheless high-bred French nobleman, whose originality supplied a much-needed *raison d'être* for a stupid, though, in spots, scintillating piece. As to Mme. Hading, beautiful and winning as she is, and a very queen when contrasted with the average leading-lady of the period, I am loth to place her in the same class with M. Coquelin. She is a well-schooled, stately and, at times, sympathetic *jeune première;* but, judged by the best standards, a competent actress and nothing more. The company that appeared with M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading was a very respectable provincial organization, the members of which never offended the proprieties. One of the artists, however, commanded something more than faint praise: I refer to Mme. Patry.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to critically review the most noteworthy incidents, even, of a season as active—it has been active if not fruitful of much good—as the one now nearing a close, so I must confine myself to a mere enumeration of the prin-

cipal novelties and incidents of the winter. The Lyceum Theater, despite its cramped quarters, and the very mild sort of talent discernible in its company, has done much creditable work in respect to producing new pieces, and keeping its course free from the suggestion of expediency and "plunging" that clings to the policy of many more pretentious houses. Mr. Paul M. Potter's "Sheridan," carefully designed—as are all Lyceum plays—to fit the performers, and most effective as a picture of a historical and ever fascinating period, was one of the theater's distinct successes, while the same author's "Our Country Cousins" failed to win applause. In Mr. Pinero's cleverly constructed "The Amazons," in which the ancient system of travesties, as they were called, is revived with the happiest results, Miss Georgia Cayvan, Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Fritz Williams, and the small but efficient and popular array of players identified with the house, are just at present drawing large audiences.

Mr. Sidney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," brought forth at the Empire, deals with a somewhat unpleasant subject, but the author's treatment of his theme is marked by great skill, and the piece has a substance and meaning that the average American drama lacks.

Miss Rose Coghlan, who established herself as a metropolitan favorite in the palmy days of stock-companies, has this year given a liberal measure of her time to New York. As a manageress, her most ambitious effort has been the production of Oscar Wilde's "Woman of No Importance," constructed on the pattern of the modern French plays that depend for success upon dialogue rather than upon action, but scarcely brilliant enough in its speeches to blind the auditor to its invertebrate story. Miss Coghlan took great pains to secure an adequate exposition of Mr. Wilde's piece; it did not, however, prove impressive. For Miss Coghlan herself there was little in the play; in fact, there are few parts in which this artiste is seen to advantage, for her range is limited to that of her temperament, and while she sustains to perfection a rôle to which she is fitted, she is quite helpless in characters with which she is not by nature in touch. It is a pity that Mr. Charles Coghlan should have left the company when he did, just previous to the presentation of "A Woman of No Importance." He is so admirable a comedian that his performance might have changed the lot of the play.

The list of new works, as I implied above, is a long one. Among other specimens of stage literature that are most deserving of mention in a record of the season, may be mentioned "In Mizzoura," in which Mr. Nat Goodwin surprised the public, that only knew him as a low-comedian, by sustaining a semi-pathetic and very tranquil part: an English version of "Poor Girls," attributed to De Maupassant and revealing here and there strong touches, and a translation of Sudermann's "Magda," a disagreeable thing, to which even Mme. Modjeska's popularity could not lend vitality. The usual assortment of farce-comedies, from the French and German, was spread out



From a photo by J. B. Falk, N. Y.

CAROLINE MISKEL.



From a photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

JANE HADING.

for the delectation of the playgoer, in many cases, with not unsatisfactory consequences.

In the early autumn, an adaptation of "Champignol malgré lui" was offered by Mr. Frohman's company, at the Garden Theater, under the title of "The Other Man," and just now Mr. John Drew may be beheld in "Butterflies," a light and airy fantasy of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton's. "Butterflies" is not at all a remarkable effort, either in construction or dialogue. But it fits Mr. Drew, who is by no means hard to fit, and whose mildly exhilarating and never-changing methods, and gentlemanly personality, appear to have made a deep impression upon a yielding and amiable public. I am not certain that "Butterflies" is a more striking achievement than "The Lion's Mouth," a gloomy and talky tragedy that Mr. Carleton introduced through the medium of Messrs. Warde and James, in the fall; but Messrs. Warde and James are not amusing, and Mr. Drew is.

At the Star Theater, where "The Lion's Mouth" yawned in consonance with its audience, the Kendals were beheld in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Silver Shell." The first-named drama caused some stir by exhibiting Mrs. Kendal as a wicked woman, but made no stronger mark. "The Silver Shell," a nihilist story, with two or three powerful incidents that startled the audience, was not received with enthusiasm. Besides welcoming back the Kendals, New York playgoers greeted with kindness Mr. Willard, who emerged as Hamlet, at the Garden Theater, after presenting "The Professor's Love Story," one of the pieces to which his tranquil style of acting is best adapted. It has been said, over and over again, that no actor worthy the name can fail in "Hamlet," and Mr. Willard brought to his task no 'prentice hand. That he did not disclose any new possibilities in the part was to have been foreseen, and no one was chagrined at leaving the theater with memories and ideals undisturbed.



From a photo by Van Bosch, Paris.

COQUELIN.

At the Standard Theater, in the early fall, Mr. J. M. Hill retrieved his wavering fortunes with "Charley's Aunt," which

is still a strong attraction. "Charley's Aunt," is neither better nor worse than hundreds of pieces of the same type that have preceded it, and that turn upon a case of mistaken identity, the complication, in this instance, being heightened and rendered more diverting by the assumption of female garb by the low-comedian. Had it been presented in imperfect fashion, "Charley's Aunt" would have vanished in a very few nights; but its fun was carried on with so much briskness and communicative humor by Mr. Girardot and his associates, that it turned out one of the few "hits" of the season.

The latest specimen of farcical stagecraft disclosed to New York audiences is "Love's Extract," at the Fifth Avenue. Although placed on the boards by Rosenfeld Brothers, managers of intelligence and experience, it was a disappointment.

Among the signal failures of the season must be mentioned "The Voyage of Suzette," which proved a lamentable and costly fiasco at the American Theater, and "The Lady of Venice" at the Fifth Avenue. The withdrawal of the latter effort from the bills was followed by the presentation of another shockingly bad piece, entitled "Mrs. Dascot," and written by Gen. Lloyd Bryce and Mr. Stanislaus Stange. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon the dramatic defeats of the year. As a matter of record, I would refer, before closing the retrospect of the dramatic season, to the wholly unmerited financial failure of the French pantomimists that appeared here in "L'Enfant Prodigue." Although the newspapers were unanimous and just in proclaiming that so eloquent and dainty a performance had never before been seen in the United States,—for the art of these mimes made the pantomime, which was accompanied by lovely music, a domestic drama of exceeding charm and pathos,—"L'Enfant Prodigue" turned out one of the disastrous ventures of the year.

The characteristics of the musical season of 1893–94 bear no slight resemblance to those of the dramatic year, except in the fact that some of the singers were heard here for the first time. Of what may be termed serious instrumental music comparatively little has been listened to, and most of that has been familiar; a symphony, constructed on hypothetically American themes, by Dr. Anton Dvorák,



From a photo by Sarony, N. Y.

GEORGIA CAYVAN.

and a symphony ("Pathétique"), by Tschaikowsky, are the only works of any magnitude that I recall as having had their initial performance on this side of the ocean; for "I Pagliacci" and "L'Amico Fritz" had been given, though imperfectly, before autumn set in.

The Philharmonic Society of New York held its annual six concerts; but the con-

servatism of that body, to use a parliamentary term, precludes expectation of any step that might impart novelty or importance to their somewhat tame performances. The New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society of New York also asserted themselves after their wonted fashion, and furnished a creditable rendering—creditable, at least, in regard to the chorus—of Bach's Passion music. But neither the Philharmonic nor Mr. Damrosch's societies did aught that was worth treasuring up, and the material stress of the season upon the Music Hall forces proved so trying that the disbandment of the Damrosch orchestra in the spring is regarded as among the possibilities.

The smaller organizations, chiefly those occupying themselves with vocal music, such as the Mendelssohn Glee Club, the Musurgia, the Liederkranz and Arion societies, etc., furnished their regular entertainments; these, pleasant though they were, left no trace. But for Italian opera —the tentative representations of German opera at Music Hall, and the Metropolitan, were only shielded from condemnation by the vast mantle of charity —I fancy that the dilettante, three months hence, would be puzzled to recollect what had been done in music, in New York, between last November and the month of flowers. There was even less piano-playing than is customary. Mr. de Pachmann gave several recitals, with excellent results; but the newcomers, Mr. Slivinski and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, aroused no interest. Mr. Josef Hollmann, the clever Dutch violoncellist, who was to have come to America in January, decided to await the dawn of a period of greater prosperity and remained on the continent. The only violinist that has stood before the public since fall has been Mr. Henri Marteau, a young virtuoso of promise, who has made of late no advance in his art—a condition of things often noticed in the case of youthful performers that embark upon the strictly mercantile and habitually demoralizing operation known as an American concert tour.



From a photo by Benque & Co., Paris.

LASSALLE.

It is through the brilliancy of the season of opera in New York, Boston and Chicago that 1893–94 will, in all likelihood, be agreeably remembered. An active and noisy, but hopelessly impotent minority of observers will argue, no doubt, that the public homage has been paid, not to the opera, but to its representatives; it were a waste of time, though, to discuss this view of the situation. The extraordinary success of Italian opera in the United States this winter should be ascribed, in my opinion, to three factors: first, the weariness of a large proportion of the music-loving public of much distinctly unvocal, if not unmelodious, music forced upon it in recent years; second, that enduring love for tune that even the rational admirers of the most progressive writers of the age would hesitate to suppress, if they had the power to do so; third, the importance of the singers, that, since November, have held the public ear. Without going more deeply into cause and effect, however, certain it is that New York has never known so prolonged and brilliant a season of grand opera as the city has just passed through.

The desire to listen to sweet music and good singing was so strong as to make it useless to bring forth new works held in reserve, and betwixt "Faust," "Carmen," "The Huguenots," and a dozen equally well-known

achievements, the thirteen weeks of the company's sojourn here went by most successfully. The relatively unfamiliar operas presented did not stir the spectators' pulses. In "I Pagliacci," the pathos and vigor of Signor de Lucia's acting aroused a summerstorm of acclamation; but the drama loses when set in too large a frame, and, as an organic work of sustained interest and vividness, rather than a string of striking cavatinas and concerted numbers, it demands that an audience shall be more in touch with it than was possible at the Metropolitan. The idyllic tinge of "L'Amico Fritz" would also have been more apparent in a smaller house; the work, though, does not compare in worth with "I Pagliacci."

The singers applauded at the Metropolitan formed an ensemble that has no parallel, at present, in Europe; for even at Covent Garden, whither the company proceeded in April, the principals are much less frequently arrayed in the same cast than they were in New York. The list of performers, this year, included MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Signori Vignas and de Lucia, MM. Lassalle, Plançon, and Ancona; Mmes. Melba, Calvé, Eames, Nordica, Arnoldson and Scalchi, and a host of lesser luminaries. With no thought of adducing figures as testimony to the artistic value of these thirteen persons, it may be edifying to note that their united honoraria for ten performances a month — the number in which each habitually figures—exceeded $60,000.

The engagement of Mmes. Melba and Calvé was a shrewd move, for these two prima donnas typify the extremes of modern lyric art. Mme. Melba is, actually, the leading songstress of the world, Mme. Patti, for other reasons than those assigned for affixing these well-known words to a painting, or a statue, being now *hors concours*. Her strongest point is her vocal emission, facile and flawless beyond description; next in importance is the quality of her voice, a pure, vibrant and highly metallic soprano of great range and perfect evenness; and, next to this, her execution, in all respects correct and beautiful. The artiste's weakness lies in her lack of the histrionic temperament; she is, in other words, a mediocre actress, seldom graceful and never sympathetic; she is wanting, even, in the suppleness that might enable her to assimilate the conventional factors of a representation. Lifting up her voice in song, Mme. Melba is triumphant; when called upon to blend emotion with her tones, or impart to them something more than is conveyed in their brightness or flexibility, her limitations immediately become apparent. I liked her best, as an actress and vocalist, in "Lohengrin;" she was uneven as Margarita, and but a passable Lucia and Gilda. But her singing, in the two rôles last mentioned, was beyond compare.



From a photo by Sarony, N. Y.

SIGRID ARNOLDSON.

Mme. Calvé, as I said, is the very antithesis of Mme. Melba. I do not discredit her skill as a vocalist, for I know that she has sung with success through the modern répertoire abroad; thus far, however, she has impressed her audiences more vividly through her histrionic powers than by any revelation of voice and execution. Mme. Calvé is all temperament, and aglow with the warmth of the half Spanish skies under which she was

born. With the exception of Pauline Lucca, who, however, was not so impulsive as the Frenchwoman, I recall no operatic artist who so completely merged himself or herself in the character assumed. This it is that, communicating itself to her audience, made Mme. Calvé's success immediate; the vocal side of her work had relatively slight consideration from the spectator, and, in truth, seldom appealed to him. Mme. Calvé was seen in "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Carmen" and "L'Amico Fritz." In Mascagni's opera, she reminded me of Mme. Duse, both in general method and business of the stage; in Bizet's, she showed a terribly real Carmen, sensual and cruel as the woman, had she lived, must have been. "Carmen," well worn as it is, was the drawing card of the New York season, and was given again and again.



From a photo by Bettini, Paris.

CALVÉ.

It would be a grateful task, if space permitted, to take up, one by one, the admirable singers that have passed before us at the Metropolitan, and endeavor to define the excellences that have made them famous the world over. But the boundary-lines of a review are rigid. How much might be written of the consummate art of M. Jean de Reszké, a tenor that never slights a note or a syllable, or sacrifices time to a possible point; whose Italian or French are alike delicious to listen to, and who to all subjects cognate to the rôles he fills brings, with intelligence of the highest order and years of experience, careful study and research! It may strike one as a small matter, but let the reader mark M. de Reszké's handling of his rapier in the duel-scene in "Faust," his management of his sword, when José attacks the officer in "Carmen," and his manipulation of the *navarin* in the fight with Escamillo, and then observe the conventional tenor at the same stages of events. More vibrant, more powerful, more sensuously beautiful voices have been listened to than this artist is endowed with; but I recall no tenor, these thirty years, that has shown so rare a combination of the gifts and attainments that make a performance eloquent, fascinating and representative.

Almost as pleasant would it be to dwell upon the merits of M. Lassalle, whose voice—its medium and lower tones, especially—is still of uncommon richness; whose cantabile is matchless in its smooth and majestic flow, and variety of tonal timbre, and who, notably in what may be termed his favorite parts—Nelusko, Hamlet, Saint-Bris—summons to the foot-lights personages that might have stepped out of historic canvases.

M. Edouard de Reszké still possesses the magnificent organ that first brought him into notice: in volume and quality of voice, he has no rival. M. Plançon, who shares with him the basso rôles, is also gifted with a superb voice, while his execution, in its suavity and precision, suggests the ideal contralto of the Rossinian period.

Of Mrs. Eames-Story, I need not say much: the American prima donna has gained in comeliness, and her voice is broader and somewhat more dramatic than before, if, at times, there is some hint of a slight impairment of its quality.

Mme. Nordica sings better than ever,

barring an occasional tendency to Wagnerian explosiveness; she has, unfortunately, little power of concentration upon the dramatic significance of her task, and is an unimpressible, unimpressive and angular actress.

Mme. Arnoldson has a light and agreeable soprano, and was acceptable in most of the characters assigned her; she was particularly happy as Cherubino in "Le Nozze."

As to Mme. Scalchi, she still maintains her hold upon the public, though she could not save from condemnation "Orfeo" and "Semiramide." I fancy that this season witnessed the final exhumation and retirement of both these works, that have lived their life, and should be left undisturbed, save by the student and the antiquarian.

Light opera—French, German and American—played but an insignificant part in the season's proceedings. Since the Casino passed into new hands, the adaptation of operettas by Suppé, Millöcker, Genée, and others, has ceased, temporarily, at least; and French opera-bouffe was discarded long ago; or, if turned to, has been used as a basis for burlesque and distorted beyond recognition in the process of remodelling. During the winter, three operas by American companies were produced: "The Rainmakers of Syria," by Rudolf Aronson, feeble as to score and distracting as to book, which last Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld contributed; "The Algerians," by De Koven, a decent, but in no degree original or inspiriting performance; and, "Princess Nicotine," with music by Furst, and words by Byrne and Harrison. The beautiful voice, brilliant singing and personal charm of Miss Lillian Russell gave the latter work a vitality that the musicianly excellence, but uninspired themes of the score would not have commanded, and that the contemptible libretto almost made one deplore.

The new comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, made known at the Broadway Theater during the last week in March, is likely to prove the final novelty of the amusement-year. It encountered no better fate than did "The Gondoliers," to which, indeed, it is inferior. There has long been reason to suspect that the author and composer of "The Pinafore" had exhausted the vein that they had worked with the happiest results for upward of a decade. If any doubt was entertained on this head, it must have been dispelled by the disclosure of "Utopia." Both producers of the opera furnish therein conclusive evidence of their exhaustion; they emphasize their unhappy condition, in truth, by boldly borrowing from their successful achievements, as though to awaken—as they did—the pleasant memories that compel a tribute of applause founded on sheer gratitude. Sir Arthur, however, appears to greater advantage than his associate, for the music is lively and graceful, if not original or elaborate.



From a photo by Davis and Sanford, N.Y.

MELBA.



By John Lawrence Wood.



THE blue-gray waters of the bay are dancing merrily under a June sun to the piping of a steady southeast breeze. The yacht Vila V., with mainsail close hauled and jib swelling full, glides swiftly away from the long wharf at Corpus Christi, her destination Corpus Pass, and the special object of one of her small party the capture of a silver king.

The pretty little city with its bold bluffs bordered with summer cottages gradually fades to an indistinct blur on the coast-line. The misshapen ghost of a great hotel is soon the only landmark to be seen astern of us. To the eastward, what had seemed but open sea becomes broken at the horizon line into shining white objects like a group of distant icebergs. As we approach they rise from the water and join hands. The mirage disappears—the icebergs become sand-hills, and the many small islands merge themselves into one long, low, treeless, wind-swept and surf-beaten stretch of sand known as Mustang island. At its north end is Aransas pass. At its southern extremity, eighteen miles away, is Corpus Christi pass, and midway between these two natural entrances to the bay—a mile from the gulf, and almost as far from the navigable waters of the bay, nearly buried in a grave of its own digging, is a steam dredge that has plowed its way half across the island in an attempt to dig a canal from deep water in the bay to deep water in the gulf. Two years ago the money gave out and the sand took possession.

We glide along parallel with the inner shore of Mustang island, tacking frequently to avoid shoals,—sailing for three hours of this brilliant, early summer afternoon under a clear blue sky, on clear blue water, and bathed in the dazzling white light of an almost tropical atmosphere.

The opal-tinted globes of jelly-fish, with frilled and pinkish crowns, float by like toy water balloons, without tail or fins they mysteriously navigate, and no one on board the Vila V. is naturalist enough to tell how it is done. The dainty nautilus spreads its tiny sail and skims out of our path like a miniature Valkyre. Far to the southward a gleam like the ice glint of the polar regions shows the reflecting power of the still unseen sand-hills that guard the mouth of the pass. Off to the right, a mile away, what appears to be a bunch of white sticks suddenly rises bodily from the surface, and with flashing of long white wings, pink-tinted in the glowing sunlight, fifty or more flamingoes stream away to a safer feeding place. A pair of gloomy looking, big-headed pelicans slowly flapping their huge wings, skim heavily above the shallows, turn suddenly headlong and plunge into the water after an unwary fish. The

sand-pipers scurry over the wet sand of the beach as each receding wave ripples back to deeper water.

As we near the pass the scene grows wilder. The graceful porpoise lifts his shining black shoulders out of the water, rising and falling like a wave, and the knife-like fin of a shark cuts the surface for an instant as he races by. Now for the first time we see a strange commotion —a chipping and churning of the surface like a sudden squall or a heavy fall of big drops of rain. There is no wind and there is no rain. What causes it? It is the rush of a school of mullet in their race for safety in shoal water where their bulky neighbors cannot follow. And now, the tide being at the flood, comes the king of all game fishes from his home outside the bar, through the narrow pass, for his daily banquet. Out of his way, ye common fish, ye sharks, red-fish, trout, sheephead, and especially ye mullet; for the silver king will dine.

Look, there ahead of the boat, and a little to the right. Do you see that cloud-like patch on the otherwise mirror-like surface of that shoal? You think it a ripple caused by a vagrant breeze. It moves rapidly here, there, forward, backward. A breeze! a ripple! Yes; but caused by a panic-stricken mass of little fish trying to escape from their enemy, the tarpon. While you wonder at the sight there comes a wild scramble, a fluttering of little tails, and suddenly, clean out of the water, like a dart from a bow, comes a huge mass of silver, whirling in the air, the spray streaming from his shining armor, his great head shaking, with open mouth and glaring eye, then with a mighty splash and a shower of spray he falls among his victims. Your presence and that of your boat he heeds not at all. In his wild rushes he has been known to leap onto the low deck of a loaded schooner and to thrash himself over the side again into the sea.

The boat glides gently along, steadily working toward the pass. Be patient; your time will come in the morning, for a duel with M. Le Tarpon. Meantime, get acquainted with him by hearsay. In all your previous experience with rod and line, in rivers, lakes and trout streams, you never have seen the equal of the silver king—the grande coy—the tarpon; for by all these names is he known to the fishermen of the gulf. To the agility of a mountain trout he adds the wisdom of a serpent, the courage of a tiger, and the weight of a full-grown man. Yet with your little rod and reel, and two hundred yards of good line you may capture him; perhaps not at the first effort; yes, perhaps not in many trials, but it can be done, and to-morrow morning you shall try.

The sun gradually sinks toward the distant sand-hills of the main land. The channel has narrowed to a deep-blue current which sweeps in from the open gulf, breaking in great, foamy crests as it pours over the outer bar, then swirls around the point of the island, now dwindled to a mere sand-spit of but a few inches elevation above sea-level.



NEARING THE PASS.

The Vila V. is safely riding at anchor in sheltered water. Only a few hundred yards of wind-swept sand glistens between you and the ever-pounding surf on the

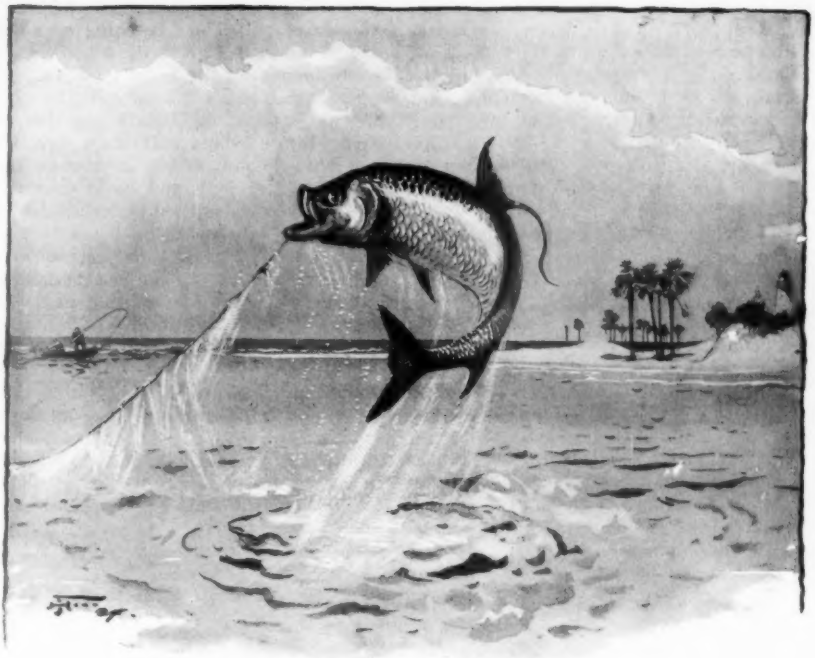
gulf side. The pass is not more than three hundred feet wide, and the opposite shore is a white mountain of sand. From its shifting summit wave long banners of smoke-like sand. The face of the hill is constantly furrowed with ripples, as is the surface of the water. Little cataracts of gleaming crystals pour down, and the steady current at its base cuts off masses of hard-pack sand that fall bodily into the water, dissolving as they sink, and for a moment staining the clear water to a muddy brown. When the tide ebbs, the wall grows and hardens; when it flows, it is undermined and melts away.

The sun touches the horizon, a red wheel of fire. For an instant the earth seems to raise a golden pedestal to receive the sun-god, as he ends his long journey. Then, the wonderful afterglow—the twilight of this desert of sea and sand. Why, painter, do you go to Egypt and the Mediterranean for color? Know you not that here, on the coast of the Lone Star state—at your very doors—is a fountain of color and white light that will tax your utmost skill to portray on canvas? And, oh, the nights! Have you ever spent a night on the gulf coast in the open air? Do you know the weird fascination of it? Stretch your hammock from the mainstays to the end of the boom; clamber into it, with only a light blanket between you and the stars; let your cradle swing gently with the rocking of the boat, and until drowsiness overtakes you listen to the breathing of nature as she sleeps. Were the stars ever before so big, so many and so near? The water, glowing with phosphorescence, kisses the boat with a soft, lapping sound. You hear the hoarse croaking of water-fowl, the whistle of an unseen wing, the splash of leaping fish, the wheeze of a porpoise as it rolls to the surface, the flap of a loose piece of canvas, or the dull knocking of some part of the boat's tackle. You hear distant sounds of night life that never reached your ears before, and, over all, the ceaseless, pounding roar of the breakers on the long beach across the island. A strange, deep quiet; yet full of sound. The soft breeze soothes you; the beauty of it grows deeper and deeper, and while still wakeful, slumber comes. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," you fall asleep. Hours later you wake with a startled sense of strangeness. All about you is a pale white light—in the air, on the water. The stars seem far away and but faintly burning; yet it is not morning. Slowly you turn, and there, over your shoulder, is a strange, crooked disk poised between sky and sea—the waning moon. You say to yourself, "There is something wrong with the old moon;" but before you can puzzle it out, again you fall asleep.

"Five o'clock, sir! Time to get up! Tide running full, coffee ready, and if you are going to try for tarpon it is time to start!" A plunge over the side for your morning bath, a cup of fragrant coffee, and with a strong hand at the oars you are rowed out into the channel. A fresh mullet of perhaps a pound weight is carefully attached to your hook and dropped overboard. Pull away from it now, paying out your line as you go. When you have about one hundred feet of line in the water, sit down, take out your pipe, and wait. The sun has risen and you can afford to wait. Far away down the bay you see a sudden flash of something white—again, and nearer, another; then close at your side a start-



A NIGHT ON THE GULF COAST.



HIS MAJESTY PROTESTS.

ling splash. You turn just in time to see the boiling of the water where something has disturbed it. Now be careful; put away your pipe and be ready.

The tarpon are here, and they are near your bait. Fix your eye on the water about where you left your hook. Hah! There he is! A quick flash of a great tail, and suddenly a gleaming, silver-clad thing shoots out of the sea in an arch, and you see, dangling from an open mouth, your line. Quick with your reel now! Let him have it—he is well hooked if hooked at all. Twitch! Jerk! Twitch! Whir-r-r—and the reel is shrieking and screaming like a buzz-saw. If your line snarls or catches now, it will snap like a thread. There! He is loose—he's gone! Ah! No—look at that! Straight up out of the sea, with a toss of his head and a thrash of his tail—three feet above the surface, with the sun flashing from his silver sides and the spray streaming from him; down he comes with a splash, like a falling log, and now your work begins. There is a rush to the right and a long whirr of the reel. Let him have all he wants—as well try to stop a locomotive with a straw as turn this electric battery with your little line now. Keep your thumb on the brake, and the instant he stops recover all you can—you will need it.

Keep a steady pull on him, and look out for his next leap. It comes before you are ready for it. This time it is a wild throw of his gleaming bulk into the air, and a complete somersault before he again touches the water. Again he is off, cutting through the water with a swish that is a severe strain on line and reel. You have but a small section of your two hundred yards remaining, and must stop him or lose him. Suddenly the strain is off, the line is limp—surely, he is free; but recover your line quickly, he may be coming toward the boat. That's it; he recovers, feels the hook and again he jumps. Ye gods! What a leap was that! Six feet into the air if it was an

inch, and a whirl over backwards before he disappears. Angry, furious—is it possible to conquer a fighting tiger like that? But keep cool—be careful; keep all the strain on him that you can trust your tackle with. Getting tired, are you? Yea, verily, I believe you; but so is his majesty, King Tarpon. Do not try to control him yet; he will soon begin to weaken.

There he goes again, head over tail, with a sideways twist and jerk while in mid-air. Another rush and flying leap, but not so high this time. Now work him in slowly. Inch by inch, foot by foot; a little help from the oars—to the right, to the left; nearer—still nearer. There, I see him! Out with the gaff—quick! "Why, didn't you hit him?" Hit him? Yes; but look at the gaff—bent at the point like a piece of wire. Away he goes—but not far; another jump—the last one—and he gets but a few feet off your reel before you turn him and gradually bring him alongside. Careful now! A little more! Then, reaching over the side of the skiff, I grasp the snood within a few inches of the beast's mouth. A quick snatch at his widespread gills with the gaff; then, all hands together, a strong lunge brings half his weight on the gunwale and nearly overturns the boat; another pull, and he is over the side and safely stretched under a thwart.

But what's the matter with *you?* You are trembling like a leaf. Exhausted? Well, no wonder. It is just sixty-five minutes since you hooked that fish, and you have done some hard work in that time.

Back to the Vila V. we row and hoist the prize on board. Measure him—five feet eleven inches; weigh him—one hundred and ten pounds. Take a snap-shot at him with your kodak; take off a handful of his silver scales to use as menu cards for your next fish dinner, and then —breakfast.



DISCORD.

By Francis B. Cabell.

Discord! There is not such a thing as discord;
'Tis but our narrow ears that are offended,
And our own untuned selves, to whom the music
Still speaks in harmonies uncomprehended.



ENGLAND'S LATEST CONQUEST IN AFRICA.

By Claire A. Orr.

ABOUT ninety years ago England first laid her hands upon South Africa. Less than twenty years ago her possessions in South Africa covered an area of 26,300 square miles. To-day British South Africa stretches over an immense area of more than 1,021,000 square miles. Thus every year, for more than ninety years, England has increased her territory in South Africa at an average rate of more than 11,000 square miles. This vast acquisition of land from savage tribes could not be secured without the cost of immense sums of money and thousands of lives, so that we are not surprised to find the history of South Africa made up, to a very great extent, of the records of numerous costly and bloody Kaffir wars. At present, England is engaged in a war with the powerful tribe of the Matabele. The prime cause of this war was the granting of the concession by Lobengula, king of the Matabele (mätäbälā), to the British South Africa company in 1888. A brief history of this concession is necessary to a good understanding of the subject in hand.

Matabeleland extends from the Zambesi river to the 21st parallel of south latitude. Its east and west boundaries are approximately the 26th and 30th degrees of east longitude. The country is said to be about as large as Germany. The territory directly east of Matabeleland has been known as Mashonaland to the civilized world, for the natives of this part of



MATABELE GIRL.

Africa do not know the name Mashona. For many years Mashonaland has been reported to be wonderfully rich in gold and other metals by all travellers from that region of Africa. These reports gained such credence that the word "Mashonaland" came to be synonymous in South Africa for "gold," and, in fact, all that was worth possessing in this world. Mashonaland was ruled by Lobengula with absolute sway, and no white men were permitted to enter the country for any purpose without his permission. No one was allowed to search for, or dig gold. Many men had endeavored to secure a concession for the mineral rights of Mashonaland, but the king could not be persuaded to grant them until, in 1888, Mr. C. D. Rudd, of Cape Town, secured a concession from Lobengula.

By the terms of this hard won concession Mr. Rudd and his associates agreed to pay the sum of £100 sterling on the first of every month to the king and his successors; to deliver in Bulawayo, the king's capital, one thousand rifles, together with one hundred thousand rounds of cartridges, "and further, to deliver on the Zambesi river, a steamboat with guns, suitable for defensive purposes," or, in lieu of the same, should Lobengula elect, to pay £500 sterling. The king, in the following words, gave unto the grantees "complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated and contained in my kingdoms, principalities and dominions, together with full power to do all things that they may deem necessary to win and procure the same, and to hold, collect and enjoy the profits and revenues, if any, derivable from the metals and minerals," excepting only the mining rights of the Tati district, which had been given to other persons some time prior to 1888. It will be observed that by the terms of this concession the mining rights *only* were granted, not the land, water, or timber rights. Notwithstanding this, the British South Africa company, in 1890, promised to each man who was a member of their pioneer and police force, a farm of three thousand acres in Mashonaland. I may add, that, as a member of the pioneer force, I virtually received my farm, and that I sold the same for the sum of £80 in 1891. I have never learned what titles the company were able to give to the land, which, as they and the English government have again and again acknowledged, belonged to Lobengula.



A BAROTSE NATIVE

Less than a year after the granting of the Rudd Concession, the British South Africa company was formed with a virtual capital of $20,000,000, through the energy and ability of the Honorable C. J. Rhodes, now Premier of Cape Colony. This company purchased the Rudd Concession, and secured an imperial charter from the English government. Steps were at once taken to accomplish the occupation of Mashonaland. The most desirable part of this country is at a distance of nearly two thousand miles from Cape Town, and about eight hundred miles from the northern boundary of civilization. It was decided to organize a pioneer force of one hundred and fifty men to march to Mashonaland. As there was no road for nearly twelve hundred miles, the pioneers were obliged to cut and make one. Several companies of police were sent as an escort to the pioneers, who began their march from Kimberley April 18, 1890.



IN MASHONALAND.

Later, they were reënforced by the police, so that the whole body of white men numbered about four hundred. All provisions were carried in large South African wagons and drawn by oxen. There were eighty-nine wagons in all, and a span of sixteen oxen for each wagon. About one-half of the expedition were provided with horses. Though the expedition was a military one, thoroughly armed with machine-guns, rifles and revolvers, military discipline was not insisted upon to any great extent until the border of Matabeleland was reached, a few days before July first, a little more than two months after we had left Kimberley. The southern boundary of Matabeleland is the Tuli river. All the country through which we had hitherto passed belonged to several chiefs who are under the protection of the English government. Among these is Khama, the famous Christian chief, who has been a friend of white people for many years. So I say we had no fears for any trouble until we reached the border of Matabeleland.

Lobengula had granted the Mashonaland Concession contrary to the wishes of his people, and because of this, trouble was expected while we were marching through their country. Lobengula had given us permission to pass through, and had even marked out the route we should take, but because of numerous rumors and various indications of general antipathy on the part of the Matabele, trouble seemed inevitable, so many of us expected fighting. As the Matabele are a nation of warriors, which maintains a regular and well organized army of fully fifteen thousand men, who do nothing but train for war, it may well be imagined that the greatest precautions were taken as soon as we entered Matabeleland on July 1, 1890.

During the first few weeks of our journey the most general topic of camp conversation was that of the likelihood of a Matabele attack. But as the first few weeks passed without an indication of any trouble, and without the sight of any Matabele, save two small delegations sent by Lobengula to see whether we were following the route which had been laid down, nearly all of us gave up the thought of a

probable attack. Thus the minds of all were at rest until one bright morning in the first week of August. I believe it was just after we had formed a laager for the heat of the day. A man was noticed to ride hastily into camp and inquire for the head officers, who at once had an interview with this man. "Who is this man?" "What does he want?" These are but few of the questions many times asked. It was soon learned that the man came direct from Lobengula with a message, of which this is the substance: "I say to you turn back; there is no road where you are going. Do you imagine only the Matabele can bleed? Are the white men made of stone that their blood will not flow? I say to you, turn back. If you continue to advance, after hearing these, my words, the consequences be upon your heads, for few, if any of you, will ever return to tell your friends what has happened."



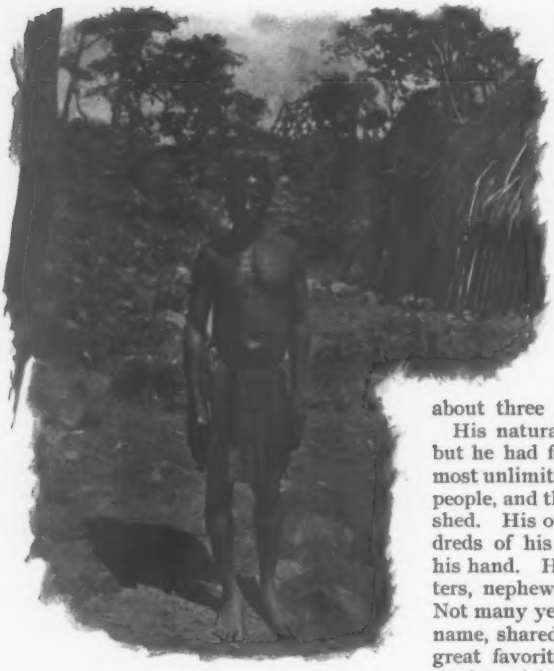
A MATABELE WARRIOR.

Very naturally, such a message from Lobengula caused a great stir. For it was now generally believed that there would be an attack. Hence, the greatest possible precautions were taken. Heretofore, two or three men slept at each wagon, under arms. Now, however, the number was doubled. No reveille was sounded, but every man was quietly called long before daylight and stationed on a wagon, where he stood until broad daylight. Had the reader been in sight of our laager early on those August mornings, he would have seen several hundred men stationed on the wagons, each armed with a rifle, revolver, and a hundred rounds of ammunition by his side. Had he entered the laager, he would have seen every large gun manned and ready for action, and thousands of rounds of ammunition within reach. The Matabele scare lasted for days. One evening word came to us that some natives had seen an "impi," or regiment of Matabele, on the warpath. An attack was really expected early the next morning, and every preparation was made for it. A large bunch of bush near the laager was cleared in the evening by the aid of the electric light, four or five powder mines were laid, which were to be exploded by an electric current, when the impi was rushing over them. All were standing under arms long before daybreak, looking and listening for the Matabele, but we looked in vain. The Matabele did not come. The explanation of the king's message seems to be this: Lobengula and some of his principal indunas, or chiefs, favored our march through his country, but the most powerful of his regiments opposed it, and they went again and again to the king for permission to attack and kill us while we were in a densely wooded portion of the country. To such an extent did they clamor for this permission, that the king then employed his usually shrewd policy of appeasing his people. He sent three indunas and a white man to stop the column, with the message I quoted. But he sent them to the Tuli river, when he knew very well we were one hundred and fifty miles beyond that river. This was done to give us time in which to pass through the dangerous part of the country. Thus the king appeased his people, and at the same time allowed us to proceed without molestation.

A few words about the Matabele and their king. These people are a branch of the Zulus, and they have inherited much of the bravery and warlike spirit of



A GROUP OF MASHONAS.



A MASHONA.

their ancestors. The Matabele are a very savage and barbarous tribe, and they live only to increase their possessions by raids upon neighboring tribes. The government is a perfect despotism. The king owns every life and all the land. He can kill any one any time he pleases, and, to do so, has only to say the word to his executioners. Only a few white people are allowed to remain in his country, and no one can enter it without his permission. Lobengula was a clever and shrewd ruler, as his numerous dealings with white men have shown. In appearance he was tall, very black and fat. Clad in his native simplicity—for he did not favor European clothing,—with a narrow apron of monkey-skin before and behind, he looked, in his royal nakedness, a king. As far as I could learn, no one had ever succeeded in getting a photograph of Lobengula. He was always been averse to sitting for a picture. However, upon one occasion, several years ago, he did agree, though against his will, to allow his photograph to be taken. On the appointed day, when preparations had been made, the king's old enemy, the gout, happened to be troubling him more than usual. He said something like this: "Now, I am a king, and, being a king, it would not be proper for me to have a photograph taken in sitting posture. But I cannot stand, for I am suffering greatly from gout, so I must not have my picture taken to-day." And it never was taken. He is thought to have weighed about three hundred pounds.

His natural disposition was not cruel, but he had for many years exercised almost unlimited power over the lives of his people, and this ingrafted a love of bloodshed. His own relatives, as well as hundreds of his subjects, have fallen before his hand. He has had his brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces and friends killed. Not many years ago, his sister, Nima by name, shared the awful fate. She was a great favorite with all white men who used to visit the king; but the queen became jealous and induced the king to have her killed. Many instances of terrible cruelty upon the part of Lobengula could be given, but they are too horrible.

Notwithstanding all this, men who are intimately acquainted with Lobengula claim that he was not personally a cruel man. It should, of course, be borne in mind that he must rule by fear, and that only stern and severe measures can be used with savages, especially a warlike and turbulent people who do not place any great value upon life, for such the Matabele are. One time, when Lobengula was discussing the subject of killing for slight offenses as well as for more grave ones, he argued thus: "You see, you white men have prisons, and can lock a man up safely. I have no prisons. What am I to do? When a man would not listen to my orders, I used to have his ears cut off, as being useless; but, whatever their punishment, they would repeat the offense again, frequently. Now I warn them—and then a knobkerried man never repeats his offense." A knobkerry is a

wooden club, about two feet long, with a large knob on one end. The Matabele method of execution is to strike the condemned on the back of the head. A single blow is sufficient to cause death.

I have referred to Lobengula's army. The Matabele, like most natives of South Africa, use the assegai as a weapon of defense. Many of them become so skilful in the use of this weapon as to be able to throw it, with perfect accuracy, as far as seventy-five yards, with a force sufficient to go through the body of a man. Most of the men of Matabeleland are trained, by frequent practice, for fighting. The women do all the work, and the men do nothing but prepare for war. The tactics which they use are these: they march in the form of a half-moon, so that both ends of the body consist of files only two or three deep, while the rank deepens rapidly toward the center of the crescent. They rush forward to an attack with great force, and endeavor to surround the enemy by the extension of the wings. When once an enemy is surrounded, they kill as many as possible with their assegais. The Zulus employed tactics of this kind, with great success, when fighting against the English.

The history of Mashonaland, like that of most African countries, is wrapped in the deepest of mysteries. That it has had a history which ought to be of great interest to the world of to-day may be seen from the fact of there being a very large area which was extensively worked for gold, and perhaps other metals, by unknown people who have left no trace by which they have yet been identified. In many parts of the country the traveller finds numerous evidences of a great amount of work which was done in mining gold. The ancient gold-workings usually consist of shafts of greater or less depth, sunk alongside of the quartz reefs. Only the softer quartz was taken out, and in many places hundreds of tons lie about



SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBESMEN.

1. BATONGA. 2. MANGWATO. 3. MASHONA. 4. MAKA-LA-KA.



RUINS AT ZIMBAWI.

the shafts, while in other cases all the quartz was conveyed to some distant place, for crushing. The crushing seems to have been done upon large granite rocks, for everywhere about the vicinity of old workings hundreds of rocks are found with one surface worn smooth and concave.

Another fact which adds interest to the history of Mashonaland, quite as much as that of the gold-workings, is that of the remains of ruins of buildings in various parts of the country. The largest and most important are those known as the famous Zimbawi ruins, situated about fifteen miles in an easterly direction from Fort Victoria, which is in latitude about twenty degrees, eight minutes, and longitude about thirty-one degrees. A very considerable area is covered by the entire ruins, but those of two buildings are in a much better state of preservation than the others. One of these is on a high and bold hill, and is built of granite hewn into blocks, somewhat larger than bricks, and put together without mortar. The walls, as they now stand are thirty feet high, more than ten feet in thickness at the base and several less at the top. This building, as well as the one to be described, is circular in form, and seems from its position and construction to have been a fort. There are a few slabs of granite protruding from the walls, containing zigzag ornaments.

The other and larger building stood four hundred feet below, on rising ground. The walls of this are also granite, of the same dimensions and construction as those just described. This building was one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, and for about one-third of its circumference has one row of plain ornaments. As nearly as I can remember, there is but one entrance to this building. Walls running in different directions stood inside, but the most curious part is that of the solid tower which stands near the outside wall, as high as the wall itself. This tower is cylindrical in shape up to the height of ten feet, and of the same material as the rest of the building. After the height of ten feet the tower tapers, and it ends in a truncated cone. It is scarcely necessary to say that the natives who now live near these ruins know nothing of their history. They simply said to me, "they were here before we were born."

The old gold-workings and the ruins of Mashonaland have very naturally given rise to much discussion as to the history of that part of Africa. Many have believed that Ophir, the kingdom of the queen of Sheba, whence Solomon is said to have obtained his gold, was situated in Mashonaland, and even in the vicinity of the ruins just described. It is said that the Arabs who now live at Sofala cling to their old tradition that Ophir was in this vicinity. I am obliged to say that my visit to these ruins made such a view concerning their history seem absurd. The ruins appear to be in too good a state of preservation to belong to any such period of ancient history. But this is a question for archæologists to decide.

The Mashonas, unlike their neighbors on the east and west, are far from warlike, and consequently do not have many of those cruel and barbarous customs invariably found among such people. They are quiet and peaceful, as their physiognomies indicate. For many years they have been subdued and harassed by their warlike neighbors, and this accounts in great degree for that lack of manly bearing and that weakness of character so manifest among them. As I was not able to notice any distinctive physical tribal characteristics, I was led to believe that the Mashonas did not spring from one tribe, or, if so, it was many generations ago, since which time they have been completely broken up and changed by mixture with foreign blood. They are generally of a deep, black color, with soft, smooth skin, and features which show them to be far removed from the real negro. Their features are mostly regular, without the deep nasal ridge, very thick lips, broad nose, and marked prognathy of the true negro. They are at present a very indolent people ; but, as civilization advances in Mashonaland, they will undoubtedly learn to labor, and desire to work for the remuneration they will receive.



A YOUNG MATABELE PRACTISING WITH AN ASSEGAI.

Mashonaland is by no means a populous country. The natives live in "kraals," or villages, scattered here and there, and nearly every village is independent of the others. Save in a few cases, there are no tribes of Mashonaland bound together by laws and customs. Most of the villages are built upon rugged granite hills, many of which are inaccessible, except by one or two narrow passages. This is especially true of those villages near the Matabeleland border, for they are thus built as a protection against the, hitherto, frequent raids of the Matabele. These raids, which have been so disastrous to the Mashonas, have now ceased, as the natives are under



GROUP OF MASHONAS ABOUT A FIRE.

the protection of the English. Is it any wonder that these natives in 1890 hailed the advent of the white man with delight? The raiders were under the command of Lobengula, at least every year, and usually late in the dry season. The king gave his impis leave to kill as many of the Mashonas as they pleased, and to drive home all the cattle they could find. These raids ceased in 1890, when the British South Africa company took possession of Mashonaland. The Mashonas have been allowed to live in peace, increase ther herds and till the ground as they wished. There is no doubt that these people have never before known what it is to live a single year without being raided by the Matabele impis. But the Matabele since 1890 have been deprived of a profitable source of cattle and slaves. They have been almost continually demanding permission from Lobengula to make a raid into Mashonaland, but, until the present year, he has sent them in other directions. Personally, he has been opposed to any raid in Mashonaland, and if he could have had his way, the whites would not be interfered with; but the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon him each year by his leading indunas and warriors. The whole of Matabeleland has been filled with discontent, bordering on rebellion.

Finally, Lobengula last July ordered a raid into Mashonaland. The impis were instructed to bring back all the women and cattle they could, and ordered not in any way to disturb white men or their property. On July 9th, last, an impi appeared at Fort Victoria. Mashona men, servants of the whites, together with those of neighboring villages, were killed, it is said, in the presence of the whites. When the authorities at Victoria remonstrated and ordered the Matabele to leave, the indunas in charge refused and gave the officers to understand that it was no affair of the whites; that Lobengula had sent them to kill the Mashonas, his slaves, because they had stolen the king's cattle. They further declared that they would pay no attention to the officers. The captain in charge ordered the Matabele to leave in an hour. In two hours' time they were still present, and the captain charged three hundred of them with a force of forty mounted men. The Matabele began at first to resist, using their rifles and assegais, but they were at length forced to flee with a loss of about thirty men. No injury was received by the English. Some of the Matabele drove off a number of cattle belonging to white men, and, on their return home, burned every Mashona village which they could approach. The

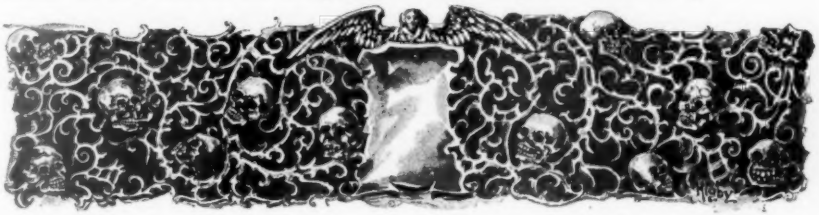
governor of Mashonaland very promptly demanded from Lobengula payment for the stolen cattle and satisfaction for the raid. The king refused to make any compensation, and in reply to the governor's demand, sent the following message: "I sent my impis against the Mashonas to punish them for stealing my cattle. I shall not return any cattle or pay anybody for any damage until Rhodes (the managing director of the British South Africa company) first returns to me the captives, their wives and children, cattle, goats, and sheep which were protected by the Victoria people. Had I known what I know now, I would have ordered my impis to take all they could lay their hands on belonging to the whites to recompense me for the people and their property which are withheld from me."

Such was the commencement of the war with the Matabele. It is not known what number of men Lobengula had in the field, but probably twelve to fifteen thousand would be a fair estimate. The company, by the terms of its charter, must defend itself, and so could not call upon the government. However, as an attack has been made upon a company of imperial police who guard the northern boundary of Bechuanaland—south of the Tuli river—the English government has been obliged to declare Lobengula an enemy of the Queen and so to proceed to chastise him for the hostile act of his army. This has been very fortunate for the British company, as now two separate forces are marching against the Matabele from different directions.

I was told, three years ago, that Lobengula had prepared to remove his people north of the Zambesi river in case the whites should compel him to leave this country. In behalf of Lobengula, it should be said that he has always been true to promises made to whites. No one for a moment believes that when Lobengula signed the concession for the mining rights of Mashonaland he meant to give up his claim to the ownership of that country—a country which he has for years prized highly—for the purpose of civilization. He claimed Mashonaland then as he had for fifty years, except the metals and minerals, and considered that the inhabitants were his slaves. The wonder is that he kept his hands off Mashonaland for the past three years.

Whatever the immediate outcome of this trouble, certain it is that the days of the Matabele rule, which for some time past have been numbered, are now very near their termination. Their subjugation by the English will leave but a single powerful tribe in South Africa independent—the Gazas, who inhabit the country east of Mashonaland.

It is probably well known that considerable opposition has been roused in England against the action of the government in declaring war with Lobengula. Space will not permit a full discussion of this subject here. I will simply say, that, while the British South Africa company has unquestionably exceeded its powers and rights, it has done this with the consent and sanction of the home government. The company has done nothing which any nation would not have done under the same circumstances. No civilized people could have taken possession of Mashonaland as the British company has done without being obliged to crush the power of the Matabele. To remain at home and to sit in one's chair and moralize upon the unchristian treatment of the most barbarous of people is one thing; to live alongside of such savage people and actually put up with the real condition of affairs is quite another thing.





LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

By W. D. Howells.

PLUTOCRATIC HOUSEKEEPING.

VII.

New York, November 25, 1893.

I CAN never insist enough, my dear Cyril, upon the illogicality of American life. You know what the plutocratic principle is, and what the plutocratic civilization should logically be. But the plutocratic civilization is much better than it should logically be, bad as it is; for the personal equation constantly modifies it, and renders it far less dreadful than you would reasonably expect. That is, the potentialities of goodness implanted in the human heart by the Creator forbid the plutocratic man to be what the plutocratic scheme of life implies. He is often merciful, kindly and generous, as I have told you already, in spite of conditions absolutely egoistical. You would think that the Americans would be abashed in view of the fact that their morality is often in contravention of their economic principles, but apparently they are not so, and I believe that for the most part they are not aware of the fact. Nevertheless, the fact is there, and you must keep it in mind, if you would conceive of them rightly. You can in no other way account for the contradictions which you will find in my experiences among them; and these are often so bewildering, that I have to take myself in hand, from time to time, and ask myself what mad world have I fallen into, and whether, after all, it is not a ridiculous nightmare. I am not sure, that when I return, and we talk these things over together, I shall be able to overcome your doubts of my honesty, and I think that when I no longer have them before my eyes, I shall begin to doubt my own memory. But for the present, I can only set down what I at least seem to see, and trust you to accept it, if you cannot understand it.

Perhaps I can aid you by suggesting that, logically, the Americans should be what the Altrurians are, since their polity embodies our belief that all men are born equal, with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but that illogically they are what the Europeans are, since they still cling to the economical ideals of Europe, and hold that men are born socially unequal, and deny them the liberty and happiness which can come from equality alone. It is in their public life and civic life that Altruria prevails;

it is in their social and domestic life that Europe prevails; and here, I think, is the severest penalty they must pay for excluding women from political affairs; for women are at once the best and the worst Americans: the best because their hearts are the purest, the worst because their heads are the idlest. "Another contradiction!" you will say, and I cannot deny it; for with all their cultivation, the American women have no real intellectual interests, but only intellectual fads; and while they certainly think a great deal, they reflect little, or not at all. The inventions and improvements which have made their household work easy, the wealth that has released them in such vast numbers from work altogether, has not enlarged them to the sphere of duties which our Altrurian women share with us, but has left them, with their quickened intelligences, the prey of the trivialities which engross the European women, and which have formed the life of the sex hitherto in every country where women have an economical and social freedom without the political freedom that can alone give it dignity and import. They have a great deal of beauty, and they are inconsequently charming; I need not tell you that they are romantic and heroic, or that they would go to the stake for a principle, if they could find one, as willingly as any martyr of the past; but they have not much more perspective than children, and their reading and their talking about their reading, seem not to have broadened their mental horizons beyond the old sunrise and the old sunset of the kitchen and the parlor.

In fine, the American house as it is, the American household, is what the American woman makes it, and wills it to be, whether she wishes it to be so or not; for I often find that the American woman wills things that she in nowise wishes. What the normal New York house is, however, I had great difficulty in getting Mrs.



Drawn by Reginald Coxe.

NO REAL INTELLECTUAL INTEREST.



Drawn by Reginald Coxe. I ASKED MY FRIEND, MR. MAEELY.

Makely to tell me, for, as she said quite frankly, she could not imagine my not knowing. She asked me if I really wanted her to begin at the beginning, and when I said that I did, she took a little more time to laugh at the idea, and then she said: "I suppose you mean a brown-stone, four-story house in the middle of a block?"

"Yes, I think that is what I mean," I said.

"Well," she began, "those high steps that they all have, unless they're English basement-houses, really gives them another story, for people used to dine in the front room of their basements. You've noticed the little front yard, about as big as a handkerchief, generally, and the steps leading down to the iron gate, which is kept locked, and the basement door inside the gate? Well, that's what you might call the back-elevator of a house, for it serves the same purpose: the supplies are brought in there, and marketmen go in and out, and the ashes, and the swill, and the servants—that you object to so much. We have no alleys in New York, the blocks are so narrow, north and south; and, of course, we have no back doors; so we have to put the garbage out on the sidewalk; and it's nasty enough, goodness knows. Underneath the sidewalk, there are bins where people keep their coal and kindling. You've noticed the gratings in the pavements?"

I said yes, and I was ashamed to own that at first I had thought them some sort of registers for tempering the cold in winter; this would have appeared ridiculous in the last degree to my hostess, for the Americans have as yet no conception of publicly modifying the climate, as we do.

"Back of what used to be the dining-room, and what is now used for a laundry, generally, is the kitchen, with closets between, of course, and then the back yard, which some people make very pleasant with shrubs and vines; the kitchen is usually dark and close, and the girls can get a breath of fresh air in the yard; I like to see them; but generally it's taken up with clothes-lines, for people in houses nearly all have their washing done at home. Over the kitchen is the dining-room, which takes up the whole of the first floor, with the pantry, and it almost always has a bay-window out of it; of course, that overhangs the kitchen, and darkens it a little more, but it makes the dining-room so pleasant. I tell my husband that I would be almost willing to live in a house again, just on account of the dining-room bay-window. I had it full of flowers in pots, for the southern sun came in; and then the yard was so nice for the dog; you didn't have to take him out for exercise, yourself; he chased the cats there and got plenty of it. I must say that the cats on the back fences, were a drawback at night; to be sure, we have them here, too; it's seven stories down, but you do hear them, along in the spring. The parlor, or drawing-room, is usually rather long, and runs from the dining-room to the front of the house, though where the house is very deep, they have a sort of middle-room, or back-parlor. Dick, get some paper and draw it! Wouldn't you like to see a plan of the floor?"

I said that I would, and she bade her husband make it like their old house in West Thirty-third. We all looked at it together.

"This is the front door," Mrs. Makely explained, "where people come in, and then begins the misery of a house: *stairs!* They mostly go up straight, but sometimes they have them curve a little, and in the new houses the architects have all sorts of little dodges for squaring them and putting landings. Then on the second floor—draw it, Dick!—you have two nice large chambers, with plenty of light and air, before and behind. I do miss the light and air in a flat, there's no denying it."

"You'll go back to a house yet, Dolly," said her husband.

"Never!" she almost shrieked, and he winked at me, as if it were the best joke in the world. "Never, as long as houses have stairs!"

"Put you in an elevator," he suggested.

"Well, that is what Eveleth Strange has, and she lets the servants use it, too," and Mrs. Makely said, with a look at me: "I suppose that would please *you*, Mr. Homos. Well, there's a nice side-room over the front door here, and a bath-room at the rear. Then you have more stairs, and large chambers, and two side-rooms. That makes plenty of chambers for a small family. I used to give two of the third-story rooms to my two girls. I ought really to

have made them sleep in one; it seemed such a shame to let the cook have a whole large room to herself; but I had nothing else to do with it, and she did take such comfort in it, poor old thing. You see, the rooms came wrong in our house, for it fronted north, and I had to give the girls sunny rooms, or else give them front rooms, so that it was as broad as it was long. I declare, I was perplexed about it the whole time we lived there, it seemed so perfectly anomalous."

"And what is an English basement-house like?" I ventured to ask, in interruption of the retrospective melancholy she had fallen into.

"Oh, *never* live in an English basement-house, if you value your spine!" cried the lady. "An English basement-house is nothing *but* stairs. In the first place, it's only one room wide, and it's a story higher than a high-stoop house. It's one room forward and one back, the whole way up; and in an English basement it's always *up*, and *never* down. If I had my way, there wouldn't one stone be left upon another in the English basements in New York."

I have suffered Mrs. Makely to be nearly as explicit to you as she was to me; for the kind of house she described is of the form ordinarily prevailing in all American cities, and you can form some idea from it how city people live here. I ought perhaps to tell you that such a house is fitted with every housekeeping convenience, and that there is hot and cold water throughout, and gas everywhere. It has fireplaces in all the rooms, where fires are often kept burning for pleasure; but it is really heated from a furnace in the basement, through large pipes carried to the different stories, and opening into them by some such registers as we use. The separate houses sometimes have steam-heating, but not often. They each have their drainage into the sewer of the street, and this is trapped and trapped again, as in the houses of our old plutocratic cities, to keep the poison of the sewer from getting into the houses.

You will be curious to know something concerning the cost of living in such a house, and you may be sure that I did not fail to question Mrs. Makely on this point. She was at once very volubly communicative; she told me all she knew, and, as her husband said, "a great deal more."

"Why, of course," she began, "you can spend all you have, in New York, if you like, and people do spend fortunes every year. But I suppose you mean the average cost of living in a brownstone house, in a good block, that rents for $1800 or $2000 a year, with a family of three or four children, and two servants. Well, what should you say, Dick?"

"Ten or twelve thousand a year," answered her husband.

"Yes, fully that," she answered, with an effect of disappointment in his figures. "We had just ourselves, and we never spent less than seven, and we didn't dress, and we didn't entertain, either, to speak of. But you have to live on a certain scale, and generally you live up to your income."

"Quite," said Mr. Makely.

"I don't know what makes it cost



Drawn by Reginald Coxe.

"OFTEN WISHES HE WAS A MASTER-MECHANIC."

so. Provisions are cheap enough, and they say people live in as good style for a third less in London. There used to be a superstition that you could live for less in a flat, and they always talk to you about the cost of a furnace, and a man to tend it, and keep the snow shovelled off your sidewalk, but that is all stuff. Five hundred dollars will make up the whole difference, and more. You pay quite as much rent for a decent flat, and then you don't get half the room. No, if it wasn't for the stairs, I wouldn't live in a flat for an instant. But that makes all the difference."

"And the young people," I urged; "those who are just starting in life, how do they manage? Say when the husband has $1500 or $2500 a year?"

"Poor things!" she returned. "I don't know how they manage. They board, till they go distracted, or they dry up, and blow away; or else the wife has a little money, too; and they take a small flat, and ruin themselves. Of course, they want to live nicely, and like other people."

"But if they didn't?"

"Why, then they could live delightfully. My husband says he often wishes he was a master-mechanic in New York, with a thousand a year, and a flat for twelve dollars a month; he would have the best time in the world."

Her husband nodded his acquiescence. "Fighting-cock wouldn't be in it," he said. "Trouble is, we all want to do the swell thing."

"But you can't all do it," I ventured, "and from what I see of simple, out-of-the-way neighborhoods in my walks, you don't all try."

"Why, no," he said. "Some of us were talking about that the other night at the club, and one of the fellows was saying that he believed there was as much old-fashioned, quiet, almost countrified life in New York, among the great mass of the people, as you'd find in any city in the world. Said you met old codgers that took care of their own furnaces, just as you would in a town of five thousand inhabitants."

"Yes, that's all very well," said his wife. "But they wouldn't be nice people. Nice people want to live nicely. And so they live beyond their means, or else they scrimp and suffer. I don't know which is worst."

"But there is no obligation to do either?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there is," she returned. "If you've been born in a certain way, and brought up in a certain way, you can't get out of it. You simply can't. You have got to keep in it till you drop. Or a woman has."

"That means the woman's husband, too," said Mr. Makely, with his wink for me. "Always die together."

In fact, there is the same competition in the social world as in the business world; and it is the ambition of every American to live in some such house as the New York house, and as soon as a village begins to grow into a town, such houses are built. Still, the immensely greater number of the Americans necessarily live so simply and cheaply, that such a house would be almost as strange to them as to an Altrurian. But while we should regard its furnishings as vulgar and unwholesome, most Americans would admire and covet its rich rugs or carpets, its papered walls, and thickly curtained windows, and all its foolish ornamentation, and most American women would long to have a house like the ordinary high-stoop New York house, that they might break their backs over its stairs, and become invalids, and have servants about them to harass them and hate them.

Of course, I put it too strongly, for there is often, illogically, a great deal of love between the American women and their domestics, though why there should be any at all I cannot explain, except by reference to that mysterious personal equation which modifies all stations here. You will have made your reflection that the servants, as they are cruelly called, (I have heard them called so in their hearing, and wondered they did not fly tooth and nail at the throat that uttered the insult), form really no part of the house, but are aliens in the household and the family life. In spite of this fact, much kindness grows up between them and the family, and they do not always slight the work that I cannot understand their ever having any heart in. Often they do slight it, and they insist unsparingly upon the scanty privileges which

their mistresses seem to think a monstrous invasion of their own rights. The habit of oppression grows upon the oppressor, and you would find tenderhearted women here, gentle friends, devoted wives, loving mothers, who would be willing that their domestics should remain indoors, week in and week out, and, where they are confined in the ridiculous American flat, never see the light of day. In fact, though the Americans do not know it, and would be shocked to be told it, their servants are really slaves, who are none the less slaves, because they cannot be beaten, or bought and sold except by the week or month, and for the price which they fix themselves, and themselves receive in the form of wages. They are social outlaws, so far as the society of the family they serve is concerned, and they are restricted in the visits they receive and pay among themselves. They are given the worst rooms in the house, and they are fed with the food that they have prepared, only when it comes cold from the family table; in the wealthier houses, where many of them are kept, they are supplied a coarser and cheaper victual bought and cooked for them apart from that provided for the family. They are subject at all hours, from six in the morning till any time of night, to the pleasure or caprice of the master or mistress. In fine, every circumstance of their life is an affront to their pride, to that just self-respect which even Americans allow is the right of every human being. With the rich, they are said to be sometimes indolent, dishonest, mendacious, and all that Plato long ago explained that slaves must be; but in the middle-class families they are mostly faithful, diligent, and reliable in a degree that would put to shame most business men who hold positions of trust in the plutocracy, and would leave many ladies whom they relieve of work without ground for comparison.

After Mrs. Makely had told me about the New York house, we began to talk of the domestic service, and I ventured to hint some of the things that I have so plainly said to you. She frankly consented to my whole view of the matter, for if she wishes to make an effect or gain a point, she has a magnanimity that stops at nothing short of self-devotion. "I know it," she said. "You are perfectly right; but here we are, and what are we to do? What do you do in Altruria, I should like to know?"

I said that in Altruria we all worked, and that personal service was as honored among us as medical attendance in America; I did not know what other comparison to make; but that any one in health would think it as unwholesome and as immoral to let another serve him as to let a doctor physic him. At this Mrs. Makely and her husband laughed so that I found myself unable to go on for some moments, till Mrs. Makely, with a final shriek, shouted to him, "Dick, do stop, or I shall die! Excuse me, Mr. Homos, but you are so deliciously funny, and I know you're just joking. You *won't* mind my laughing. Do go on!"

I tried to give her some notion as to how we manage, in our common life, which we have simplified so much beyond anything that this barbarous people dream of; and she grew a little soberer as I went on, and seemed at least to believe that, as her husband said, I was not stuffing them; but she ended, as they always do here, by saying that it might be all very well in Altruria, but it would never do in America, and that it was contrary to human nature to have so many things done in common. "Now, I'll tell you," she said. "After we broke up housekeeping in Thirty-third street, we stored our furniture—"

"Excuse me!" I said. "How, stored?"

"Oh, I dare say you never store your furniture in Altruria. But here we have hundreds of storehouses of all sorts and sizes, packed with furniture that people put into them when they go to Europe, or get sick to death of servants and the whole bother of housekeeping; and that's what we did; and, then, as my husband says, we browsed about for a year or two. First, we tried hotelling it, and we took a hotel apartment furnished, and dined at the hotel table, until I certainly thought I should go off, I got so tired of it. Then, we hired a suite in one of the family hotels that there are so many of, and got out enough of our things to furnish it, and had our meals in our rooms; they let you do that for the same price, often they are *glad* to have you, for the dining-room is so packed. But everything got to tasting just the same as everything else, and my husband had the dyspepsia so bad he

couldn't half attend to business, and I suffered from indigestion myself, cooped up in a few small rooms, that way; and the dog almost died; and finally, we gave that up, and took an apartment, and got out our things—the storage cost as much as the rent of a small house—and put them into it, and had a caterer send in the meals, as they do in Europe. But it isn't the same here as it is in Europe, and we got so sick of it in a month that I thought I should scream when I saw the same old dishes coming on the table, day after day.



Drawn by Reginald Coxe.

THE KITCHEN WINDOW.

We had to keep one servant—excuse me, Mr. Homos; *domestic*—anyway, to look after the table and the parlor and chamber work, and my husband said we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and so we got in a cook; and bad as it is, it's twenty million times better than anything else you can do. Servants are a plague, but you have got to have them, and so I have resigned myself to the will of Providence. If they don't like it, neither do I, and so I fancy it's about as broad as it's long." I have found this is a favorite phrase of Mrs. Makely's, and that it seems to give her a great deal of comfort.

"And you don't feel that there's any harm in it?" I ventured to ask.

"Harm in it?" she repeated. "Why, aren't the poor things glad to get the work? What would they do without it?"

"From what I see of your conditions I should be afraid that they would starve," I said.

"Yes, they can't all get places in shops or restaurants, and they have to do something, or starve, as you say," she said; and she seemed to think what I had said was a concession to her position.

"But if it were your own case?" I suggested. "If you had no alternatives but starvation and domestic service, you would think there was harm in it, even although you were glad to take a servant's place?"

I saw her flush, and she answered haughtily, "You must excuse me if I refuse to imagine myself taking a servant's place, even for the sake of argument."

"And you are quite right," I said. "Your American instinct is too strong to brook even in imagination the indignities which seem daily, hourly and momently inflicted upon servants in your system."

To my great astonishment she seemed delighted by this conclusion. "Yes," she said, and she smiled radiantly, "and now you understand how it is that American girls won't go out to service, though the

pay is so much better and they are so much better housed and fed; and everything. Besides," she added, with an irrelevance which always amuses her husband, though I should be alarmed by it for her sanity if I did not find it so characteristic of women here, who seem to be mentally characterized by the illogicality of the civilization, "they're not half so good as the foreign servants, even when you can get them. They've been brought up in homes of their own, and they're uppish, and they have no idea of anything but third-rate boarding-house cooking, and they're always hoping to get married, so that, really, you have no peace of your life with them."

"And it never seems to you that the whole relation is wrong?" I asked.

"What relation?"

"That between maid and mistress, the hirer and the hireling."

"Why, good gracious!" she burst out. "Didn't Christ himself say that the laborer was worthy of his hire? And how would you get your work done, if you didn't pay for it?"

"It might be done for you, when you could not do it yourself, from affection."

"From affection!" she returned, with the deepest derision. "Well, I rather think I *shall* have to do it myself if I want it done from affection! But I suppose you think I *ought* to do it myself, as the Altrurian ladies do? I can tell you that in America it would be impossible for a lady to do her own work, and there are no intelligence offices where you can find girls that want to work for love. It's as broad as it's long."

"It's simply business," said her husband.

They were right, my dear Cyril, and I was wrong, strange as it must appear to you. The tie of service, which we think as sacred as the tie of blood, can be here only a business relation, and in these conditions service must forever be grudgingly given and grudgingly paid. There is something in it, I do not quite know what, for I can never place myself precisely in an American's place, that degrades the poor creatures who serve, so that they must not only be social outcasts, but must leave such a taint of dishonor on their work, that one cannot even do it for oneself without a sense of outraged dignity. You might account for this in Europe, where ages of prescriptive wrong have distorted the relation out of all human wholesomeness and Christian loveliness; but in America, where many, and perhaps most, of those who keep servants and call them so, are but a single generation from fathers who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows, and from mothers who nobly served in all household offices, it is in the last degree bewildering. I can only account for it by that bedevilment of the entire American ideal through the retention of the English economy when the English polity was rejected. But at the heart of America there is this ridiculous contradiction, and it must remain there until the whole country is Altrurianized. There is no other hope; but I did not now urge this point, and we turned to talk of other things, related to the matters we had been discussing.

"The men," said Mrs. Makely, "get out of the whole bother very nicely, as long as they are single, and even when they're married, they are apt to run off to the club, when there's a prolonged upheaval in the kitchen."

"*I* don't, Dolly," suggested her husband.

"No, *you* don't, Dick," she returned, fondly. "But there are not many like you."

He went on, with a wink at me: "I never live at the club, except in summer, when you go away to the mountains."

"Well, you know I can't very well take you with me," she said.

"Oh, I couldn't leave my business, anyway," he said, and he laughed.

I had noticed the vast and splendid club-houses in the best places in the city, and I had often wondered about their life, which seemed to me a blind groping towards our own, though only upon terms that forbade it to those who most needed it. The clubs here are not like our groups, the free associations of sympathetic people, though one is a little more literary, or commercial, or scientific, or political than another; but the entrance to each is more or less jealously guarded; there is an initiation fee, and there are annual dues, which are usually heavy enough to exclude all but the professional and business classes, though there are, of

course, successful artists and authors in them. During the past winter I visited some of the most characteristic, where I dined and supped with the members, or came alone when one of these put me down, for a fortnight or a month.

They are equipped with kitchens and cellars, and their wines and dishes are of the best. Each is, in fact, like a luxurious private house on a large scale; outwardly they are palaces, and inwardly they have every feature and function of a princely residence complete, even to a certain number of guest-chambers, where members may pass the night, or stay indefinitely, in some cases, and actually live at the club. The club, however, is known only to the cities and the larger towns, in this highly developed form; to the ordinary, simple American, of the country, or of the country town of five or ten thousand people, a New York club would be as strange as it would be to any Altrurian.

"Do many of the husbands left behind in the summer live at the clubs?" I asked.

"All that *have* a club, do," he said. "Usually, there's a very good table d'hôte dinner that you couldn't begin to get for the same price anywhere else; and there are a lot of good fellows there, and you can come pretty near forgetting that you're homeless, or even that you're married."

He laughed, and his wife said: "You ought to be ashamed, Dick; and me worrying about you all the time I'm away, and wondering what the cook gives you here. Yes," she continued, addressing me, "that's the worst thing about the clubs. They make the men so comfortable that they say it's one of the principal obstacles to early marriages. The young men try to get lodgings near them, so that they can take their meals there, and they know they get much better things to eat than they could have in a house of their own at a great deal more expense, and so they simply don't think of getting married. Of course," she said with that wonderful, unintentional, or at least unconscious, frankness of hers, "I don't blame the clubs altogether. There's no use denying that girls are expensively brought up, and that a young man has to think twice before taking one of them out of the kind of home she's used to, and putting her into the kind of home he can give her. I suppose it's as broad as it's long. If the clubs have killed early marriages, the women have created the clubs."

"Do women go much to them?" I asked, choosing this question as a safe one.

"*Much!*" she screamed. "They don't go at all! They *can't!* They won't *let* us! To be sure, there are some that have rooms where ladies can go with their friends who are members, and have lunch or dinner; but as for seeing the inside of the club-house proper, where these great creatures"—she indicated her husband—"are sitting up, smoking and telling stories, it isn't to be dreamed of."

Her husband laughed. "You wouldn't like the smoking, Dolly."

"Nor the stories, either, some of them," she retorted.

"Oh, the stories are always first rate," he said, and he laughed more than before.

"And they never gossip, at the clubs, Mr. Homos, never!" she added.

"Well, hardly ever," said her husband, with an intonation that I did not understand. It seemed to be some sort of catch-phrase.

"All I know," said Mrs. Makely, "is that I like to have my husband belong to his club. It's a nice place for him in summer; and very often in winter, when I'm dull, or going out somewhere that he hates, he can go down to his club, and smoke a cigar, and come home just about the time I get in, and it's much better than worrying through the evening with a book. He hates books, poor Dick!" She looked fondly at him, as if this were one of the greatest merits in the world. "But I must confess, I shouldn't like him to be a mere club man, like some of them."

"But how?" I asked.

"Why, belonging to five or six, or more, even; and spending their whole time at them, when they're not at business."

There was a pause, and Mr. Makely put on an air of modest worth, which he carried off with his usual wink toward me. I said, finally, "And if the ladies are not admitted to the men's clubs, why don't they have clubs of their own?"

"Oh, they have,—several, I believe. But who wants to go and meet a lot of women? You meet enough of them in society, goodness knows. You hardly meet any one

else, especially at afternoon teas. They bore you to death."

Mrs. Makely's nerves seemed to lie in the direction of a prolongation of this subject, and I asked my next question a little away from it. "I wish you would tell me, Mrs. Makely, something about your way of provisioning your household. You said that the grocer's and butcher's man came up to the kitchen with your supplies—"

"Yes, and the milkman and the iceman; the iceman always puts the ice into the refrigerator; it's very convenient, and quite like your own house."

"But you go out and select the things yourself, the day before, or in the morning?"

"Oh, not at all! The men come and the cook gives the order; she knows pretty well what we want on the different days, and I never meddle with it from one week's end to the other, unless we have friends. The tradespeople send in their bills at the end of the month, and that's all there is of it." Her husband gave me one of his queer looks, and she went on: "When we were younger, and just beginning housekeeping, I used to go out and order the things myself; I used even to go to the big markets, and half kill myself, trying to get things a little cheaper at one place than another, and waste more car-fare, and lay up more doctor's bills than it would all come to, ten times over. I used to fret my life out, remembering the prices; but now, thank goodness, that's all over. I don't know any more what beef is a pound than my husband does; if a thing isn't good, I send it straight back, and that puts them on their honor, you know, and they have to give me the best of everything. The bills average about the same, from month to month; a little more if we have company; but if they're too outrageous, I make a fuss with the cook, and she scolds the men, and then it goes better for a while. Still, it's a great bother."

I confess that I did not see what the bother was, but I had not the courage to ask, for I had already conceived a wholesome dread of the mystery of an American lady's nerves. So I merely suggested, "And that is the way that people usually manage?"

"Why," she said, "I suppose that some old-fashioned people still do their marketing, and people that have to look to their outgoes, and know what every mouthful costs them. But their lives are not worth having. Eveleth Strange does it—or she did do it when she was in the country; I dare say she won't when she gets back—just from a sense of duty, and because she says that a housekeeper ought to know about her expenses. But I ask her who will care whether she knows or not; and as for giving the money to the poor that she saves by spending economically, I tell her that the butchers and the grocers have to live, too, as well as the poor, and so it's as broad as it's long."

I could not make out whether Mr. Makely approved of his wife's philosophy or not; I do not believe he thought much about it. The money probably came easily with him, and he let it go easily, as an American likes to do. There is nothing penurious or sordid about this curious people, so fierce in the pursuit of riches. When these are once gained, they seem to have no value to the man who has won them, and he has generally no object in life but to see his womankind spend them.

This is the season of the famous Thanksgiving, which has now become the national holiday, but has no longer any savor in it of the grim Puritanism it sprang from. It is now appointed by the president and the governors of the several States, in proclamations enjoining a pious gratitude upon the people for their continued prosperity as a nation and a public acknowledgment of the divine blessings. The blessings are supposed to be of the material sort, grouped in the popular imagination as good times, and it is hard to see what they are in these days of adversity, when hordes of men and women of every occupation are feeling the pinch of poverty in their different degree. It is not merely those who have always the wolf at their doors, who are now suffering, but those whom the wolf never threatened before; those who amuse, as well as those who serve the rich, are alike anxious and fearful, where they are not already in actual want; thousands of poor players, as well as hundreds of thousands of poor laborers, are out of employment; and the winter threatens to be one of dire misery. Yet you would not imagine from the smiling face of things, as you would see it in the

better parts of this great city, that there was a heavy heart or an empty stomach anywhere below it. In fact, people here are so used to seeing other people in want that it no longer affects them as reality, it is merely dramatic, or hardly so life-like as that; it is merely histrionic. It is rendered still more spectacular to the imaginations of the fortunate by the melodrama of charity they are invited to take part in by endless appeals, and their fancy is flattered by the notion that they are curing the distress they are only slightly relieving by a gift from their superfluity. The charity, of course, is better than nothing, but it is a fleeting mockery of the trouble at the best. If it were proposed that the city should subsidize a theater at which the idle players could get employment in producing good plays at a moderate cost to the people, the notion would not be considered more ridiculous than that of founding municipal works for the different sorts of idle workers; and it would not be thought half so nefarious, for the proposition to give work by the collectivity is supposed to be in contravention of the sacred principle of monopolistic competition so dear to the American economist, and it would be denounced as an approximation to the surrender of the city to anarchism and destruction by dynamite.

But as I have so often said, the American life is in nowise logical, and you will not be surprised, though you may be shocked or amused to learn that the festival of Thanksgiving is now so generally devoted to witnessing a game of foot-ball between the Elevens of two great universities, that the services at the churches are very scantily attended. The Americans are practical, if they are not logical, and this preference of foot-ball to prayer and praise on Thanksgiving day has gone so far that now a principal church in the city holds its services on Thanksgiving eve, so that the worshippers may not be tempted to keep away from their favorite game.

There is always a heavy dinner at home after the game, to console the friends of those who have lost, and to heighten the joy of the winning side, among the comfortable people. The poor recognize the day largely as a sort of carnival. They go about in masquerade on the eastern avenues, and the children of the foreign races who populate that quarter, penetrate the better streets, blowing horns, and begging of the passers. They have probably no more sense of its difference from the old carnival of catholic Europe than from the still older Saturnalia of pagan times. Perhaps you will say that a masquerade is no more pagan than a foot-ball game; and I confess that I have a pleasure in that innocent misapprehension of the holiday on the East side. I am not more censorious of it than I am of the displays of festival cheer at the provision stores, or green-groceries throughout the city at this time. They are almost as numerous on the avenues as the drinking



Drawn by Reginald Coxe

GOOD NIGHT!

saloons, and thanks to them, the wasteful housekeeping is at least convenient in a high degree. The waste is inevitable with the system of separate kitchens, and it is not in provisions alone, but in labor and in time, a hundred cooks doing the work of one; but the Americans have no conception of our coöperative housekeeping, and so the folly goes on. Meantime, the provision stores add much to their effect of crazy gayety on the avenues.

The variety and harmony of color is very great, and this morning I stood so long admiring the arrangement in one of them, that I am afraid I rendered myself a little suspicious to the policeman guarding the liquor store on the nearest corner; there seems always to be a policeman assigned to this duty. The display was on either side of the provisioner's door, and began on one hand with a basal line of pumpkins well out on the sidewalk. Then it was built up with the soft white and cool green of cauliflowers, and open boxes of red and white grapes, to the window that flourished in banks of celery and rosy apples. On the other side, gray-green squashes formed the foundation, and the wall was sloped upward with the delicious salads you can find here, the dark red of beets, the yellow of carrots, and the blue of cabbages. The association of colors was very artistic and even the line of mutton carcases overhead, with each a brace of grouse, or half a dozen quail in its embrace, and flanked with long sides of beef at the four ends of the line, was picturesque, though the sight of the carnage at the provision stores here would always be dreadful to an Altrurian; in the great markets it is intolerable. This sort of business is mostly in the hands of the Germans, who have a good eye for such effects as may be studied in it; but the fruiterers are nearly all Italians, and their stalls are charming. I always like, too, the cheeriness of the chestnut and peanut ovens of the Italians; the pleasant smell and friendly smoke that rise from them suggest a simple and homelike life, which there are so many things in this great, weary, heedless city to make one forget.

A. HOMOS.

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA.

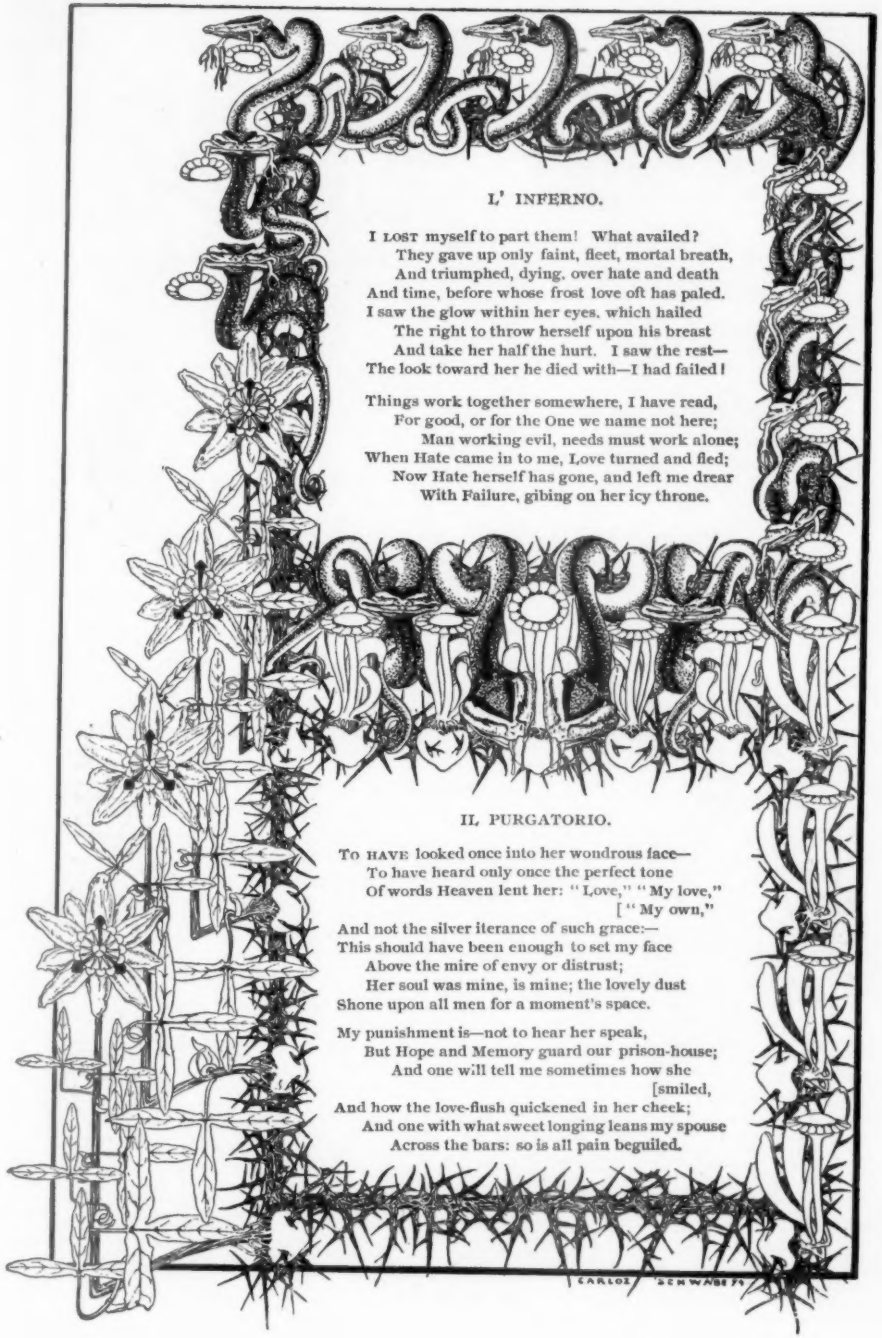
BY FANNIE RUTH ROBINSON.

A MAN SHOOTS HIS SUCCESSFUL RIVAL!

THE WOMAN TRIES TO TURN ASIDE THE WEAPON AND RECEIVES A FATAL WOUND!

THE MURDERER SEIZED BY THE AUTHORITIES!

Headlines in a Journal—Earth.



L' INFERNO.

I LOST myself to part them! What availed?
They gave up only faint, fleet, mortal breath,
And triumphed, dying, over hate and death
And time, before whose frost love oft has paled.
I saw the glow within her eyes, which hailed
The right to throw herself upon his breast
And take her half the hurt. I saw the rest—
The look toward her he died with—I had failed!

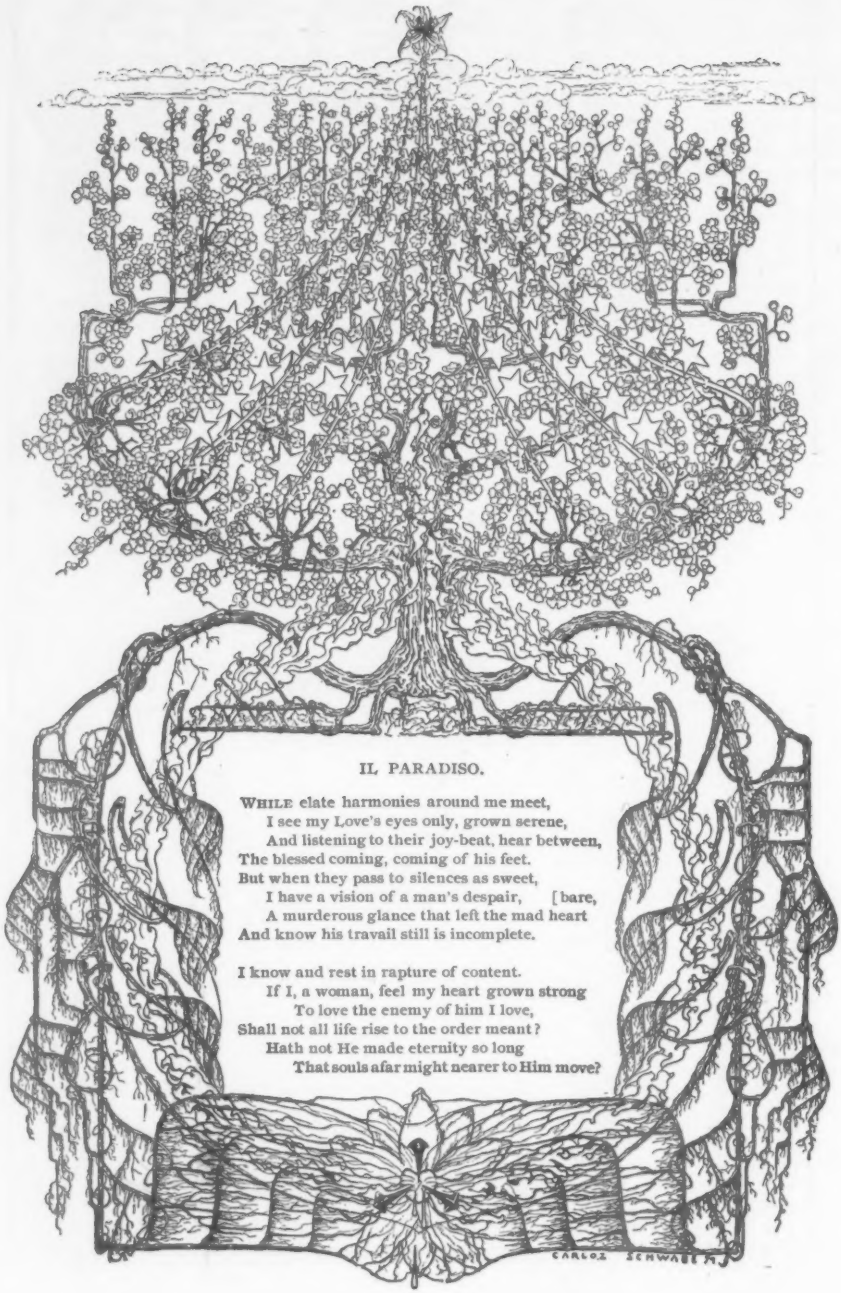
Things work together somewhere, I have read,
For good, or for the One we name not here;
Man working evil, needs must work alone;
When Hate came in to me, Love turned and fled;
Now Hate herself has gone, and left me drear
With Failure, gibing on her icy throne.

IL PURGATORIO.

TO HAVE looked once into her wondrous face—
To have heard only once the perfect tone
Of words Heaven lent her: "Love," "My love,"
["My own,"
And not the silver iterance of such grace:—
This should have been enough to set my face
Above the mire of envy or distrust;
Her soul was mine, is mine; the lovely dust
Shone upon all men for a moment's space.

My punishment is—not to hear her speak,
But Hope and Memory guard our prison-house;
And one will tell me sometimes how she
[smiled,
And how the love-flush quickened in her cheek;
And one with what sweet longing leans my spouse
Across the bars: so is all pain beguiled.

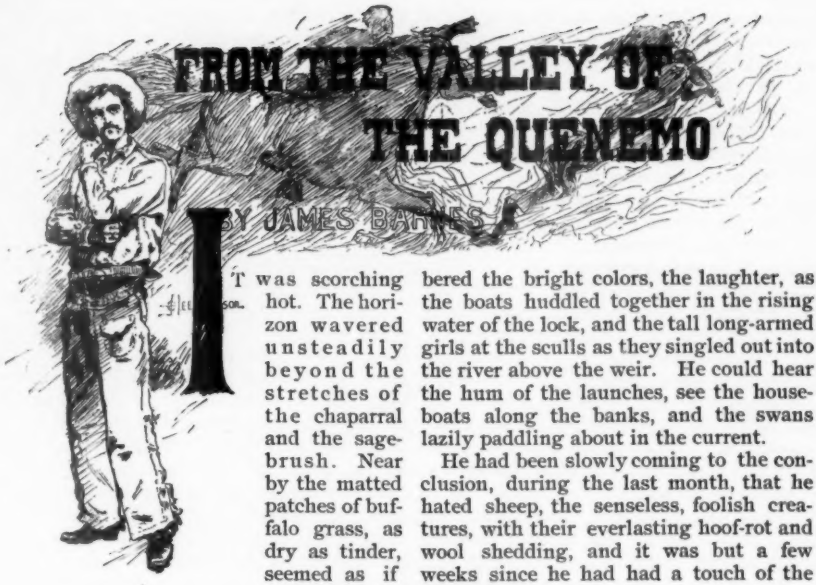
CARLOS SCHWABE '94



IL PARADISO.

WHILE elate harmonies around me meet,
I see my Love's eyes only, grown serene,
And listening to their joy-beat, hear between,
The blessed coming, coming of his feet.
But when they pass to silences as sweet,
I have a vision of a man's despair, [bare,
A murderous glance that left the mad heart
And know his travail still is incomplete.

I know and rest in rapture of content.
If I, a woman, feel my heart grown strong
To love the enemy of him I love,
Shall not all life rise to the order meant?
Hath not He made eternity so long
That souls afar might nearer to Him move?



IT was scorching hot. The horizon wavered unsteadily beyond the stretches of the chaparral and the sagebrush. Near by the matted patches of buffalo grass, as dry as tinder, seemed as if they would burst into flame with another degree of Fahrenheit. There was nothing to rest the eye or to break the dazzling glare.

Following the trail to Flick City,—straight north and south,—a wiry buckskin pony shuffled along over the sunblistered divide. In his tireless running walk each hoof threw forward little puffs of dust that hung for an instant and disappeared without drifting to one side or the other. The only sounds were the ceaseless leather creak of the saddle and an occasional jangle of the heavy curb.

John Carruthers, Esq., late of Oxford, England, with his long legs hanging free from the stirrups, was trying to make the best of it. He pulled his heavy sombrero down until it rested on the bridge of his aristocratic nose, closed his eyes to the blinding sunlight, and was conscious only of a yearning to be somewhere else; some place where it was shady and cool; where he could lie on his back and hear the ice clink in a tall glass of club soda.

A little over twelve months ago he had been lolling over the wall at Bolter's, watching a fleet of small craft on the way to the regatta at Henley. It was a day or so before he left England. He remembered the bright colors, the laughter, as the boats huddled together in the rising water of the lock, and the tall long-armed girls at the sculls as they singled out into the river above the weir. He could hear the hum of the launches, see the houseboats along the banks, and the swans lazily paddling about in the current.

He had been slowly coming to the conclusion, during the last month, that he hated sheep, the senseless, foolish creatures, with their everlasting hoof-rot and wool shedding, and it was but a few weeks since he had had a touch of the dangre fever.

Here he had been in Texas over a twelfth-month now, and not even an experience; nothing but "Baa—Baa" all the day long.

What was the use, he had been thinking, of having M. A. tacked to one's name, and of having stroked the eight that led the light-blues from Putney to Mortlake, if this was to be the end of it. Lately, he had had longings for spotless white shirts and evening clothes, for a dance with music, and waltzing, and a dinner—how often he had thought of it—with snowy napery, seductive dishes and the chatter of women's voices. Even the placid smoothness of an afternoon tea seemed now a lost delight.

A shadow like that of a tiny, swiftly-moving cloud crossed the pony's path. Carruthers raised his head, and shading his eyes with his forearm, noticed a buzzard skim along with still, stretched wings, and tightly drawn up claws, turning his scrawny neck from side to side.

"If I were you, old chap, and could fly like that, I'd get out of this, that's what I'd do," he said half aloud, as he lowered his arm.

The sun showed that it was long past

noon; he was very thirsty, and he suddenly realized from his burning eyeballs that he had nearly fallen asleep. Straightening himself in the saddle he pushed back his sombrero.

It would be impossible to reach Flick City until long past nightfall, and he remembered that the moon rose very late.

With a movement of his bridle hand, he changed the direction of the pony and struck off to the eastward towards the valley of the Quenemo. As he pressed ahead, the prairie became more rolling, traversed by little hills and gullies, and the ride of an hour or so brought him to a well-defined trail at the head of one of the arroyos, the dry watercourses that marked the edge of the divide.

Taking the path, well worn by sheep and cattle, he urged the pony down the long decline. A turn around a straight wall of shale, and the narrow valley lay at his feet.

It was like looking into another country. The green of the grass contrasted strongly with the glaring yellow and red of the opposite bluff. A thin line of timber fringed the stream that showed here and there in shining white patches. Dotted about were bunches of grazing sheep, and farther down he could just make out the walls of a corral near a low, white building that stood half-hidden by a clump of cottonwoods. The air was cooler as the draw widened, and the sight of water made him thirstier than before. When nearly down, the trail made another turn, sharper than the first, and there, to the left, almost hidden from sight, was a spring of clear water. Its presence was betrayed by a patch of vivid green where it trickled out into the greedy soil. Poised on its edge was an ordinary tin can.

Carruthers threw himself out of the saddle. His limbs were stiff, and the damp of the soaked ground was grateful to his hot, cramped feet. Pushing back the pony's eager muzzle, he knelt and dipped the can into the spring with a quiver of expectation. Then he made way for the pony, who plunged in his dusty nose to the eyes and noisily gulped the water in visible swallows up his lean, muscular throat. But Carruthers, still on his knees, paused with the tin can in his hand, and did not raise it to his lips. At the head of a small arroyo, that joined the one by which he had descended, was the figure of a woman on a small, black horse. She was dressed—he could scarcely believe his eyes—in a flowing riding-skirt. Carruthers' heart thumped the way it did, one day, when an antelope had jumped out of the grass and stared at him within a few feet's distance. He forgot his thirst for a moment.

Just then the woman on the black horse saw him, and, suddenly waving her hand, rode straight over the edge of the arroyo. Sideling carefully down, a few feet, the little black picked his way; then, sliding and scrambling, sometimes on his haunches, sometimes turning completely around in his efforts to keep his balance amid a shower of loose stones, he landed on the trail, within a short distance from Carruthers, who arose with the still untasted draught in his hand.

"Evening, stranger! Good water, that?" said a cheery, musical voice, with an accent so unusual that the astonished Englishman could not at once find words to reply.

Then he answered, awkwardly glancing at the brimming can: "I don't know, really. You see, I have not tasted it yet." And he looked wonderingly at his questioner.

She was a girl of twenty years, or thereabouts. Under a broad felt hat,



"'I'D GET OUT OF THIS'"



"'OH, WE MET BEFORE, TO-DAY.'"

looped at one side, her hair fell in a mass to her shoulders,—it was sunburnt to a lighter shade where it waved over the cowboy shirt she wore. As she smiled frankly at him, she showed just the tips of her beautiful, even teeth. Her dark eyes looked straight into his. It was evident that she was enjoying his embarrassment.

"Why don't you drink it?" she continued. "You look thirsty."

"I thought, perhaps," answered Carruthers, his ideas suddenly returning, "that you would like a drink. My pony's made a dreadful mess of the spring there, I am afraid."

"I should think he had," the girl responded, glancing at the muddy, froth-flecked water. "Take a drink; there's enough for two."

Carruthers took off his hat and handed the rough cup to her. "If you please," he said.

The girl slid one hand out of its heavy buckskin gauntlet, and, taking the can, drank a little of the water. "Thank you," she said, returning it.

It seemed to Carruthers that nothing that he had ever tasted heretofore was as good as that cool draught, and he finished it to the last few drops.

"I was thirsty enough for both," he laughed, replacing the can on the edge of the spring. "That's splendid water—grand!"

"The best in twenty miles," returned the girl. She was looking at him, and spoke slowly, without expression, like one thinking.

As Carruthers mounted, he had a short struggle with the pony. He rode well, and the girl in the tattered riding-skirt noticed it, glancing from him to the plunging, nervous little beast he was riding.

"The beggar always carries on like that when he's had a drink," said Carruthers, to open the conversation. He had ridden alongside of the Spanish black. The trail was wide enough for two.

"They will, some of them, as if it was whisky," answered the girl. She had lost the gay, bantering air with which she had first greeted him. A sudden shyness appeared to have taken its place. Carruthers felt its influence and wondered why he found it so hard to think of something else to say.

"I suspect you are Miss Ringer; are you not?" he ventured. "I have heard of you."

The girl looked at him before she replied. "Yes. But our name is Regnier. They call it Ringer here. My father—he is French; he came from Paris—that's a long way off." She lowered her eyes.

"It is a long way off," said Carruthers. "You have been there?"

"No," answered the girl, "I never have." She blushed beneath the dark-brown skin. "I was born and raised right here in the valley. I—I don't know much about any place else." She said this with such a pathetic glance from her dark eyes that Carruthers wondered again what he could reply.

"Perhaps if you went there, you would long to be back here once more. Here you can do as you please, and it is beautiful compared to the country up beyond at Simpson's Ranch, where I came from. There is not a single tree on the Mustang," he said.

The girl looked up. "But you haven't always lived here—and grown tired; and then you ain't—a girl. She has no business on a ranch. I never read of any girl who ever lived on one. Père says he'll take me off some day and go—I've written down the places that I want to see—I don't think I ever will. Père 'll never start." She spoke in short, disjointed sentences, twisting her fingers in and out of the black's ragged mane.

There was something in this little burst that accorded so well with his own feelings that Carruthers remained silent. He could not talk to her as if she were a child. She would feel it and resent it, he was sure of that, and he began to wonder at the life she must lead with all these longings unfulfilled.

As they entered the belt of cottonwoods he turned, feeling he must say something. She was looking at him so frankly that she almost disconcerted him.

"Miss Regnier." The girl started with a little exclamation, half sigh, half gasp. "Tell me something about your father. Does he like to see strangers at the ranch?"

"Père will be glad to see you. We're all alone. My mother, she is dead a long time now—when I was a little girl; I just remember. We have a picture of her," the girl answered. Her accent was soft, and her voice in its even musical tones was the voice of one refined. Another silence followed, and then she spoke suddenly: "Have you been here long on the range?" she questioned.

"Just a year," replied Carruthers. "I came from England."

"From England!" rejoined the girl. "They have fine horses in England—I have read of them. They are not ponies, like most of ours; the women, they ride, too?" she asked, the last question timidly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, as well as the men, sometimes; but if they saw *you* ride they would be astonished, I can tell you that," said Carruthers. Then, thinking of the descent of the arroyo, he looked at her. "You would take their breath away," he added, and laughed outright.

The Spanish pony was pulled short in his tracks. The blood rushed to the cheeks of the little Amazon on his back. She drew in her breath angrily. Then Carruthers hastened to remedy his mistake. But it was too late; a whirl of the ragged skirt, and the pony plashed across the stream.

Carruthers watched her in astonishment. "Now I have done it," he said; "that was too bad,—such a well-bred little savage, and such a woman-child. "By Jove, she doesn't know a compliment." He looked back over his shoulder, but she had disappeared.

After following the winding path a few hundred yards or so, he found himself in the open. The gate to a large corral stretched itself across the way. Beyond he saw the fodder-ricks and a few low sheep-folds of adobe. A small man dressed in a white canvas suit was standing just inside the gate; under one arm he held a new-born lamb. The anxious mother, a few feet off, was uttering little nervous bleats

Carruthers hailed him in French, at a venture calling him by name, "Monsieur Regnier!"

The man placed the weak little bundle on its tottering legs, and hastened to open the flimsy gate. "Entrez, monsieur," he said, effusively, grasping the Englishman's extended hand in both of his. Then, in a few quick sentences, he welcomed him, with all the manners of a feudal lord and all the easy gestures of the born Parisian. It was so good to hear his tongue again. Monsieur must have lived a long time in Paris. A sheep rancher! Ah, it was a great life, so free, so unrestrained!

In this way he rattled on as he walked by Carruthers' side, opening several gates through which they had to pass, and ushering him through each one with a wave of the hand.

When they had arrived before the straggling, white-washed building, part sod and partly built of rough-hewn boards, M. Regnier turned and spoke, this time in English, with the slightest accent.

"You will give me the honor to join me in a bottle of wine, monsieur. Some I have brought here now twenty years. It is good. Sit yourself down, monsieur. I will return immediately."

In front of the door a huge cottonwood stretched over the roof. A chair with traces of gilding and white paint still showing, and a shining mahogany table, stood on the hard-packed earth, under the

reaching branches. A few simple vines and flowers were growing from tin cans set in the deep window-sill.

Carruthers seated himself in the chair. It was all so odd, so unexpected,—the whole adventure of the afternoon. The girl, the talkative Frenchman, the bottle of wine, the Empire chair, and the carved mahogany table. It was a delight to watch for the next development: here, at last, was an experience.

Presently his host returned, bringing in one hand a dusty bottle of cheap Bordeaux, in the other, two pressed glass tumblers. The red wine gurgled musically into the glasses, and it needed but a few questions to start M. Regnier's tongue anew. He jumped from one subject to another in a bewildering fashion. It was almost thirty years since he had left Paris, and over twenty years since he had moved from New Orleans into the valley.



"IT WAS A VIOLIN."

"Ah, it was a wild country then," said the little Frenchman. "Indians and wolves and trouble. My little wife and I had hard times at the first;" he ran his fingers through his waving silvery hair. "Yes, they were hard times—and she was so brave." He stopped. "But Paris," he added, "beautiful Paris, I have longed to see her again. But one is nobody there now;" and he sighed. "Do you like music?" he said suddenly.

"Indeed I do," answered Carruthers. "I miss it more than I can tell."

"Ah, so; it is well, we will agree then," cried M. Regnier enthusiastically. "It was once my profession—the violin. You like it, eh? Wait, my daughter, when she comes—" he broke off suddenly. "Come with me, monsieur," he said, and leading Carruthers lightly by the sleeve, they entered the narrow doorway of the house. Used as he was to the incongruities of a ranch interior, he looked about him in surprise.

A carved sideboard of dark wood dwarfed the good-sized room, a few shining pieces of plate were displayed behind an array of heavy white crockery, cheap saucers and coffee cups without handles, thick as flower-pots. Some iron tined forks, silver knives and a few spoons, also of silver, were in a basket on the stained marble.

M. Regnier, who had not spoken since they entered the house, paused. Following his glance, Carruthers saw on the wall, above the sideboard, a large portrait in an oval frame, of tarnished gilt. Almost indistinct in the fast fading light, was a face with luminous deep-set eyes. The eyebrows were two arched lines—single brush strokes. The hair, dark and heavy, was drawn straight back over the wide forehead from the center, hiding the tips of the ears, in the old fashion we now think so hideous. The brave mouth, with its sensitive lips, was strong, yet delicate.

"My wife, was she not beautiful, monsieur?" said the Frenchman in a low voice, changing his grasp from the sleeve of Carruthers' coat to his forearm.

Carruthers gazed at the portrait before replying. He noticed the heavy pearl pendants in the ears, the odd gown with the huge puffed sleeves and the immense brooch. Yet he could not imagine her in any other guise, and she was beautiful.

"Indeed, she must have been," said

Carruthers, returning the gentle pressure on his arm.

"Some time, my friend," said M. Regnier, slowly, "I will tell you why we came out here; it is a long tale, and to reconte, monsieur, would take some time. It is not so happy to me."

Again Carruthers looked about him. Close against the wall was a rough divan covered by a fine buffalo skin. Next to the sideboard was a book-case,—a roughly made affair. It was partly filled with worn, much read books, in French and English, a few novels, a history or two, and some works on music and philosophy. On the lowest shelf were some picture blocks—the kind that children play with, a slate, and a pile of music-sheets.

There was no mistaking the long rosewood box that leaned against the couch. Carruthers stooped, and opening it, carefully lifted out the violin that nestled in the moth-eaten lining. He handled it as gently as if it had been the buried treasure of a lost art and might crumble at a touch. The fragile instrument felt light as eggshells. It was a veritable Gaspar di Salo. Whistling with his drawn-in breath he looked at the now silent Frenchman, who only bowed his head, as if the whistle had been a whole sentence of interjectory praise.

M. Regnier was delighted. "Ah, I see you know, monsieur. You play?" he said.

"Only a little. I have studied a bit; but my uncle, he collected them. I knew this at a glance, and it is exquisite. Ole Bull had one," replied Carruthers.

"Ah, yes, I know the one with the carved head, from Austria. I wish I owned them all. This is the idol of my daughter," returned the Frenchman. "Sometimes I am jealous;" then he added, earnestly: "She is an artiste, monsieur, you will hear her play."

He took the violin from Carruthers' hand, caressingly, and picked lightly one of the strings. Then he replaced it in the heavy case.

"I would die if I should lose it," he said. "I love to sit and look at it just to know it is mine; I own it."

As they turned to pass out into the faint sunset glow again, there, in the doorway, stood the girl. She was watching them, holding up her trailing habit with one hand, and tapping her skirt nervously with the heavy quirt which hung from her left wrist.

"Hélène, my daughter, this gentleman is M. Carruthers. He is already a friend of mine." The girl bowed her head.

"Oh, we met before, to-day. I have to thank Miss Regnier for directing me," interposed Carruthers.

M. Regnier looked wonderingly at his daughter. Her silence puzzled him. "Ah! it was she who gave you the first welcome to Quenemo," he said. "Ma chérie, please tell Diane we will sup under our friend, the giant. It is cooler there." They stepped aside to let her pass. Carruthers smiled slightly as he caught the glance she threw in his direction. It did not show the disdain of the woman, but the pathetic resentment of the injured child.



"HE LEANED TO ONE SIDE AND LOOKED WITHIN."

"Is he not a magnificent fellow, this giant of mine?" said the Frenchman, indicating the cottonwood, by a sweeping gesture of both hands above his head. "He is years old. And notice all around, monsieur, it is all mine as far, far, as you can see, up and down the creek. I am sometimes like a little king." Carruthers looked at him. Here was one whose only happiness lay in the sense of complete possession. His whole bearing showed it. Just then a handsome old negress, with a red cotton turban over her crinkled gray wool, stepped from the doorway. She drew carefully over the table a thin damask tablecloth, and noiselessly set

about the ill-assorted chinaware. When she had finished, and after a sweeping survey, the old woman bustled into the house. M. Regnier followed her, and returning quickly, brought two rough wooden chairs. As he placed them beside the table there was an evident flutter of excitement in his manner.

"Now we are ready, monsieur," he said, looking back expectantly, and then he called: "Hélène, nous t'attendons, ma chère." From the dark shadows of the open doorway stepped the girl; a tall, slight figure dressed in white. The gown she wore had large puffed sleeves, and at her throat, where it was slightly open, was the same enameled brooch that her mother had worn when she had sat for the portrait that was on the wall above the book-case. There was the same broad forehead, and now Carruthers noticed that the features were the same; the delicate eyebrows and the long, curved lashes. Her hair, however, was not straight and dark, but waved in the way her father's must have in his youth. It was rich and brown, with here and there gleams of a lighter shade like gold. At the base of the round, full throat, the sunburned tint of her face ended, and there was a glimpse of the firm white flesh.

Carruthers dropped his heavy hat upon the ground, and hastened to place the Empire chair for her at the table's head. But for some reason his hand trembled as he did so. The girl noticed it, and looking quickly at him, their glances met. Her whole demeanor changed in that swift glance. She was again the woman, and thanked him with a graceful inclination of the head. Again he felt that same excited thumping at his heart. It almost angered him. What was this little, half-wild thing that she should disturb him in this unaccustomed way. Without a word, however, he seated himself at the end of the table opposite her.

The meal was of the simplest, but to Carruthers it partook the character of a feast. The feminine neatness, the jingle of the silver; but, above all, the slender rounded form of Hélène, seated there so near him, made him forget the ponderous cups and saucers, and the bitter, pale-green tea, and he experienced an enjoyment that it was hard for him to analyze.

The talk, at first, was mostly of Paris, which the Englishman knew with the knowledge of the student; then, it turned to celebrated men in the world of music and letters. Carruthers had recovered self-possession and talked well and interestingly. He had met some of the people that were mentioned, personally. He had seen them at his uncle's house in London.

The handsome little Frenchman grew excited when he found this out, and asked questions in French and in English, piling them one upon another, scarcely waiting for an answer, and glancing at his daughter, from time to time, to see if she were listening.

Carruthers could feel, with that instinct of people who are being watched, that her dark eyes were upon him as he spoke. Her face was flushed and her lips were half parted; she breathed in short, quick breaths. But when he turned to her she scarcely looked at him and answered him in monosyllables.

It was over an hour since they had first sat down and it had grown quite dark. The colored woman had lit a lamp within the house, and its light streamed out of the small, deep window. The vines that stretched against it danced little shadows across the faces of the three about the table.

Suddenly the girl arose and left them, without a word. Her father made a half motion to detain her as she stepped across the threshold; but she did not turn, and disappeared within the room.

"Wait, monsieur, and I will give up the field to my rival, the old Gaspar," he said. "We will listen while he talks to my daughter and she leads him on. I will go and bring them." In the lamplight, the Frenchman's face showed the scarce concealed delight of the artist; sure of his success and now anxious for the triumph. Then he paused at the door and his expression seemed to change in an instant as he shot a glance at Carruthers, a glance half fearful, half suspicious.

Carruthers, who had risen with his host, seated himself again. A great wave of content and happiness rushed over him; an exultant happiness the reason

for which he could not exactly fathom, and he smiled and leaned his head back against the giant's mighty trunk, gazing up into the black mass of limbs and foliage.

"Pardon me." It was the voice of M. Regnier addressing him. "I have been so long. But it is too bad. She has gone,—my daughter. I cannot find her. She is not like herself to-night. You will have to,—I do not understand—;" he stopped. There was doubt, or question, more than apology in his tone.

Carruthers could feel that he was being scrutinized. "I am sorry," he replied, with feeling in his voice, "that Miss Regnier will not play;" then he added quickly, "that is very selfish on my part. Perhaps she was very tired."

"No, not that," returned the Frenchman; "but it is so strange. I do not understand."

"Another time when I come here she may be more in the humor," Carruthers replied quickly. "You see I am asking myself—I expect to come again." His disappointment was lessened by his delight, as he thought that this was to be only the first of many visits to the valley.

"You are welcome," said M. Regnier, in a polite and almost formal tone. "And now, perhaps, we had better say 'good night.' You have a long ride. You will rest upon the couch, monsieur. We have not many rooms."

The buffalo-robe was soft and his rolled-up coat had often times been to him as the downiest pillow. Yet Carruthers could not sleep. The figure of Hélène was in his mind as she poured that miserable, bitter tea out of the heavy, silver tea-pot. He could see her slender fingers and her small white hands—hands as white as if they had done no harder work than pluck roses in a terrace garden. He went over the events of the day, from the time he first saw her on the edge of the arroyo, to the time she suddenly left her father and himself seated at the table. He tried to recall every minute that had passed, every word that she had said to him. Then he thought of seeing her in the morning, and smiled again in the same way he had when he leaned back against the tree.

It was becoming light outside. The moon was rising and he could faintly distinguish some of the objects in the room—the violin was gone.

As he lay there looking out through the open door, watching the light widen and the huge bulk of the tree loom clearer and clearer, he longed to be out there beneath the sky. At last he arose and noiselessly stepped to the door.

Just above the black edge of the divide the moon was showing. The leaves stirred gently overhead, and he could hear a coyote bark and whimper down the creek. Then the moon uplifted full and round. Some dark clouds chased across the silver disc, and it seemed to him that with an upward motion the moon freed herself from earth and climbed the sky, until a cloud larger than the rest hid her in its dark embrace.

As the light became more dim, Carruthers noticed that the lamp in the next room was still lit, for the shadows of the vine danced in a little yellow light of their own over the top of the denuded table. He turned toward the window and then stopped instantly, and listened. It was a violin. So subtle was the sound that it reached his ears like music played beneath a crystal jar. For a moment he stood still. Then the temptation was too great and he leaned to one side, and looked within, expanding his nostrils as if his breath might disturb the player.

Hélène was standing close to the window, the old Gaspar held caressingly beneath her chin. Her lithe, muscular arms gleamed as they moved, and her body swayed slowly in accompaniment with the sweeping, continuous movement of the violinist. The lamp on the little dressing-case was concealed by an upright sheet of music, and the strong reflected light was full upon her. A great surge of feeling rushed over Carruthers, he grew almost dizzy—a scarce restrained longing came to him to call her name aloud. Then he grew calmer, and thought he recognized in the wild, sad air something from "Les Legends," of Wieniawski; and yet it was unlike any music he had ever heard—the old violin was talking with her. The girl stopped at the end of one of the graceful downward sweeps, her arm fell by her side, her shoulders lifted and her lips parted in a long drawn sigh, then she

remained motionless, with wide-open eyes, looking straight before her — Carruthers fancied he could still hear the violin. Suddenly she leaned forward, there was a quick movement, and the lamp went out. The moon was still behind the clouds, and he groped his way back to his couch and at last he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was light again—the even, shadowless light of the valley morning, before the sun has lifted above the hills. He had the sensations of a person awakening in an unaccustomed place, the dawning sense of unfamiliar things, and then the rush of recollections of the day before. He raised himself on his elbow, a feeling of buoyant happiness was in his heart. He would see her again. The notes of the violin were still in his mind—it could not have been a dream. Then he sprang up, and drawing on his goat-skin "cheps" stamped his feet into his high-heeled boots, and went out into the morning air.

His host was already up and greeted him; it seemed to Carruthers, rather coldly. He could scarcely imagine that this taciturn, almost sullen individual, was the garrulous little egoist of the day before. But he pretended not to notice the change in his manner, and inquired for Hélène, after some commonplace pleasantry about the weather.

"She is gone again, monsieur, very early. Before the fog left the river she saddled her pony and rode away —I do not know where, monsieur," he added, as if to bear off any further questioning. Then he said, without raising his eyes: "We are ready for our breakfast, monsieur."

They talked very little as they sat opposite one another at the table. Carruthers was puzzled again at his own sensations. He could not account for the little Frenchman's behavior. One thing he was certain of —he wished to be alone.

A half hour later he had left the river bottom and was climbing slowly up towards the divide. He leaned well forward in the saddle to ease the pony, who pushed along with jerking, hasty strides, as if eager to be on level ground again. A bull-snake swam through the dust ahead of him, leaving a sinuous path across the trail. Carruthers hardly noticed it, nor did he notice that it was becoming stifling hot. He was in deep thought. When nearly up, he turned. The yellow bluffs enclosed a vista of river and green meadow. He caught a glimpse of the white-walled adobe and the giant towering above the other trees. Then he raised his head and followed the sheer face of the arroyo.

On the extreme edge, many feet above him, was the figure of a woman on a small, black horse. He had passed directly underneath her.

It was Hélène. She was watching him, her elbow on her knee and her chin resting in the palm of her gloved hand. He was too far off to see the mute movement of the lips and the reddened tell-tale eyes. But as he lifted his sombrero it seemed to him that she stretched out both hands towards him for an instant. Then the pony whirled and she was gone.

Carruthers looked for her when he



"FOR A SECOND CARRUTHERS COULD SEE ABOVE THE BRINK."

gained the level prairie, but could see nothing. What had he done, he wondered, to cause her father to change so suddenly towards him,—and it was strange that Hélène had refused to play. He tried to persuade himself, unsuccessfully, that all this merely amused him. But the fact remained, he was worried and upset. It was noon when he sighted the dreary, straggling settlement.

Flick City was like a thousand and one western towns a few miles from a railway. One long, wide street, devoid of trees or shade, bordered by wooden houses with high, false fronts; the stairways, where they possessed a second story, clambering up outside. A dozen saloons, some combination stores, and before each one a much-gnawed hitching rail and deep-pawed holes where the restless ponies stood.

Carruthers headed for the store that included in one section the important office of receiving and delivering the mails. Usually, a rider went to Flick City from Simpson's every ten days or so in good weather, and brought back to Carruthers and his young Scotch partner square envelopes with Queen Victoria's head in one corner, and tightly rolled copies of the Illustrated London News and Graphic. No one had been there for a week.

Carruthers made his way through the mass of barrels and dunnage to the little office window. There were a package and two letters for him—one with a deep black border. He opened it first, his hand trembling slightly as he did so. He read parts of it over twice, and then he replaced it in the envelope. It was the announcement of the death of his father's elder brother and his cousin's accession to the title and estates. He paused for a moment, hastily read the other letter, and walking to the window broke the seal of the package. He carefully unwound the wrappings of soft white paper and drew out a photograph by Downey, of a tall, slight girl in a ball dress, with a curious background of palm-leaves. She was holding back the feather opera cloak with both hands, as it fell from her bare, graceful shoulders. Her light hair was gathered in great masses about her head—fluffy, golden hair. How well he remembered it. One could have sworn to the color of the eyes—the great, blue eyes of old England's Saxon beauties. On the back of the photograph was inscribed a name that had been to him, so he thought, the dearest in the world—"Marion," and the date. The picture looked out of place in the huge, brown hands that were scarred and bitten with the acid sheep dip.

An Englishman generally hides his sentiment in public places, but Carruthers gently kissed the strong angular signature.

The next morning, as he rode slowly away from the town, half hidden in the dust raised by the flock of sheep in front of him, he was very unhappy. That he was homesick now, he would have acknowledged in an instant. Homesick for the sight of a close-cropped Surrey lawn, with the shadows of the bronze beeches dark upon it. He remembered a great open hall, with rugs on the polished, waxed floor, the old dingy portraits on the stairway, the stag heads on the walls, and the two old suits of armor. He could imagine himself standing there, waiting for some one. And then the picture of the "some one" shaped itself in his mind.

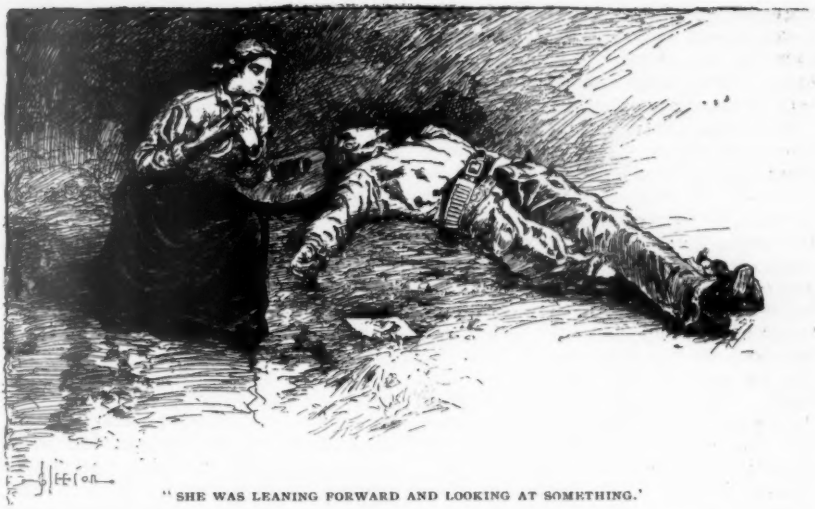
A woman's tall figure, dressed in white, slowly descending the stair. She had dark eyes, and under her arm she held a violin. Carruthers clenched his hand.

"Which way now, pardner?" One of the herders spoke to him; one of the men he had engaged to help him drive the sheep to Simpson's. "Reckon we'd better cross down inter the valley. Been so dry lately there moughtn't be much water up above."

"Well," said Carruthers, "what do you think?"

"Thar's the Quenemo," responded the herder, indicating the horizon with a movement of his head. "We could reach Ringer's and put to the corrals. Reckon he'd let us. He's purty close, and can be meaner'n a digger, I hearn tell. But he ain't got nothin' agin me," he added, reassuringly. "What do you say, captain?"

Carruthers was perplexed. He had almost formed a purpose in his mind not to return there at all. But this had been slowly vanishing. He remembered in his early talk with the Frenchman, before the latter's manner had so strangely cooled, that he had insisted upon the return drive being made up the creek. "So we will only have to say 'Au revoir,'"



"SHE WAS LEANING FORWARD AND LOOKING AT SOMETHING."

the old man had added. He could take him at his word. When he had decided, everything was bright again, and his homesickness seemed to leave him all at once.

Where they entered the valley, it was scarcely a straight pistol shot across to the tall bluffs on the other side. The sheep were being driven in a long, crowded herd up the stream, between its winter banks, as up a lane. They could not stray, and Carruthers, who had stopped longer than the rest to water his pony, fell far behind.

It was close and humid. There was not the slightest breath of air to stir the tumble-grass that lay in wind-rows on the banks above his head. Away up in the north was a gathering of piled-up clouds, dark on the edge and center. It looked like rain.

The sheep and their herders were out of sight behind a turn in the stream-bed, and Carruthers stopped the pony. He could hear the cooing of the ground-doves from the bluffs. It was the only sound in the great stillness. Then he took the photograph from his pocket: "I must write and tell her. It's the only thing to do," he said, "dear little girl." Thrusting the picture quickly back, he shook the bridle and was soon at the heels of the plodding sheep. The ewes were grown and strong, and travelled fast. One of the herders had climbed the bank and the other was a long way in advance.

The ceaseless paffing of the many hoofs in the sand and the bleating of the dusty merinos were hateful to Carruthers, and the sun was baking in the close place, and he longed for the open meadow. It could not be far off, he was thinking, as he looked up the river towards the north.

The evil looking thunder-heads had disappeared and only a thin cloud, like smoke, was drifting where they had been before. A mile ahead the valley narrowed, until the yellow bluffs were within a stone's throw of the river bank on either side, and then beyond, they widened out and enclosed the stretch of green and timber where lay the Frenchman's homestead claim.

They were near the entrance of this cul-de-sac, and Carruthers was wondering whether he would see Hélène that night; when he thought he heard a sound of some one shouting.

He stood up in his stirrups. The herder in advance was calling to him, waving his hand frantically around his head. The sheep were crowded close about him. It was too far off to catch his words.

Then he saw the man bring the quirt down time after time upon the pony's flanks and fight him up the river bank to the higher ground. Something had happened. What it was Carruthers could

not guess, and he stopped the pony with a sharp pull at the curb. Placing his hands to his cheeks he shouted back. Then he kept silent, waiting for an answer, without changing his position.

There was nothing but the bleating of the halted sheep. Then a sound faintly reached Carruthers' ears—an odd, unearthly hum it was at first; then it increased to a mighty deep-toned roar. It was not the wind; the air was motionless. The pony seemed to listen, his ears quivering and pointed forward. He had stopped the nervous champing at the bit. Then he began to blow and snort with terror. He trembled beneath the saddle, crouching low and backing against the crumbling bank. The roar was growing louder with bursts of crushing sound like heavy blasts, it was approaching; nearing. And with a sickening horror rising up within him, Carruthers knew it to be the sound of rushing water. There flashed through his mind the thunder-heads and the drifting smoke-like mist. The clouds had burst.

A swift glance to right and left, and he felt with a sinking at the heart, that there lay his only chance, he must climb the steep left bank. It was a cruel blow he struck the frightened pony as he plunged through the crowding sheep and across the shallow stream. And more cruel were the gashes of the long rowelled spurs that raked his panting sides, as Carruthers strove to urge him up the treacherous sand.

Almost in despair, he was about to jump from the saddle and trust himself on foot, when a rending noise made him turn his head and he saw the wedge of water round the bend. Full to the dusty grass that fringed the banks, the yellow mass charged down upon him. The sides of the stream crumbled and fell in. The flood caught the sheep and whirled them over and over in the leaping smother. They were dashed along, struggling and bleating wildly, until they sank in the crush of logs and driftwood. All this Carruthers saw as he looked over his shoulder up the stream. Then he shouted to the pony, reaching forward, holding the bridle high above his head; trying to lift him with his knees, as one does racing. They had reached the brink, and for a second Carruthers could see above the edge.

Almost keeping pace with the yellow toppling crest, riding as if for life along the narrow strip of grassy soil, was a woman on a small, black horse. Her fluttering skirt would now and then blow full of air, like a balloon. Carruthers had just seen this, when he felt the sand give way, the pony slipped, there was a tearing sound, and rider and saddle slid from his back into the ice-cold water.

It seemed to Carruthers as if he were being drawn down to the bottom, that struggle as he might he would never gain the air, when, suddenly, he was shot up to the surface and spun about, helpless as any bit of driftwood. All about him were the bodies of the drowned and drowning sheep. He tried to swim; lifting his arms free from the water, and putting forth all his strength. It was no use. He could make no headway; his heart was almost bursting as he struggled. A log caught the bank on one end, and the other, sweeping round, dealt him a blow between the shoulders, almost sinking him. The current brought him closer to the shore, and, to his horror, he felt he would be drawn beneath the undermining bank, where the sheep and débris whirled and disappeared. He put out his hands, and in his desperation grasped the matted soil, sinking his fingers deep in the grassy roots. He could feel the horrid tugging at his legs, as they were being sucked beneath the ground. But still he held on, although the tendons of his straining arms felt as if they must break, and he closed his eyes in his agony, clenching his teeth and groaning slightly, like an athlete struggling against almost hopeless odds.

Suddenly, he felt something move across his hand, and a grasp upon his wrists. He opened his eyes, and saw a face within a foot of his. It was Hélène's. She was lying prone upon the bank, and grasping both his wrists in her strong white hands. The water was rushing by almost noiselessly, though it boiled about his shoulders and dragged strongly at his body.

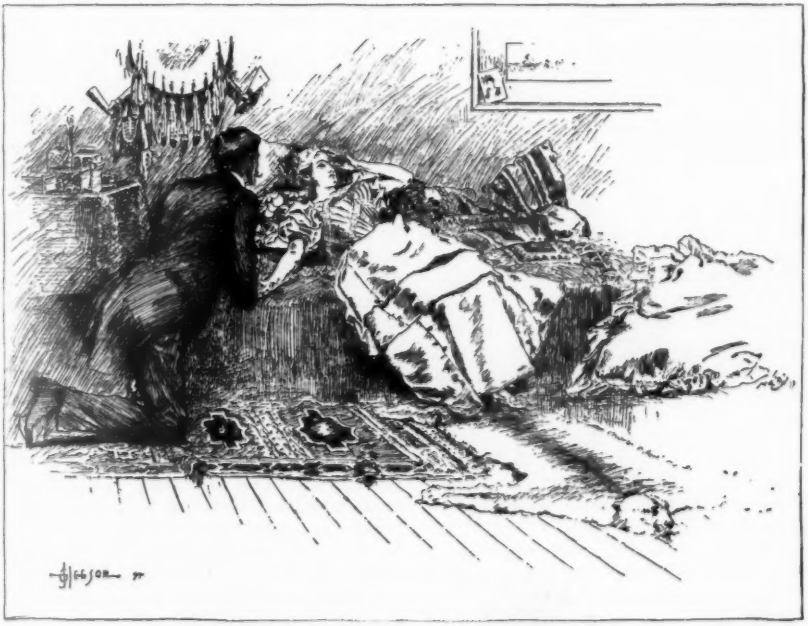
"Hélène," he found it hard to speak, and his voice had a thin, unusual sound, "go back; the bank may fall. I am all right; go back!" he whispered, hoarsely.

The girl simply shook her head and tightened her grasp. Her eyes looked down in his, the brave mouth was drawn

and pale, and her loose hair fell forward across her face.

A portion of the bank below sloughed off into the torrent; but the force was every minute lessening. He was almost hanging suspended now; the water scarcely reached his waist. Then he felt a sinking of the earth before him. The ledge upon which Hélène was lying was slowly caving in. Then he knew that she was with him in the chilling water. That he could stand and brace against the current; that her arms were about his neck, and their faces close together. His weakness and weariness seemed to leave him for the instant, and although his face was colorless and his features fixed like death, he felt a triumph, a strange, almost frightening sense of strength. He kissed the soft, cold cheek that pressed against his lips—and there was an answering pressure on his own. Then came a feeling as if something was tearing in his brain; his eyes seemed to be closing against his will, and there followed a confused recollection of carrying something in his arms, struggling up the shelving, caved-in bank, driving his fingers, rigid as the dried talons of a bird, deep into the yielding turf.

The western bluff cast a purple shadow half way across the narrow space; some large birds circled in the air. The cooing of the doves was again the only sound. The flood had passed. The sides of the stream-banks were still dripping wet, and little rivulets that ran quickly dry were coursing down and joining the swollen yellow creek. The fresh earth showed in the rents where the breaks had occurred, and parts of the weakened bank would now and then fall, and join the dams of débris in the stream-bed. All about were the gray, soggy bodies of the drowned sheep. Near the edges, on either side, the wet sand had been spread out over the ground; but within a few feet the grass was dry and thirsty-looking. And there the motionless figure of a man, with coat and shirt thrown open to the air, lay sprawled upon the margin. Near by knelt a woman in a bedraggled riding-skirt. She was leaning forward and looking at something on the ground. It was a wet-soaked photograph.



"KNEELING BESIDE HER, HE CALLED HER NAME."

II.

There was something going on at No. 60 Mowndes Square. The matting was rolled down across the stone walk, a few carriages stopped, and women with gems sparkling in their hair, their figures shrouded in heavy, brilliant cloaks, ascended the stairway to the drawing-room.

In the dining-hall, below, a young man with broad shoulders and a strong, smooth-shaven face was sitting alone at one end of the table, from which several people had arisen some time since. The butler was replacing the decanters and straightening the half-burned candles in their lace petticoats. The young man reached forward and dropped his cigarette into the ash-receiver before him, just as the tall figure of a woman entered the room. She walked quickly to where he was sitting, and leaned on the back of his chair with both her round, white elbows. The young man with the iron-gray hair took one of the long, slender hands in his, and, throwing back his head, looked up at her. It was strange how much they were alike.

"You are coming up, dear, aren't you?" she said, patting his head caressingly with the disengaged fingers.

"I will, if you want me, Marion," he answered; "somehow I don't care for music the way I used to; I don't know why."

"You mean that you would rather sit in that little den of yours and smoke those long, black cigars. I haven't had half a chance to show you off. Don't you care for people any more?"

"In the abstract, no," he laughed; "I had rather you would sit in the den there with me and talk, than meet all the people in the world."

"You dear old boy," said the girl, bending her golden head and kissing him on the forehead. "Promise me you will come up after a while."

"All right," he said, "I will."

As she reached the door she turned. "You ought to consider yourself very much flattered," she said. "This is entirely a woman's affair; only two or three men—all music maniacs—were asked. We have a surprise for them."

He smiled at her and then strolled down the hall to the little, cosy room where the black cigars were waiting for him. He lit one, threw himself back in the easy-chair and began to think.

Two years ago—it seemed five! What was Simpson doing? Poor old Simpson! Did he miss the long talks they used to have, sitting before the dug-out in the evening, while the dew glistened like pearls hid in the matted grass and the clouds massed in the sky like wonderful mountains. And his thoughts went back, as they had so often gone before, to that far-off valley. . . . . He could see the white-walled adobe and the giant cottonwood. He recalled a day that would never leave his memory, and the figure of a woman on a small, black horse.

The dreadful illness out there, where life and mind hung in the balance; it had left him older by ten years almost, and they said she had nursed him through it all. And there was a recollection, like a dream, of how once, when the fever had been broken a day or so, he had awakened and found her bending over him; that she had been weeping, and that she kissed his forehead and he had gone to sleep. That day she and her father left the valley.

A great deal had happened in these two years. His cousin, Captain Carruthers, killed in the hunting-field, and he now here, with everything to his hand—and a sad unhappiness at his heart. Why had her father taken her away? Why had he sold the ranch in the valley of the Quenemo? Where had he hidden her?

What a long, fruitless search from place to place! Even from Mexico to Paris he had sought her, until he had accepted it as fate—as one of the things not to be. And he had taken up the life that was expected of him, and would live it to the end. His other life was in his lonely moments and his thoughts. Even his beloved Marion did not know it all.

Then he heard the sound of the violin, and remembered his promise. Springing to his feet, he began to mount the staircase, but paused half-way. It was—it surely was "Les Legends;" and he remembered the time when he had held his breath and listened to the same air back in the valley of the Quenemo. He stole gently up the rest of the steps, and, with his heart beating wildly, he paused in the shadow of the portières.

It was she. Carruthers almost trem-

bled. He had searched for her until he had despaired. And now—here in his own house!

"Isn't she beautiful!" whispered a voice at his elbow, and a slender arm touched his. "I knew you would like to hear her play. The Nevilles came over in the steamer with her from America." She added, "She's going to study in Paris, so they say."

Carruthers scarcely heard. He was watching the softly swaying body and the turn of the moulded wrist.

Then the girl looked up with her great eyes and saw him in the doorway.

The downward graceful movement stopped abruptly. She tried to finish bravely, but sank to the chair behind her, pale and trembling.

There was a rush towards her, but before them all was Carruthers. She saw him coming, tried to stand up and then sank back unconscious.

He gathered her in his arms. The day when she had looked down in his eyes from the crumbling treacherous bank came up before him. Again he heard the rushing of the waters and felt her once more clinging about his neck. What did he care for what had happened, or what they might say or think.

"Room, please, quickly, she wants air," he said, and carried her like a child into the small conservatory. They did not follow, and he placed her on a couch, and kneeling beside her he called her name over and over, pressing her hand against his lips.

The heavy lashes that rested on the pale cheeks lifted, and Hélène looked about her. The corners of her mouth trembled nervously, and a strange look was in her dark, wide-opened eyes.

"Don't be frightened, dearest," said Carruthers, "you must never leave me now. Listen, I have searched and waited, and you have come to me; I thought that I had lost you, that I should never tell you what you were to me."

Hélène drew back from him, and he saw her look beyond him trying hard to control the trembling lips.

A few steps from them was the tall figure of a woman bending towards them, the blue eyes, so like Carruthers' own, were filled with tears. There was something so reassuring in those blue eyes that Hélène did not speak. Carruthers drew her closer to him.

"Marion, my sister," he said. "She has come to me from the valley of the Quenemo."



GUARDING THE PASS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

[THE WATCHER.]

There, as thou liest, beloved, thy lips at parley with naught,
There, as thou liest, beck'ning to naught with thy wavering hand,—
Thine eyes unbeholding, or filled but with pageants by fantasy wrought,—
Thy legions of life in revolt and fain at a sign to disband,
To be gone at a breath,—
There, as thou liest, I, all the night, like a sentinel stand,
Guarding the Pass that leads to the Land of the Shadow of Death!

All the long night, O beloved, I listen and watch in my place;
There is none that is with me,—not one; but single of hand I must fight;
Even the stars that were wont to look down with compassioning grace,
Now brighten and glow with desire to draw into heaven thy light;
And the wind at the casement saith,
"Release the loved soul!"—I am one against many,—alone in the night,
Guarding the Pass that leads to the Land of the Shadow of Death!



By Thomas Ewing.

IN February, 1854, I sat in the gallery of the Senate chamber at Washington, and heard much of the debate on the bill to repeal the Missouri compromise of 1820. I was then about completing my collegiate course in Brown university, at Providence, Rhode Island. Four years before, I had sat in the gallery of the old Senate chamber, now the Supreme Court room, in company with Captain William Tecumseh Sherman (then in Washington from the Pacific coast, and about to be married), and heard that ever memorable debate which ended in the compromises of 1850, growing out of our vast accessions of territory from Mexico, and in the enactment of the cruel and barbarous fugitive slave law. I was intensely anti-slavery,—far more so than my Whig training would account for. I was hot with indignation at the Whig leaders who supported the repeal of the Missouri compromise, or acquiesced in it, or resisted it but feebly. I recollect my pang of disappointment at the labored speech against the bill of Edward Everett, who was regarded as representing the conservative Whigs. It was so cool, didactic, elegant, without a glow of the indignant spirit of the North which blazed in the hearts of the people.

The gauge thrown down by the South to fight for the possession of the territories was promptly taken up; and Kansas became the battle-ground. While studying law at Cincinnati, I watched every step in the struggle,—saw how the genius and energy of Eli Thayer taught the North to win Kansas for freedom by organized emigration, against the sporadic hordes from the populous borders of Missouri who poured over the line to plant slavery there. When admitted to the bar in the winter of 1856–7, I was married, and removed with my wife to Leavenworth.

On the seventh of October, 1854, Andrew H. Reeder had arrived at Fort Leavenworth —the first of the ten governors, and acting governors, Reeder, Shannon, Geary, Walker, Denver, Medary, Woodson, Stanton, Walsh and Beebe, whose brief careers form part of the tragic history of Kansas.

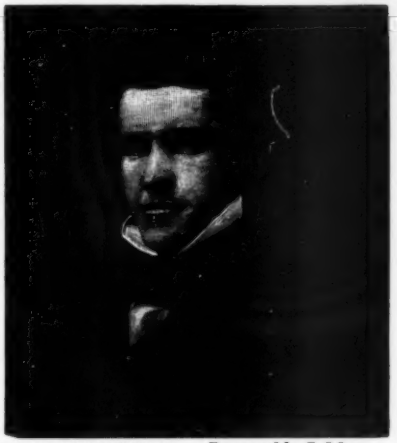
The pro-slavery partisans of western Missouri, as soon as the Organic Act was passed, invaded Kansas at the first election in the fall of 1854, and again at the second election in the spring of 1855; and although few of them intended to become settlers, they took possession of the polls and returned the pro-slavery candidates for the territorial legislature as having been elected. The first legislature assembled at Pawnee, near Fort Riley, July 2, 1855 — very promptly ejected nine Free State men, who had been inadvertently returned as elected; enacted all the general laws of Missouri, modified so as to be applicable to Kansas; and crowned their work by enacting a complete slave code, specially invented for the occasion—requiring every territorial officer to swear to support the fugitive slave law; making it a felony, punishable with two

years' imprisonment, to write or say that slavery did not legally exist in Kansas; a felony, punishable with five years' imprisonment, to bring into the Territory or circulate any printed matter calculated to create dissatisfaction among slaves; and finally, making it a felony, punishable with death, to interfere knowingly, in any manner, with the tenure of slave property.

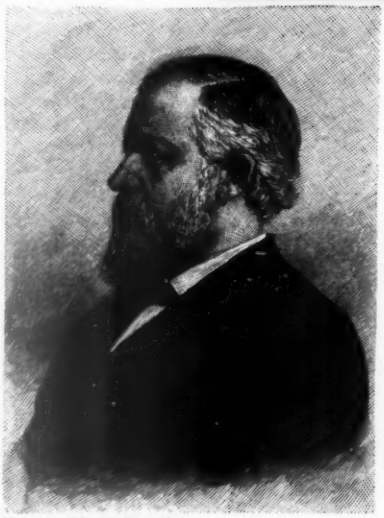
The Free State men, outraged by the forcible seizure of the territorial government by mere invaders, and by the atrocious character of the laws enacted, peremptorily and unanimously repudiated this government as a lawless usurpation. They held a delegate convention at Topeka, September 19, 1855, and there provided for the election of members of a convention to form a State constitution and apply for admission into the Union. The delegates so elected assembled at Topeka, October 23, 1855, and sat until November 11th. They formed the Topeka constitution which was ratified by an almost unanimous vote of the Free State men of Kansas, and was by petition duly laid before Congress. A bill was passed by the United States House of Representatives July 3, 1856, admitting Kansas into the Union under this constitution, but it was defeated in the Senate, and no further action was taken on it in Congress. This constitution, however, and the State officers and legislature elected under it, formed the nucleus and rallying ground for the Free State party, as against the usurped Lecompton territorial government, until the election in October, 1857, when the overwhelming numbers of the Free State men enabled them to elect a large majority of the legislature under the Lecompton territorial government, which thereupon became universally recognized as the law-making power of the people. The Topeka form of State government then quietly passed out of even nominal existence.



THOMAS EWING, JR., AGE 22.



Engraved by Del'Orme.
THOMAS EWING, JR., AGE 26.



Engraved by G. Kruell.
THOMAS EWING, JR., AGE 55.

Prior to this, on the nineteenth of February, 1856, the pro-slavery territorial legislature had enacted a law providing for the election of a State convention, which assembled on the seventh day of September, 1857, and formed what was known as the Lecompton State constitution. This was submitted to the people for adoption or rejection at an election held December 21, 1857. There was a large majority of qual-

ified voters ready and anxious to vote it down. That would have ended slavery in Kansas forever. But the convention had arranged an ingenious and rascally scheme for submission of the constitution in such manner that a majority could not vote it down. Part of the tickets were printed, "For the Constitution, with Slavery," the other part, "For the Constitution, without Slavery." No other votes could be given or counted. All the votes cast were for the adoption of the constitution; and even if the constitution should be adopted without slavery, the slaves then in the Territory, and their children, were to remain slaves for life.

As the time approached for this election a Free State delegate convention was called and held at Lawrence, December 2, 1857, "to take into consideration the present political situation of the Territory." It resolved unanimously that everything connected with the Lecompton constitution was a swindle, and that the people could gain nothing by participating in the election on the adoption of the constitution. So that election went by default in favor of the pro-slavery party. The votes stood, for the constitution, with slavery, 6143 (a large part of which votes were fraudulent), and for the constitution, without slavery, 569. Three thousand and twelve of this vote were returned from three precincts — Oxford, Shawnee, and Kickapoo, — which everybody knew had not combined a voting population of three hundred — the two precincts first mentioned being in the Shawnee Reserve, where there were no white men legally settled.

Then came the election for State officers and legislature under the Lecompton constitution, which had been fixed in the schedule of that instrument to be held on the fourth of January, 1858. The convention of the Free State party, held on the second of December, was re-convened, to assemble in the Congregational church at West Lawrence on the twenty-third of December, to settle the question whether the Free State party should or should not go into the election of officers under the Lecompton constitution, and elect, as they could easily do, Free State executive officers and a Free State legislature.

This was the final crisis in the struggle for freedom in Kansas. If the Free State men should elect a majority of the State and local officers and of the legislature, under the Lecompton constitution, we would thereby kill that attempted usurpation in Congress, because the South could gain nothing by admitting the State into the Union, with the certainty that the constitution would be immediately amended, prohibiting slavery utterly and forever. While, if the Free State men should refuse to vote, the pro-slavery men would control all departments of the proposed State government, and the State would, in all probability, be admitted under the Lecompton constitution.

The expediency of our electing officers under the Lecompton constitution was obvious to a large majority of the Free State men of Kansas, and was well supported by The Herald of Freedom, The Leavenworth Times, and other influential newspapers of our party. That policy was also urged on us by many influential friends of free State in and out of Congress—by my father, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, who wrote my elder brother, Hugh Ewing, then in partnership with me in the practice of law at Leavenworth, most strongly insisting that the Free State men in Kansas, who were known to have a large majority in the Territory, should elect the State officers and members of the legislature under the Lecompton constitution, and thus take possession of the government and control it, so as to make Kansas a free State—just as in the then recent October election the Free State men chose the legislature and took possession of the territorial government. The Hon. Salmon P. Chase, then governor of Ohio, wrote an urgent letter to Governor Robinson, advising the voting policy, which, as well as the letter from my father, was read to the convention with great effect. The Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, an eminent member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, wrote a similar letter to me, which I read to the convention, in which he said that if the Free State men should stubbornly and fanatically refuse to adopt this policy, he for one would abandon the struggle in Congress in our behalf.

But that was the path leading to a peaceful solution of the Kansas strife, and many of the most active Free State leaders in Kansas did not want to tread it. They

hoped for armed collisions between the Free State men and the general government, expecting that all of the states would become involved, and that although the North would be in rebellion, and the South would have the prestige and power of the legitimate government, the superior numbers and resources of the North would certainly triumph. John Brown, of Osawottomie, was the inspirer, though not the active leader, of this radical wing of the Free State party. He regarded slavery as a crime, to be expiated in blood, and himself as a chosen instrument of its expiation—"the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." His oft-repeated maxim was, "Without blood there can be no remission." His dream was of the abolition of slavery by Northern bayonets, aided by the torch of the slave. He never doubted that the blacks would rise en masse, as soon as the North should be in the field to support them. He and his influential followers, mostly correspondents of Eastern papers, were, therefore, determined to defeat the proposition to vote for officers under the Lecompton constitution, and were active and enthusiastic in securing control of the convention, held on the twenty-third of December, 1857.



JAMES H. LANE, IN 1858.

Charles Robinson, who had been chosen governor under the Topeka constitution—a man of great ability, earnestness and honesty of purpose,—presided at this convention and strongly urged the adoption of the voting policy. Most of the recognized leaders of the Free State party supported it—George W. Brown (now of Rockford, Illinois); S. N. Wood, P. C. Schuyler, M. F. Conway, J. P. Root, Robert Morrow, James Davis, S. C. Pomeroy, myself, and others, spoke for that policy. General James H. Lane, who was by many regarded as preëminently the leader of the Free State party, was absent—non-committal—crafty-sick.

For several days preceding the assembling of the convention, it was rumored through the Territory that the United States marshal at Fort Scott held a writ, issued out of the District Court there, commanding him to arrest James Montgomery, one of the radical Free State leaders, on an indictment for treason, and that the marshal had been furnished with a posse of two companies of Federal infantry, to enforce obedience to the writ, and was about to set out for Sugar Mound, in Linn county, where Montgomery lived and where several hundred Free State men had assembled to resist and prevent his arrest by force of arms.

The debate in the convention, on the proposition to take part in the election, was protracted throughout the first day, and was very acrimonious and exciting. On the second day, December 24th, the debate went on, and the friends of the voting policy had almost silenced opposition, when "General" E. B. Whitman, one of General Lane's political lieutenants, rode up to the church where the convention was being held, and, dismounting

from "his steed of foam," strode into the convention and on to the platform, booted and spurred, "stained with the variation of each soil" 'twixt Sugar Mound and Lawrence, and in a passionate speech declared that he had just ridden eighty miles, from Sugar Mound, without stopping for food or sleep, to call the people of Kansas to arms: that General Lane was in command there, and a desperate battle was impending with the Federal troops. The excitement that followed this announcement was furious and indescribable. I sprang on a table and bitterly denounced the statement as an obvious trick and fraud to control the convention. But the vote was forced at once, and the voting policy was rejected—ayes, sixty-four; noes, seventy-four. The vote was taken by representative districts, and proxies were received; but the vote of persons actually present, stood sixty-four for the voting policy, to sixty-five against it. In the excitement and confusion which followed, the convention adjourned sine die.



Engraved by Del'Orme.
GEORGE W. BROWN, IN 1858.

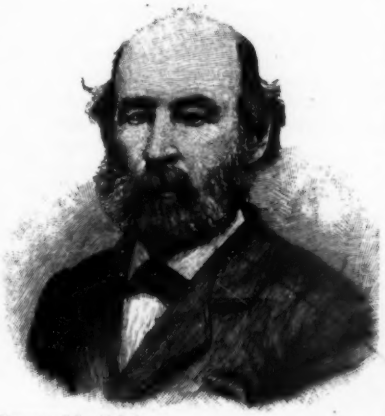
While the assemblage was breaking up, I called several friends to accompany me, and hastening to W. Y. Roberts, vice-president of the convention and a strong supporter of the voting policy, we persuaded him to announce to the dispersing crowd that the friends of that policy who were willing to bolt the action of the convention would meet at Masonic Hall on Massachusetts street, at seven o'clock that evening, to nominate a State ticket and organize the Territory for the election. The announcement was received with violent denunciations and yells of dissent. The bolters' meeting, when convened that evening, was broken up by a mob, who put out the lights and forcibly ejected all the bolting delegates from the hall. We re-convened, on the invitation of George W. Brown, in the basement of his Herald of Freedom printing-office. Only thirteen bolting delegates appeared, out of sixty-four, who in the convention supported the voting policy to the last. A Free State ticket was nominated, as follows: for governor, George W. Smith; lieutenant-governor, W. Y. Roberts; secretary of state, P. C. Schuyler; state treasurer, A. J. Meade (now a resident of New York City); state auditor, Joel K. Goodin; representative in Congress, Marcus J. Parrott, who was then delegate in Congress from the Territory—all tried and true Free State men; all pledged, if they should be elected and the State admitted under the Lecompton constitution, to favor an immediate call of a convention, to wipe out every vestige of that odious constitution, and to frame and adopt a new one—a pledge which was exacted from every Free State candidate, big and little, nominated in the bolting movement.

The next day—Christmas—a large edition of The Herald of Freedom was gotten out by George W. Brown, its editor and proprietor—to whose pen and purse, zeal and sense, the Free State cause, from beginning to end of the struggle, was greatly indebted for its triumphs. It was filled with arguments and information in favor of our movement, and with tickets for the Free State candidates. I hired every livery-stable horse and rider that could be hired in Lawrence, and had many volunteers, who carried The Herald of Freedom post-haste to every considerable settlement in the Territory. It will be considered, I hope, only a pardonable vanity in me to say that I personally expended in the movement over a thousand dollars—being all the money I had or could borrow. We had but nine days in which to organize and conduct the campaign, over a settled territory two hundred miles square, without a railroad.

The pro-slavery men and newspapers fought us fiercely. Fully half of the Free State newspapers supported our movement, but the other half bitterly opposed

and ridiculed it, calling our voters' assemblage "Brown's cellar-kitchen convention," and calling us all "disappointed, ambitious kickers" and "soreheads." S. N. Wood, of Council Grove, who had been appointed chairman of the executive committee by the bolters' convention, did great work in organizing and conducting the campaign. Never was there a nine days' canvass conducted over a greater area, under greater difficulties, or more vigorously. The result was watched in Washington and throughout Kansas with breathless interest, as likely to settle forever the vexed Kansas question one way or the other.

At Leavenworth, a town of perhaps four thousand people, the largest in the Territory, the election was regular and the vote full, free and fair on both sides. At Mound City, in Linn county, Montgomery seized and destroyed the ballot-box and broke up the election when about half the votes had been cast. At Sugar Mound, also, the ballot-box was destroyed and the ballots scattered to the winds by a party of Free State men who were hostile to the voting policy; and so, also, at Clinton. In Wabaunsee county it was the boast of some of the extreme Free State men that the feeling was too intense there to suffer an election for officers under the Lecompton constitution to be held in any precinct in that county. The night before the election I organized a company of about thirty armed Free State men under Captain Losee, and towards morning went with them to Kickapoo, a pro-slavery village numbering a few hundred people, eight miles above Leavenworth and directly across the Missouri river from Weston, Missouri, a large town which had contracted the habit of sending its men at every election to swell the pro-slavery vote in Kickapoo. We rode into Kickapoo at daybreak, and had tied our horses and taken position near the polling place before the voting commenced, intending to see who voted and how many. Our appearance caused great excitement, and threats of violence especially among the Missourians, who came from Weston as fast as the one ferry-boat could bring them. By ten o'clock, we were so overwhelmingly outnumbered that all of our troop had been induced to return to Leavenworth, except only the venerable John C. Vaughan, Wolff, Currier, and myself. We four gave our pistols to our retiring comrades, as more likely to provoke attack on us than to be useful in defence against such numbers. We then took position near the polling window in a corner made by a projection of the building, where we might be crushed, but from which we could hardly be ejected, and there we stood all day. The voters, generally, made headquarters in several saloons, from which they poured out from time to time, noisy, drunk, armed with two revolvers to the voter—each man voting several times; several gangs voting as often as six times,—threatening us with death if we did not leave for Leavenworth. A friend of mine named Spivey, who was a clerk for General Whitfield, in the Kickapoo land office, and who was a sober and sensible man, acted as an intermediary between the mob and us, warning us most solemnly to leave for Leavenworth, or we would be murdered. I told Spivey, and had him tell the mob, that we would not leave until the polls should close, and that they would not dare to fire on us, because they knew that if they should kill one of us, the Free State people of Leavenworth would burn both Kickapoo and Weston to the subsoil before morning. Just before the polls closed, to mark the end, Mr. Currier and I voted—as we had



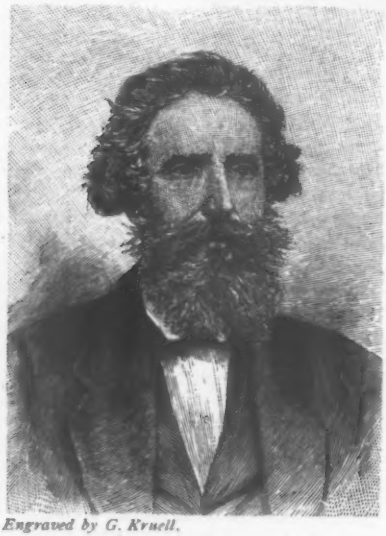
Engraved by Del'Orme.

ELI THAYER, IN 1885.

a right to do, being citizens of that county. Our votes were numbered 550 and 551. Only two votes were cast after we voted, when the polls were closed, the total vote being 553. Whereupon, about dark, after having submitted to a good deal of hustling and rough handling, we rode off for Leavenworth in a shower of rotten eggs and pistol shots.

The returns of the election, as provided in the schedule of the constitution, were sent to John Calhoun, at Lecompton, who was surveyor-general of Kansas, and president of the convention. He made and published his official statement of the result in each county, showing the election of the entire pro-slavery State ticket, and a pro-slavery majority in both branches of the legislature. His decision was prima facie correct, and beyond review or reversal by any territorial authority. Calhoun forthwith left for Washington to report the result to Buchanan's administration, that it might be officially laid before Congress.

Immediately on this announcement, and solely on my own impulse and initiative, I went to the territorial legislature, which had assembled at Lawrence in regular session, January 4, 1858, and was controlled by the Free State party, and there procured the passage of a law, approved January 14, 1858, creating a board to investigate and report upon the frauds committed at the election on the adoption of the constitution, December 21, 1857; and also at the election for officers under the constitution, January 4, 1858, and in the returns thereof. Henry J. Adams, J. B. Abbott, Dillon Peckering, E. L. Taylor, H. T. Green, and myself, composed the board. L. A. McLean, who was Surveyor-General Calhoun's chief clerk, was summoned to appear before us as a witness, together with other pro-slavery men employed in the office of the surveyor-general at Lecompton, where the election returns and all the archives relating to the Lecompton constitution had been filed. McLean appeared and swore that Calhoun had taken all the returns relating to the elections under the Lecompton constitution with him to Washington. This struck us as a very improbable story; but McLean stuck to it with a respectfulness, dignity and sincerity of manner which were very impressive. No one could be found to throw a doubt on his statement. We had the surveyor-general's office at Lecompton searched for the returns by our sergeant-at-arms, but not a scrap of them was found. Our investigation, obviously, could amount to nothing without these returns; so, with Calhoun in Washington, and his subordinates swearing that he took the returns with him, we felt utterly baffled and beaten.



Engraved by G. Kruell.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, IN 1858.

At a late hour of the second night after McLean's testimony was given, as I was returning to my room at the Eldridge House, I was accosted in the dark, on a lonely street, by a man whom I did not know, who asked my name, but refused to give his own. He handed me his revolver as an assurance of his pacific intentions, saying that he had been watching on the street for me for several hours. He said he had heard a report of McLean's testimony before our board, and desired to know if it was given as stated. I replied that it was. He said it was a lie, and he could prove it, if it would do any good. He said, however, that he lived at Lecompton, and would in all probability be murdered if he should be known to have informed on McLean and his associates. I satisfied him that if he could and would give me information exposing the falsity

of McLean's testimony, his action should not be known, and that with that information, we could drive Calhoun and his gang from the Territory, and defeat the Lecompton constitution.

He then said that late in the night preceding the day when McLean appeared as a witness before our board, he (McLean) had buried a large candle-box under a woodpile adjoining his office, and that he had been seen by Charley Torrey, the janitor, who slept in the building and who told my informant. He then gave me his name as Henry W. Petrikin, and described himself as being a clerk in the office of William Brindle, receiver of the United States land office at Lecompton. This was a voucher for his good faith, for I knew enough of General Brindle to know that he would have no rascals about him.



Engraved by Del'Orme.

CHARLES ROBINSON, IN 1858.

Next day, aided by my official position as one of the commissioners to investigate the election frauds, I obtained from Josiah Miller, probate judge of Douglas county, (now deceased), a search-warrant directed to Captain Samuel Walker, sheriff of Douglas county (who had already done loyal service to the Free State cause and was eager to do more), commanding him to enter upon and search the premises of the surveyor-general, in Lecompton, and (if practicable) to find, take and bring before Judge Miller all the original returns of elections on or under the Lecompton constitution. Enjoining Judge Miller to secrecy, I then sought Sheriff Walker and requested him to pick out a dozen fighting men well armed, to go with him as a posse, and told him I had a writ for him to execute, and would tell him at daybreak next morning where to go and what to do. Captain Walker was on hand punctually, with his trusty squad in a back alley; and after receiving the warrant and full instructions from me, he set out unobserved from Lawrence for Lecompton, eight miles away. He pounced upon the surveyor-general's premises early in the morning, dug up a buried candle-box from under a great woodpile adjoining the office, and before noon he rode up Massachusetts street, in Lawrence, at the head of his squad, holding the candle-box on the pummel of his saddle.

C. W. Babcock, president of the council; G. W. Dietzler, speaker of the House of Representatives; and J. W. Denver, acting governor, met the Investigating Board in the office of Judge Miller. Sheriff Walker made return of his search-warrant and delivered the candle-box to Judge Miller, who opened and produced from it all the returns of the election for officers of the Lecompton constitution, which McLean had sworn had been taken by Calhoun to Washington. The Kickapoo returns had swollen to 995, from 553, which was the actual vote (chiefly fraudulent) when the polls closed, there being 442 names added to the list of voters after the names of Currier and Ewing, and after the polls closed. Oxford, which had a legitimate vote of about one hundred, had the number increased in the returns, through obvious forgery, to 1266; the returns from Shawnee showed about fifty real voters, to which had been added names — fictitious names, bringing the total up to 729. The fraudulent additions were as apparent on the face of the returns as would be extensions of the legs in a boy's trowsers. They were all on the pro-slavery side; but proving insufficient to effect the desired result, a return from Delaware Crossing, in Leavenworth county, which had been honestly made by the two judges of election, was forged, by splicing with a sheet containing 336 additional names of pro-slavery voters in a

different handwriting and in different ink — these fraudulent votes electing the whole legislative ticket of eleven members from Leavenworth county, and giving both branches of the legislature to the pro-slavery party.

These entire returns showed 6875 votes cast for Free State candidates, and, counting in all the returns, valid and fraudulent, a few hundred more for pro-slavery candidates. On the same day, the fourth of January, 1858, an election was held under a statute then recently passed by the Free State legislature, to take a vote on the adoption or rejection of the Lecompton constitution, at which 10,226 votes were cast against it, and none in its favor. This last-named vote shows the whole strength of the Free State party of Kansas, while the vote of 6875 for Free State candidates under the Lecompton constitution, shows that 3351 Free State men who voted against the Lecompton constitution did not vote for officers under it. In other words, the Free State men who opposed the voting policy were thus shown to comprise only one-third of the Free State party.

Immediately on this exposure (January 28, 1858), I swore out a warrant for the arrest of McLean, for perjury. But as soon as the candle-box had been dug up from the woodpile, he had fled with his fellow-conspirators, never to return to Kansas. I met McLean six years later, when I was in command of our troops at Fort Davidson, adjacent to Pilot Knob, Missouri, ninety miles below St. Louis. He was then chief of staff of General Sterling Price, who was marching on St. Louis at the head of an army of twenty-two thousand men. McLean came to me under a flag of truce, demanding the surrender to Price of the little fort and its garrison of 1060 men, together with its enormous accumulation of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores, which were greatly needed by the rebel army. The demand being refused, Price stormed the fort, but was repulsed with great slaughter.

It is but just to McLean to say, that I have a letter from Ely Moore, of Lawrence, dated March 1, 1894, which says that he was living at Lecompton on the twenty-fifth of January, 1858, when the candle-box containing the returns was buried under the woodpile, and that it was done by another person, whom he names, without McLean's presence or knowledge. And further, that McLean really believed, when he testified before the board, that the returns had been taken by Calhoun to Washington. He says McLean fled the night following the unearthing of the candle-box, because appearances indicated that he had committed perjury, though, in fact, he was innocent of the crime.

The exposure of the frauds struck the Lecomptonites dumb. Every incident was telegraphed and published everywhere. On the day of the exposure, Henry W. Petrikin, who is now living at Montoursville, Pennsylvania, got a brief statement of the facts signed by the presiding officers of the two houses of the legislature, and by Acting-Governor Denver, which statement he carried post-haste to Washington and laid before President Buchanan in presence of Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania; Senator Dickinson, of New York; General Sam Houston, of Texas; Hon. Allison White, of Pennsylvania; and R. Bruce Petrikin, of Pennsylvania. I followed in a day or two with the report of our board to investigate the election frauds, accompanied by an abstract of the candle-box returns, and a memorial to Congress, all of which I caused to be printed at once and laid on the desk of each member of Congress.

Thereupon, the bill then pending in Congress for the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton constitution, dropped dead. A few months afterwards the English bill was forced through Congress by the administration. It provided for the submission of the Lecompton constitution to a free vote of the people of Kansas, and offered them five and a half millions of acres of the public lands for common schools and a university, and five per cent. of all the public lands in the Territory (being about two and a half millions of acres more) for internal improvements — all the grants being conditioned on the acceptance of that constitution by the people. The offer and the constitution were contemptuously rejected on the second of August, 1858, by a vote of 11,300 against the proposition, to 1788 in its favor. Thereupon, the Lecompton constitution was abandoned, and Kansas was



Charlestown, Va, 2d December, 1859.
I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now think: vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed; it might be done

kept out of the Union for more than two years longer to do penance for its devotion to freedom.

The waves which rolled high in Kansas during the political storm of 1855–6–7 extended throughout the Northern States and were long in subsiding. As late as the fall of 1860, the Kansas questions were uppermost for political discussion in every Northern state. On my way through Cincinnati to Lancaster, Ohio, during the political campaign in October, 1859, I was taken to make a speech at a Republican meeting in Fifth street, Market space, then being addressed by Tom Corwin and Caleb B. Smith. When I reached the stand, Corwin was speaking. He had been discussing only Kansas questions. As I ascended the steps, he turned and greeted me with some pleasant words of recognition, and then branched off on Kansas politics, appealing to me as a witness and a participant. He told with mock gravity of our many governments there; spoke of the Lecompton territorial government, the Topeka provisional govern-

ment, the Lecompton State government, the Topeka State government, and the Leavenworth State government, and described them all as being in full operation, electing State, territorial, county, township, and city officers under each government, and all in full operation at the same time. He said it brought on a general election every month, and a county, city, or township election every other day. He said: "My fellow-citizens: Kind and benignant nature always responds to the wants and habits of men; and I now make the prediction that the next generation in Kansas will be born with ballot-boxes in their bellies, like 'possums; so they can vote whenever they want to!"

Thirty-six years have passed since the Free State struggle in Kansas ended. I have never, until recently, told all of this story to any but my own family. In making it public now, I wish not to seem unmindful of the heroism of the Free State men in the earlier phases of the contest, when many suffered capture, imprisonment and death in the cause; nor of the wisdom and forbearance of Governor Robinson and his associates, and the patriotic resistance to party dictation of Governors Walker, Stanton and Denver, which contributed so much to the happy solution of the controversy. I have written only of the last phase of that protracted struggle, which ended in February, 1858, in the abandonment of all attempt to force slavery on Kansas.

Those brilliant, patriotic and enthusiastic young men of the press—William A. Phillips, lately deceased, who crowned his glorious services for freedom in Kansas, with a service equally glorious in the army; James Redpath, Richard J. Hinton, and their associates, Kegi, Realf, Cook, Tappan, Walden, and others, whose political letters filled all the Republican papers of that day with reports of the struggle for freedom in Kansas—were imbued with John Brown's fervid faith that slavery would be abolished through a war of the North against the South, brought on by collisions in Kansas between the Free State party and the Federal government. In their correspondence with the Republican newspapers, they wrought up and magnified the incidents of the Kansas struggle in 1855–6–7, when it was a struggle of force and blood; but they were not friendly to the efforts by which the Lecompton constitution was at last peacefully defeated. Hence the final and decisive movements which I have here narrated were ignored or underestimated in the contemporary press, and have been almost overlooked in nearly all the histories of the Kansas struggle.

The importance of that struggle cannot be overestimated. It was the prelude to the War of the Rebellion, and prepared the people to realize its magnitude and to resolve that it should be a fight to the finish. But for this long preparation, it is not improbable that the Rebellion would have ended in a compromise, leaving slavery, though crippled, a lasting cause of bad blood and strife between the sections. Had John Brown's purpose to bring on a war between the sections succeeded, with the South in possession of all the power and prestige of the General government, and the North in rebellion, all the nations of the world would have stood by the South and the General government; while the North would have been divided, overwhelmed and conquered. But there was a higher power which foiled John Brown's mad scheme. The great sweep of events, from the Kansas Nebraska bill to the surrender at Appomattox, was no doubt divinely directed to unify and purify our people for their glorious mission. Whoever bore an honorable part, however humble, on the Northern side in the great struggle, has reason to thank God for having made him an instrument in preserving this beneficent Republic, which is the hope and light of the world.





Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT.

By Armando Palacio Valdés.

XI.

PRESENTACIÓN was not blinded, but she was disfigured. It was a pain to see that face, formerly so bewitching, outraged by repulsive scars. The unhappy girl did not cease to weep, although this hurt her eyes, which were not yet completely healed. Deep sadness dominated the whole family.

Nevertheless, its worthy head, Don Pantaleón, by dint of incessant activity, intent always on facts, even the most insignificant, of the realm of nature, and protected by the great truths touching physics and chemistry, which he had been able to acquire, was beyond the reach of any painful emotion. He had already published "The Therapeutics of Commerce," and "Administrative Pathol-

ogy." But his intelligence had grown so on the diet of phosphate-bearing foods to which he had subjected himself, that these interesting books were of no account in comparison with the prodigious enterprises which his mind was projecting. For the present, he and Moreno had begun to publish two new monthly scientific reviews, one entitled The Organic World, and the other The Inorganic World, in order to communicate to the public the observations which were being made, with marvellous penetration, in both worlds.

These observations were not limited to the laboratory. The direct study of nature and of social life furnished them with many and very varied examples. With this object in view, they made frequent excursions to the suburbs and villages near Madrid. They generally made them on foot, both being clad in the long, loose coat which is characteristic of learned men, broad-brimmed hat, and hobnailed shoes; on their noses the inevitable smoked-glass spectacles, and in their hands cotton umbrellas. In this array, no one could doubt that these men were destined to wrest her secrets from nature. But in this respect Don Pantaleón had a great advantage over his companion. No savant of modern times was endowed with a more grave, majestic and truly scientific figure. It would be necessary to go back to Solon, or Anacharsis the Elder, to imagine anything so profound and thoughtful.

These excursions always lasted only one day. This was an insurmountable condition which Moreno had imposed. And even then he almost always so timed their return that they should not arrive after seven o'clock in the evening. This astonished the ingenious Sánchez, if it did not even render him somewhat uneasy, for how was he to reconcile these methodical and sedentary habits with the restless existence which his friend had hitherto led? How could he help feeling surprised that a man born in the gutter and in constant struggle with society, should take so much care to go to bed with the chickens? In this perplexity he fell to wondering whether Moreno was affiliated with the party of the anarchists, and whether this was the hour appointed for them to assemble and lay their sinister plans of destruction. So he went about suspiciously, and kept a watch on him; for Sánchez was a revolutionary of thought alone, and it did not please him to find himself implicated in the business of explosives.

Several months after Presentación's unlucky accident, the direct and the indirect cause of that misfortune determined to make an excursion to the neighboring village of G——, a couple of leagues distant, where they had been told that there was a condemned criminal who was to be executed a few days later. Both wished to have an interview with him, to study his abnormal organic points, and to put to proof on the spot the anthropological data with which they were already familiar in theory. They set out very early one morning, in the same frame of mind as on former occasions, and trudged along the dusty highway without exchanging a word, immersed in profound reflections, which the great book of nature, that they intended to read to the end, page by page always suggested to them. The sun was sailing through an azure and limpid sky, the sky of Madrid. On all sides stretched an undulating country of narrow ridges, rounded and clothed with green by the sprouting wheat and oats. Don Pantaleón, emerging at last from his silence, remarked in a loud voice that "the grain was very beautiful," to which his companion replied that "it was the season of growth for monocotyledonous plants."

They continued their way in silence, and shortly before reaching G—— they halted at a wretched little tavern for refreshment. There they found a man of low stature and robust shoulders, who was sipping a measure of wine before resuming his journey. This man immediately entered into conversation with them, which is not rare in Spain. The ingenious Sánchez took advantage of the occasion, to ask him questions about the criminal whom he was going to see.

"Who, the Chicken? Well, he must be far enough away by this time!" he exclaimed, with a burst of laughter.

"How so?"

"Because he fled from prison last night! He opened a small hole in the wall with a small lever, no one knows who gave it to him, or how he concealed it, and jumped out into the court-yard. Then he scrambled up the wall, and ascended the roof of a storehouse, and from there he

took to the gardens. Some people think that he is hidden in the town; the police are keeping a sharp watch on the suburbs."

Don Pantaleón and Moreno were greatly disappointed. Their excursion was now spoiled. They paid for their refreshments, and quitted the inn. The man who had given them the information went out with them, and when he saw them take the road to Madrid, he asked in surprise:

"But were you not going to G——?"

"Yes, señor, but we were going to visit the Chicken."

The man gazed at them with respect.

"Do you happen to belong to the law-courts?"

The learned men were somewhat embarrassed. At last Moreno said:

"No, señor; we are anthropologists."

The man stared at them with great surprise and with still greater respect. He did not know who Moreno was, but he thought that he must be closely related to the government.

"If you would like to go my way, you would have company and less dust."

They accepted the offer. They took the foot-path which led to the town, and Moreno and Sánchez, who could not lose this opportunity to enrich their note-books with what anthropological observations they could pick up, instantly overwhelmed him with questions. The wayfarer answered them willingly. He was of an uneasy physiognomy, free manners, and with a voice given to breaking. He seemed to be of a frank and cheerful character. Moreno, who was charged with the botanical, geological and zoölogical notes, put to him many queries relating to the soil and its products. The ingenious Sánchez, to whose share fell the biological and sociological notes, informed himself minutely concerning the character and customs of the inhabitants. At last, the conversation fell again upon the Chicken.

"Has he a family?" asked Don Pantaleón.

"Yes, señor; five children."

"Ah! Then there would have been no use in hanging him if they had not hanged his five children, also."

"What!" exclaimed the wayfarer, starting back a pace. "Would you have those little creatures, the eldest of whom is only nine years old—"



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"'SUPPOSE WE GO IN AND DINE HERE?'"

"At once," replied Don Pantaleón gravely and firmly. "In order to destroy crime, it is absolutely indispensable to destroy its germs."

"But of what fault are those poor children guilty?" exclaimed the man in even greater amazement. "How are those poor children to blame that their father is a bandit?"

A smile of pity curled the lips of Sánchez and caused his dull eyes to flash for a moment.

"Fault! That word is a scientific absurdity. Crime is a phenomenon. Don't you know it? A natural phenomenon. It is no one's fault. The criminal should be killed, not because he is to blame, but because he causes a perturbation in the social organism. And as this perturbation is bound to be prolonged by inheritance, if he has children, those children must be eliminated also."

"It seems to me, señor," replied the wayfarer, who had but vaguely understood Don Pantaleón's words, "that if those children were brought up with kind-

Owing to the illness of Señor Cabrinety, some of the accompanying illustrations did not reach The Cosmopolitan in time for insertion in their proper place in the story. Rather than withhold such admirable drawings they are reproduced here.



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"PRESENTACIÓN RECEIVED A LONG LETTER FROM HER BETROTHED."

ness, they would be honorable people. I know the eldest of them, and the poor lad seems very meek."

"It would be useless, believe me. We have made great progress in that matter nowadays. It is now known perfectly, by the examination of the cranium and hereditary antecedents of each man, who is bound to be a criminal and to what class he will belong; that is to say, whether he will become an assassin, an incendiary, a swindler, and so on. That is what I believe, and I mean to publish a pamphlet to defend the theory, that all men should be examined by competent anthropologists on attaining a certain age, and if the characteristics of the criminal type are present, they should immediately be eliminated from society, if not by death, at least by deportation."

The wayfarer made no reply. He scrutinized them again with a little suspicion, and changed the conversation. After a while he halted, and proposed that they should quit the foot-path and make a short cut across the fields. The anthropologists accepted the suggestion without hesitation, being already considerably fatigued.

The stranger walked in front, and they behind. After a few minutes, as Don Pantaleón looked intently at him, from necessity, he thought he noted in him some points which attracted his attention. He immediately turned his head and communicated his observations to Moreno in a low voice. The latter scrutinized the man with more care, and corroborated what his learned companion had said. They whispered in an animated manner at intervals. At last Don Pantaleón, unable to resist the great curiosity, mingled with uneasiness, which he felt, touched the stranger on the shoulder with his umbrella, and said to him:

"You will pardon me if I ask a favor of you. My companion and I have dedicated ourselves to anthropological studies, as I have already had the honor to tell you. I observe something about your head which attracts my attention, and if it would not incommode you, I should be obliged if you would permit me to take a few measurements."

The man stopped, stared at them in amazement for several minutes, and then cast a suspicious glance around him, no doubt with the object of assuring himself that they were entirely alone. That eager glance produced a great impression on our anthropologists.

"Very well," said the stranger. "Take what measurements you wish, but I warn you that I have been locked up for a long time."

These ambiguous words rendered them still more uneasy.

Don Pantaleón drew a pair of calipers from his capacious pocket, and measured the length of the man's head. Then he read off the millimeters, in a low voice, to Moreno, who made a grimace. Then he took the breadth, and the result pleased them no better. The uneasiness of both continued to increase. Nevertheless, they behaved astutely, and began to jest, so that the man might not be annoyed.

"Take care not to crush my hat," said the latter, smiling.

Then they took the measure of his height, and the length of his arms extended in the shape of a cross. On beholding the number indicated by the tape-measure, they exchanged a glance of anxiety; the most profound consternation was depicted on their countenances.

"My clothes are loose, eh?"

But neither Moreno nor the ingenious Sánchez were in a humor to laugh. Laugh they did, nevertheless, but the result was very feeble.

"If you will now do me the favor to give me your hand," said Don Pantaleón, in a trembling voice.

"You are very clever, my man . . . . but here goes, after all."

"No, not the right hand; the left."

"Here goes for the left!" exclaimed the man, extending it.

Don Pantaleón drew out another compass, resembling a shoemaker's rule, and with trembling hands doubled the man's middle finger and measured it. In the meanwhile, Moreno inclined his pallid face, striving to verify the number of the millimeters. When Sánchez read it aloud he started and set out on a mad race across the fields. Don Pantaleón dropped the compass which he held in his hands and followed him, making vain efforts to overtake him.

They ran until fatigue compelled them to halt. They turned their heads, and observing that the stranger was not following them, they recovered a little calmness. The bursting of several rockets gave them to understand that the town was close at hand, and they directed their course towards the locality of the sounds at a leisurely pace.

"He is the Chicken!" exclaimed Don Pantaleón at last, with a panting respiration.

"Who can doubt it!" replied Moreno, casting yet another terrified glance behind him. And not another word did they exchange, while they were approaching the first houses.

The little town of V——, contrary to their expectations, was extremely animated. The people of the vicinity, in festive attire, were rambling about the streets. The young girls, adorned with pretty colored kerchiefs, formed groups at the doors of the houses. Vendors of fruit and comfits stunned one with their cries. The taverns were crowded with people, and so were the canvas-covered stalls for the sale of wine, which stood in the middle of the streets. The bells were ringing merrily, and rockets were bursting incessantly. The sun smiled in space.

Our anthropologists learned immediately that the feast of the patron saint of the town was being celebrated, and they were not sorry to arrive at such a time, as the conscientious study of the religious instinct in the human animal had been occupying their attention for some time past, especially the attention of Moreno. Consequently, after resting a few minutes on the benches of a tavern, they wended their way to the church, where they were told that the solemn musical mass was shortly to begin. Their figures, rather peculiar, though scientific, did not fail to attract attention in the town, although it was so close to Madrid. Perhaps they would have attracted attention in Madrid itself, for, in the capital of Spain, it must be confessed, it is equally rare to behold learned men in their real guise in the streets.

The interior of the church was resplendent with lights and ornaments. It seemed, to use the vulgar expression, as bright as a new gold piece. The faithful had begun to arrive and the church was filling slowly; and as it filled up, the heat became intolerable. Near the chief altar, on a portable altar, stood the patron saint surrounded by wax tapers and flowers. After a long wait, the organ sent forth its ponderous notes, and the three priests, in their brilliant copes of cloth of gold, made their appearance at the small door of the sacristy, and took their way to the altar. Behind them came several other ecclesiastics and privileged private persons who placed themselves in the chancel to hear the mass. Our learned men were surprised to see their young friend Godofredo Llot among the latter. Moreno was highly delighted thereat, and promised himself to make much of the circumstance when he should go to the café. Don Pantaleón was not so much delighted, because of the special relations which had existed between them. Near him they saw the



priest Laguardia, and this helped to put him in a bad humor; for he hated that ecclesiastic as such, and also for the part which he had played in his daughter's ruined marriage.

But the observation of the curious religious rites, which both examined as though they beheld them for the first time in their lives, diverted him from all unpleasant thoughts. From time to time they exchanged in a low voice, the profound reflections which the worship suggested to them.

Although they spoke low, this colloquy, at the moment when the holy sacrifice of the mass was being celebrated, scandalized an old woman, who reproved them sharply at last, and compelled them to be silent. They obeyed, deeming it imprudent to arouse "the savage instincts of the primitive emotional man."

The mass lasted a full hour. Towards the end they began to lose their desire to make anthropological observations, and feel the necessity of restoring their stomachs, as it was already twelve o'clock. When the clergy withdrew, the crowd, which rushed to the door to get out, prevented their exit for some time. As they stepped into the porch they came upon a group of ecclesiastics, and among them Godofredo Llot, who had, no doubt, come out by another door. Although they had intended to elude his greeting, they were unable to do so. At last he came toward them, smiling and affectionate, as was this eminent youth's habitual manner, and embraced them enthusiastically.

"You here! . . . . How glad I am!"

Moreno responded pleasantly to this salute, but as he was beginning to cultivate a humoristic tone, he replied:

"We were sure, when we entered the church, that we should find you there."

Godofredo paid no attention to this, and presented them to the two ecclesiastics who were with him. Don Pantaleón was dignified and courteous. They all left the porch, and when they had gone a little way, Moreno asked Llot if he knew of any place where they could get a fairly good breakfast. The parish priest heard the inquiry, as he walked between them, and intercepted the reply by saying, in a loud, peremptory voice:

"You are not going to breakfast anywhere but in my house, gentlemen. The friends of our friends are our friends."

The anthropologists tried to refuse the invitation, as it did not please them to eat between priests; but it was not possible.

"Don't mention it. You are to do penance with us to-day. I exercise the rights of pontiff here: I impose fasts and vigils. Take care, another time, not to fall into my dominions."

The parish priest was a man of about fifty years of age, tall, gaunt, swarthy, with hair which was still black, curly and unruly, bright, severe eyes, and a frank, resolute expression of face. He seemed like a veteran soldier shaved and clad in ecclesiastical garments.

His house was near at hand. They all entered, ascended the narrow, ancient stairway, and found the table already set in a not very spacious parlor. They seated themselves promptly and began the feast. They were very much crowded, for the guests numbered more than twenty, nearly all of whom were priests, and the table did not accommodate more than twelve or fourteen. They ate and drank bravely. Moreno was grim and moody, being very gloomy at finding himself in the abhorred society of "such exploiters of the human race." On the other hand, Don Pantaleón, always grand and profound, appeared to be enchanted; he never wearied of making anthropological observations on all that he saw and heard, pulling out his note-book every moment and writing in it, without heeding the curiosity which he aroused.

"See here, my friend," said a priest who was bursting with fat, and who had taken off his collar that he might eat the more comfortably, at last, in a petulant manner: "Have you been commissioned to write personal paragraphs?"

Sánchez stared at him in amazement.

"Paragraphs? No, señor; this is a note-book."

"The gentleman is not charged with paragraphs, but with cells," said Moreno, with an ironical air and a malicious smile.*

Don Pantaleón exchanged with him a smiling glance of intelligence, and was surprised at his friend's wit and penetration.

The ecclesiastics gazed at them with astonishment and distrust. Godofredo was uneasy, and hastened to distract the attention of the guests with a fresh subject of conversation.

* The jest is untranslatable: cédulas and celulas.

Wine always arouses to vivid life tender sentiments and metaphysical ideas. So that, at dessert, several of these priests clasped hands and swore eternal fidelity to each other. Some promised each other corporeal aid, in case the sacred pastures of the parochial manses should be violated by the sheep of the unbelievers. They uttered obscure hints about the bishop, which made them burst into great shouts of laughter; they exchanged friendly jests about the ecclesiastical fees which each collected; they spoke tenderly of the harvest, and proved the existence of God mathematically. This last Moreno was unwilling to hear, for he cherished towards the Supreme Being a rancor which Don Pantaleón regarded as very justifiable. In truth, a man should not be abandoned thus, in the gutter, exposed to be trampled on by every one. And it is clear that Moreno did that against Him which was best calculated to enrage Him,—he denied His existence. Nevertheless, as he was among His ministers, he exercised some civility which he would have disdained to concede to Him in any other place.

"Permit me to say, that it seems to me not so easy to prove the existence of a being who has created all things."

"It can be proved as easily as that two and three make five," shouted a priest, pouring out for himself a glass of brandy. "You shall see if I do not prove it."

And as soon as he had finished drinking he began to utter, with great calmness, a series of syllogisms in Latin, which would have made Titus Livy shudder in his grave. His companions listened to him with scant attention, but nodded affirmatively.

For many years no parish festival had been celebrated in the neighborhood without syllogisms from the priest of N——, at the end of the dinner. They already knew that when he had drunk the third glass of anisette, it was necessary to prove the truths of the faith.

"All that may be well enough," replied Moreno, cutting him short; "but say it in Castilian, so that I can answer you."

The priest cast upon him a glance of the most sovereign disdain.

"You do not know Latin? Go to school!"

His companions laughed heartily. Moreno, touched to the quick, retorted that Latin served solely to make pedants, that what was written in that language was of no use for the great advances of science, and that the Scriptures themselves had been written in Hebrew, not in Latin. A violent and acrid dispute ensued on this point. In the course of it Moreno, though he tried to control his tongue, because he was in a strange house, and among fanatical people, could not refrain from launching several very disrespectful judgments against Moses. The fat priest, who was evidently the most irritable member of the assembly, and had listened to the dispute with visible impatience, quickly flew into a rage.

"Hearken, my little friend, what you are saying is heretical."

"I say what I choose."

"You are a stupid fool."

"And you are a—"

"Stop, gentlemen! Stop! Calm yourselves! Don't lose your tempers!"



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

MARIO, WITH GODOFREDO AND FATHER LAGUARDIA.

Several minutes of confusion ensued. The priest tried to throw himself upon Moreno, and Moreno upon the priest. With difficulty were they restrained, especially the former, who was a valorous man.

When quiet had been, to some extent, restored, the ingenious Sánchez, radiant with philosophical majesty, rose from his seat, and with grave mien and sweet smile, closing his eyes with a sensation of complete well-being, spoke in the following manner:

"Gentlemen: at this moment, a phenomenon of the natural order has been produced here, and, being of the natural order, it was absolutely necessary. And why is it necessary? Because, as an illustrious thinker has very well expressed it, the laws of nature are eternal and immutable. The phenomenon which has taken place here is that of two bodies which, travelling through space in opposite directions, meet each other. What happens then? If the force of both is identical, one neutralizes the other, and they come to repose; if that of one is greater than that of the other, the first succeeds in carrying along the other. I hope, gentlemen, that in the present case, the latter will happen."



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"'ONE MORE MARTYR TO SCIENCE.'"

Sánchez's smile grew sweeter. His dull, kindly eyes glanced around at those present, who were listening open-mouthed.

"Gentlemen: a stone which is not upheld by something will inevitably fall, that is a fact which is proved by experience. These are the facts which are within the comprehension of my friend Moreno and myself. But there are other facts, such as the ideas of God, immortality, the beautiful and the just, which are not proved by experience, and these belong to you. You represent the infancy of humanity; therefore, in you exist the weakness and innocence which characterize children, something amiable, and to a certain extent, worthy of respect, which I take pleasure in according to you. We represent the age of virility; therefore, in us exists force, harshness if required, which are the qualities of man in the flower of his age. You are the sweet apostles of infantile dreams; passionately attached to your ideas as children are to their toys. You tremble and sigh every time that an inflexible man, like my friend Moreno, brutally stretches out his hand to tear them away. . . . Unfortunately, such harshness is absolutely necessary, and as people take their toys away from children in order to send them to school, so my friend Moreno has been compelled to show you his force and his power, in order that you should comprehend that the moment has arrived when you must submit your criterion to the inflexible yoke of facts. Science, indefatigable in investigating the truth, has wrested from the gods their crowns and scepters. And why has it wrested from them their crowns and scepters? To give them to calorics, to magnetism, to electricity . . . . But you remain faithful to the ancient illusions; you weep over the ruin of your beliefs; I will not be the one to reproach you for that. Nevertheless, I believe that the hour has now arrived to dry those tears, to abandon poetical fictions, to strip yourselves of these vestments and don the laborer's blouse. And why must you don the laborer's blouse? In order to aid us in banishing from humanity all lyrism, all poetry, all superstition. It is necessary to open your eyes, and to comprehend that the mystery of existence is not so much of a mystery after all. Science has already completely explained it. It is necessary

to understand that there is not a single God, but four gods, which are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. . . . "

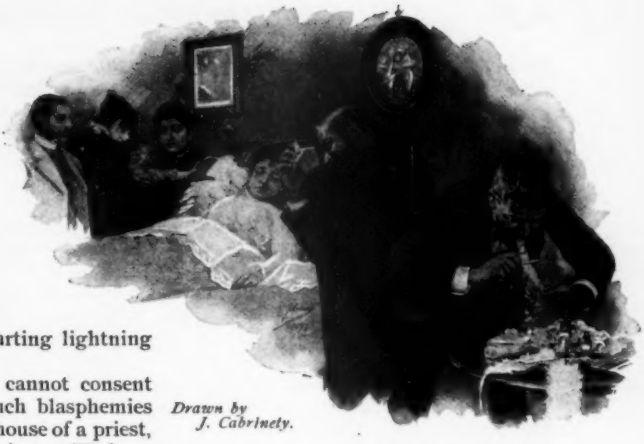
When he reached this point, the parish priest uttered a loud exclamation and rose from his chair, raising his vigorous, brown face above all the rest, darting lightning from his eyes.

"Stop there, sir! I cannot consent that you should utter such blasphemies in my own house, in the house of a priest, in the presence of other priests. We have listened, in order that we might not be lacking in hospitality; my patience is at an end, and I will not permit you to utter a single word . . . ."

The rest of the ecclesiastics rose also, and, pale and trembling, with glances of indignation rivetted on our anthropologist, they shouted, as they shook their fists: "That's so! We ought not to listen! Turn him out! Throw him into the street!"

It is not easy to form an idea of the stupefaction which seized upon the ingenious Sánchez at the sight of these persons, possessed of devils, thus vociferating before him and shaking their fists in his face. His whole discourse had been filled with benevolence, with conciliatory ideas; he thought he had been flattering them; he had even hoped to see them affected, as he was on the point of becoming himself. And behold! all of a sudden they started up, frantic and menacing! He was so stupefied that he did not manage to utter a single word. Motionless, glass in hand, he stared at them with eyes full of terror. On the contrary, the tongue of his friend Moreno was loosed all the more by what had happened, and, facing them, he told them in crude terms that this intolerance was very appropriate in the defenders of obscurantism; that, when reasons fail, people have recourse to threats, and that his friend Sánchez had done ill in wasting his science upon those incapable of understanding it.

"Ah! Are you still cackling, starveling?" shouted the fat priest, an impetuous spirit, as we are already aware. And,



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"'IT IS NOTHING, IS IT, DOCTOR?'"

raising his hand, he dealt him a terrible blow on the ear.

This gave the signal. More than twenty hands were laid, alternately or simultaneously, on the cheeks of the young naturalist. Don Pantaleón hastened to the succor of his friend, and received a few whacks himself. Fury had taken possession of all the clerical heads. Chairs rolled on the floor, plates and bottles were smashed; the little hall resounded with the screams of the enraged priests. Godofredo, weeping copiously, tried to restrain them, imploring and persuading them with fervent words. Father Laguardia aided him in this task, doing all in his power to subdue the fat priest, the most sanguinary of them all.

"Let me alone! Let me alone!" he shouted with stentorian voice. "I want to pull out all the teeth of this esprit fort!"

And this desire, more suitable for a dentist than for a doctor of theology, filled the soul of Moreno with terror. Every time that it reached his ears, his legs gave way beneath him. For it had never occurred to him that he would be obliged, at such an early age, to take to false teeth.

The priest's housekeeper and the girls who helped her in the kitchen, ran in at the uproar; but, instead of throwing oil on the raging waves, they blew upon them with the breath of wrath. The housekeeper immediately assumed that her master was in danger of death from the ambushes of the curé of F——, with

whom he had maintained a rivalry ever since the purchase of a certain she-mule which both had coveted, and, without more ado, she dealt the latter a blow on the head with the fire-shovel. Similia similibus curantur. Thanks to this powerful intervention, the choler of the priests subsided. All flew to the poor priest of F——, who lay stunned on the floor. The shower of blows which was raining on Moreno's cheeks ceased as though by enchantment. Silence descended upon the group, and repentance set in. The housekeeper wept and entreated forgiveness. The fat priest also reproached himself harshly, as the indirect cause of this misfortune. The parish priest dictated measures for alleviating the wound of his colleague. The first was to send in search of a physician. And, while awaiting his arrival, they applied cold water compresses, and put him to bed. Desolation reigned in that chamber, where all had been mirth a few moments before. And, after all, why? Because Moses had misreckoned by two days in the account of the days of the creation, or had calculated rightly! Such a far-away matter!

The priests must have understood that they had somewhat exceeded due bounds in the defense of this patriarch, for they addressed Don Pantaleón and Moreno with humble mien. Even the fat priest came and told them that he withdrew all the blows which he had bestowed. Thereupon Don Pantaleón declared himself completely satisfied, and could not comprehend why Moreno should still appear grim and angry.

The doctor was not in town. The farrier came in his place. The learned anthropologists started back a pace on beholding the Chicken enter.

"Who is this man?" Don Pantaleón inquired of a priest.

"Who should he be? The farrier."

The two wise men stared at each other for a long time—with surprise on the part of Sánchez, with surprise and reproach on the part of Moreno.

"Did you take the measurements accurately?" said the latter, at last, in a low voice.

"With perfect accuracy," replied Don Pantaleón, also very softly.

"Can the compass have gone wrong?"

"Not a millimeter; I am sure of that."

Moreno shook his head with a doubtful air, while his friend continued to assert, by means of expressive gestures, the exactitude of the anthropological data which he had taken.

The farrier examined the wounded man and prescribed an unguent. Once, when he raised his head, he recognized his travelling companions; he asked with a smile:

"Hullo, comrades! Are you here? Will you explain why you fled from me a while ago, as though I were the devil?"

The physiologists flushed scarlet.

"We did not flee," stammered Sánchez. "We were in a hurry to reach the town."

The farrier looked at them for a moment with surprise, and bent his head again to attend to the patient.

Moreno and Sánchez exchanged a signal, and profiting by the general confusion, they slipped out, descended the stairs, and landed in the street. Thence they directed their steps to the railway station, and throwing themselves into the first train which came along, they reached Madrid in a few minutes, not very well satisfied with the result of their famous anthropological expedition.

XII.

For a year and a half Mario performed attentively all the tasks which his friend and protector, Rivera, committed to him. But, nevertheless, he did not bid farewell to his former love for sculpture. In his leisure hours he continued to render to it, in his cabinet, the same fervent and humble worship as before. Miguel had not, previously, had a very good opinion of these inclinations. But one day, as he was passing his friend's room, he saw through the door, which was standing half open, a figure swathed in a sheet, and decided to enter. He raised the cloth and was agreeably surprised. It was a small figure, about four feet high, which represented Ophelia crowned with flowers. There was so much grace in the attitude, so much delicacy in the features, so much innocence in the expression, that he had never beheld a more vivid interpretation of Shakespeare's immortal heroine. He became pensive and abstracted. When Mario came to dinner he asked him, with feigned indifference:



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

SÁNCHEZ AND MORENO AT THE INN.

"When did you finish the little figure which you have in your room?"

Mario flushed.

"It is not finished yet; several details are lacking."

"It is by no means badly done. There is genuine feeling in it; one can see that Hamlet has made a profound impression on you."

As Miguel was sparing of his eulogiums, and as his mind was more inclined to ridicule than to enthusiasm, at least in appearance, Mario experienced a lively pleasure when he heard these words.

A few days later, Rivera again turned the conversation on sculpture. An exposition of fine arts was announced for the following spring. In this connection they discussed the merits of the painters and sculptors most in vogue. After a long pause, during which Miguel was buried in thought, he suddenly said:

"Why don't you make something for the exposition?"

Mario seemed confused. He dropped his head, murmuring a few phrases which revealed his modesty.

"I think that you are somewhat mistaken as to your powers," replied Rivera. "That is not bad, for the artist who is conceited acquires mannerisms: one must always remain discontented with what he does, if he wishes to make progress. But it is not enough that you should judge yourself: it is necessary that others should pass judgment on you also, and not your friends alone, but the public, or, to speak more accurately, the men of taste among the public. When you know a number of opinions you can form an approximate idea of your merit by comparing them with your own. My opinion is that you have talent for the art which you are cultivating. If I did not think so I would take care not to propose that you should offer any work for competition, because I love you too much to expose you to the chance of making a failure, or of ridicule. Therefore, reflect on this matter, and if you find in your imagination any subject suited to your capacity, tell me, and we will talk it over."

These words made Mario think very seriously. He went about for several days uneasy, preoccupied, silent. At last, addressing Miguel abruptly and with a peculiar smile, whose bitterness did not escape the latter, he said to him point-blank:

"I have been thinking about that, Don Miguel. No subject occurs to me. It is better that we should forget it, and continue, as heretofore, to worship Phidias in secret, and during our leisure moments."

Miguel gazed at him in silence and with attention for several moments.

"That is not true. You are deceiving me, and I request you not to do it. I think I have a right to require that you should speak frankly to me."

Nevertheless, Mario remained obdurate for some time; but perceiving that his friend was grieved and disappointed, he said to him, at last, making an effort to smile:

"An idea came to me some time ago, but I do not think I have the power to carry it out. Moreover, it requires some means."

"Explain your idea."

It concerned a group which was to represent the prophecy of the Tagus to the King Don Rodrigo, as described in the famous poem of the master, Fray Luis de Leon. Three figures appeared in it: the king and Cava of natural size, and that of the river in colossal size. The pedestal was to be covered with bas-reliefs representing various episodes of the Arab invasion, and the fall of the Gothic empire.

"You see, I shall require all my time," he wound up, "if I am to finish it in season for the exposition, and a suitable studio."

Miguel made no reply. They parted in silence. On the following day he took him to walk to the Pacific suburb. As they were passing one of the warehouses, he drew a key from his pocket, opened a door, and pushing him in, he said:

"You can do your carving here. Your time is also your own. To work!"

Mario embraced him with effusion. The apartment was spacious, with a lofty roof, full of light. They immediately transported thither the necessary implements, bought what was lacking, and beginning early on the very next day, Mario hardly left the place except to sleep. For the space of several months he lived in a state of fever; he hardly ate, he hardly slept, he was so profoundly abstracted that he forgot the most ordinary matters of daily life. If Carlota had not watched him, he would have gone into the street with ragged boots or without a cravat. He talked little, and did not always heed what was said. Several times Miguel and Carlota went to visit him in his studio. But these visits disturbed him, although he did not show it. It was only when they brought his son that he forgot the work he had in hand, as he did the rest of the world: he pressed him to his heart, kissed him frantically, and seemed to draw fresh force and new inspiration from that magic contact.

One afternoon Rivera and Carlota arrived at the studio. When they opened the door they beheld the young man wallowing on the floor, and tearing his hair, while he uttered imprecations and incoherent words. Carlota tried to fly to his assistance, but Miguel held her back.

"Silence!" he whispered in her ear. "Have no fear. Your husband is undergoing the artist's black hour. The sacred muses are asleep, or are occupied at this moment, and cannot attend to him. But he will soon rise, never fear."

They took a turn in the neighborhood, and when they returned Mario was, in fact, working away with such ardor that he did not observe their presence until they touched him on the shoulder.

But Carlota did not concede to her husband's artistic work the importance attributed to it by Miguel. Art, for her, was a recreation, a distraction. It had nothing to do with the serious problem of earning his living, which had not yet been solved. Thus she could not help showing her indifference when sculpture was under discussion. On the other hand, she informed herself, with great interest, concerning every vacant place which she heard mentioned. Mario noticed this indifference, and could not but feel saddened and discouraged by it. One day, very timidly, for he adored his wife, he ventured to complain to Miguel. The latter reflected for a few moments, and then said to him:

"Don't trouble yourself about your wife's attitude. Carlota has a clear, sensible, well-balanced mind. She has not an imagination which inclines her to dreams, nor the power of entering the world of poetry and of art. What does it matter! She is poetry herself. It suffices to gaze at her beautiful, sculptural figure, to contemplate her sweet, limpid, beautiful eyes; to listen to her noble words, and to see her actions, which are

more noble still, to feel oneself near the origin of all poetry. Moreover, I have never believed that a wife with an exalted imagination, a nervous, uneasy, refined temperament like his own, suited an artist. This similarity of dispositions almost always produces deplorable results. You know very well, and you will pardon the impropriety of the comparison for the sake of its exactness, that when one wheel-horse is too lively and spirited, they give him for companion a horse which is firm and which holds back, although he may be of an inferior breed, in order that his impetuosity may be controlled. The same thing takes place in marriage. If the man of imagination has a wife of a fantastic temperament like his own, both run the risk of dashing headlong to calamity. So you may sleep in peace on Carlota's heart; accept her affection with gratitude, and bless Providence that it has given you a faithful hand to guide you through this existence which is so sad and gloomy. Alas! I, also, had a hand! I, also, had a heart on which my soul reposed in security!"



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES.

The old journalist's eyes were brimming over with tears as he uttered these words. Mario pressed his hand in silence.

The month of February came at last, the date fixed for the opening of the Fine Arts exposition. Mario made a supreme effort, and the great group was finished in season and cast in plaster. When Rivera, who had purposely refrained from visiting the studio for some time past, beheld it in this form, he was greatly surprised. The work surpassed all the hopes which he had conceived. Nevertheless, fearing lest his affection for the artist might have blinded him, he brought several of his friends who were good judges of art. The connoisseurs confirmed his opinion. The work departed considerably from the dominant tendencies in sculpture. Its figures were less active and full of motion, but shone, on the other hand, by their grace and ingenuity. It could be seen a league away that his mind had been profoundly impressed by Greek sculpture, and that in it he adored the sentiment of moderation, life in repose, grave serenity, the disdain of effects. But this disdain, which was too apparent in the young sculptor's group, would, in the opinion of Rivera's friends, prove very prejudicial to it in the result of the competition.

Fortunately, it did not turn out so. The public paused with pleasure before these noble figures, executed without apparent effort. The delicacy and boldness with which the bas-reliefs were modelled, also attracted attention. Although there were in the hall works of more pretension, signed by renowned sculptors, at the end of a few days no one doubted that the author of the "Prophecy of the Tagus" was a surprisingly good artist, who had revealed himself with originality and independence. These premature praises ruined him. The artist whose limitations are perceptible speedily finds his road easy and plain before him; all doors are open to him, all mouths smile on him. But, alas! He whose range cannot be measured at a bound will stumble eternally over the distrust and aversion of his rivals. When *a master* found himself compelled to announce his opinion about it, he did so with the dexterity with which every one is acquainted.

"Oh! Costa! . . . . A good boy! There is no doubt that he has capacity. When he shall have got rid of that humility, which is natural to a beginner, he will be a real artist. There are several details in his group well worthy of attention. But have you seen Suarez's 'Puppet-player'? Admirable! Is it not? What expression! It is the work of a master."

These judgments of his companions did

not reach Mario's ear. The rumors of the public and of his friends only brought to him praises and compliments. The members of the jury treated him deferentially and affectionately, put their hands on his shoulder, and spoke flattering words to him. One of them, an old sculptor, weighed down with laurels, said to him one day, as he gazed at him in admiration:

"How young you are to have mounted the pinnacle of glory! I did not win a first medal until I was six and thirty and you have obtained it at twenty-five."

"I have not obtained it yet, señor," the young man hastened to say, abashed.

"Bah, bah!" exclaimed the great sculptor, "You know only too well that you have won it."

Carlota tranquilly enjoyed her husband's triumph, although without understanding very well why people attributed so much importance to those plaster dolls. Doña Carolina was equally amazed that people should mention money in connection with statues. On the day when she learned that one of those which was in the exhibition had been sold for three thousand duros, she could not refrain from embracing and kissing her son-in-law. Even Don Pantaleón, though opposed to such frivolities, went to the exposition to see his son-in-law's work. The learned physiologist, in the presence of his friends and of Mario himself, expressed his opinions on the fine arts, all based, as was logical, on the latest discoveries of the natural sciences. He recognized no art which was not founded on experiment. The experimental method ought to be applied to literature also; poems and novels ought to be studies of pathological cases; poetry a social clinic of the human animal. Without two courses of anatomy, one of pathology, and a few notions of organic chemistry, Don Pantaleón maintained that it was ridiculous to think of making verses.

At last the day for adjudging the prizes arrived. Mario learned the decision of the jury with an amazement which left him nailed to the earth. He was not included among those who received the first prize, nor among those who got the second prize, nor among those who got the third. Nothing: his name was not printed anywhere. He could hardly believe it. He read and re-read the paper, thinking that he was dazed. But the compassion of several colleagues who approached him speedily convinced him. Heavens, how much compassion they lavished on him in a few minutes! What lamentations! What invectives against the jury!

Mario preserved his tranquil mien. He thanked them with a sweet smile and withdrew. He walked automatically through the streets, oppressed by a profound sadness which crushed his heart. He was not vain, neither had he ciphered out commercial hopes on his work. But he had already smelled the perfume of glory; the favor of the public had made him dream of acquiring, by means of his art, a position where he could live at ease with his wife and son. All were shattered to ruins at a blow. Once more he felt himself alone, poor and helpless; he had become once more a wretched scribe, the same vulgar being as before, on whom no one cast a glance. But another pain, known to few, gnawed at his heart even more bitterly than this; that of the artist who doubts himself. While he had worked in the dark, he had had a vague consciousness of his genius; an inward voice told him that the works which proceeded from his hands were worth more than others which were lauded by the critics. He was conscious of the power to execute something grand and beautiful. When he listened to the praises which were bestowed upon his group, he was not surprised; it was the same sweet song with which his heart constantly lulled him. Suddenly, a tribunal of competent men shut the doors of the temple of glory against him. The tribunal might be mistaken or prejudiced. But was it not more likely that he and his friends had deceived themselves? Might not he be one of those amateurs who confound enthusiasm for art with inspiration, will with genius?

He had reached the Retiro, and wandered at random along its sandy paths. At last, worn out in brain and legs, he threw himself on a bench and clasped his head in both hands. He remembered Carlota. What a sad disenchantment for his faithful wife! They would not be able to live together as he had planned; he must return to the battle for a miserable place in some ministry or other. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he sobbed bitterly for a considerable time.

The sound of precipitate footsteps forced him to raise his head. Not very far from him he saw a laborer in a blue blouse, a threadbare cap and hempen sandals, who was running, pursued by a young man, who, to judge from the plaid oversleeves tied around his elbows, and from his well-combed and fantastically dressed head, which was bare, must be a clerk in a shop for comestibles. The old man passed in front of Mario without seeing him, and on reaching the edge of the great pond flung himself into it. The clerk halted. Mario rushed to the spot, and perceiving that the old man was struggling with death, he suddenly stripped off his coat and rushed to save him.

Although he understood how to keep himself afloat in the water, he was not a great swimmer; moreover, his boots and trousers embarrassed him extremely. He did not feel cold, although it was the month of March, no doubt because of the emotion which possessed him. He went as near as he could to the old man, and tried to grasp him; but the latter, on feeling his hand, made a rapid turn and clutched his arm in the throes of death. Mario felt that he was lost, and struggled in vain to disengage himself; with his free arm he tried to gain the shore; but the suicide held him in an iron grasp. He sank twice. On rising for the second time he shouted with all his might.

He was on the point of losing consciousness and allowing himself to go to the bottom. Fortunately, two railway clerks who had seen the old man throw himself into the water, had jumped into a skiff and were rowing with all their might to the spot. A few seconds more and he would have perished. They dragged both of them in: the old man, in a bad state, with much water in his stomach. They laid him down with his head low, and got it out of him as best they could. As soon as he recovered his senses, he told the reasons which had made him throw himself into the pond. He owed three duros to the young man who was pursuing him; he could not pay them, and the latter, enraged, had run out of the shop to beat him. He had wished to kill himself, partly from fear and partly from desperation. The shop-boy, who had been detained by the guards of the Retiro, did not deny what his debtor said. He was perfectly serene, and appeared even to consider it just that a man who could not pay three duros should commit suicide. Mario, in indignation, drew the sum from his own purse and gave it to him, addressing to him, at the same time, several harsh phrases. The guards and the people who had run up joined in the chorus.

But a good deal of time passed in these altercations. The young man soon felt an intense chill. He hastened to leave the Retiro, and took a carriage to drive home. On the way, his fits of heat and cold augmented; his sight became perturbed; he thought he would faint before he arrived. At last he climbed the stairs and threw himself on his bed. A little later, a violent fever declared itself.



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"THE INGENIOUS SÁNCHEZ ROSE FROM HIS SEAT."



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

GOD'S WILL AND HUMAN HAPPINESS.

By St. George Mivart.

ROMAN SOCIETY AND CHRISTIANITY.

IV.

IN putting before our readers the slight sketch we have drawn of the phenomena of Roman life and religion during the first two centuries, we have made use of various works to which we gladly refer those who may desire to study further details. These works are: "Le Christianisme et ses origines," of M. Havet; "La Religion Romaine," by M. Boissier; "La fin du Paganisme," by the same author; and "l'Histoire des trois Premiers Siècles," by M. E. de Pressensé. We desire especially to acknowledge our obligations to M. Boissier, of whose interesting volumes we have made great use.

In the three preceding parts of this essay it has been our endeavor to point out how a religious revival of paganism during the first two centuries, prepared the way for Christianity by stimulating aspiration toward monotheism; a desire for definite religious teaching; an improved morality; and anxiety about a future life.

It was that very anxiety that gave rise to certain special institutions which greatly aided in propagating Christianity and also served for the shelter of the nascent church at Rome and the performance of its worship. These special institutions were largely connected with slavery, and the reader knows that many of the early converts were slaves. Before, therefore, describing the institutions referred to, it will be well to point out some of the characteristics of Roman slavery.

Roman slavery was different, indeed, from any slavery of modern times. The latter was much harder, being based on an indelible difference of color. The Roman slave could, under favorable circumstances, gain not only his freedom, but, as a freedman, social consideration, and even distinction. His son was a cit-

izen like another, and he could easily disguise an origin which no physical sign betrayed.

Even slaves themselves could sometimes attain to positions of much importance and be proud and insolent. This was especially the case with those belonging to the emperor, and slaves of municipalities and temples. As we have seen, the Roman religion was favorable to the slave, and, like philosophy, tended to facilitate emancipation. The slave in turn, was generally devout, even to his master's household gods. But it was the religions of the East — whence so many slaves came — which principally attracted them, and thus it was that so many adopted Christianity with such ardor.

During the Saturnalia, the slave took his master's place, was free in speech and action, and so consoled himself during two or three days of mid-winter for the humiliations of the past year.

Under the empire, the marriage of slaves received a sort of quasi-legal consecration, and it was not very rare for a master to marry his slave. Such a thing, however, always remained forbidden to senators and their sons. Slaves also could purchase their freedom at from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars, obtained by economies in food, by gratuities and pilferings. But the letter of the law was always severe, even brutal, to slaves. Up to the time of the Antonines, legislation abandoned them entirely to their masters, who had the power of life and death over their slaves. Custom even permitted masters to abandon a sick slave on an island in the Tiber, where was a temple of Æsculapius, so that he might live or die without causing expense. Nevertheless, such a practice was disapproved of, and there is much reason to think that already, under the republic, they were generally treated with a humanity which corrected the rigor of the law. They were, however, occasionally the victims of great cruelty, even under the empire, and slavery was beset with essential and uneradicable evils. Not the least of these was the utter absence of any protection for the children of slaves from the lusts of their masters, and this was one of the most powerful causes of the corruption of Roman society.

And slavery was exceedingly prejudicial to that society. From the time of the Punic wars the population grew more and more to be recruited by it, and the citizens to consist more and more of freedmen, who could not carry on the old Roman traditions. Most of the vices which degraded society at Rome and ultimately ruined the empire, came from slavery. As above mentioned, it facilitated and promoted gross moral corruption, encouraged cruelty and led to a contempt of human life, which rendered more tolerable the putting to death of obnoxious nobles by the most unscrupulous of the emperors. Their tyranny was largely aided by the political indifference induced by the moral abasement and enfeebled energy, due to the poison of slavery. The Roman of the early days of the republic, who, as a rule, had at most but one slave, was energetic and active, and so helped to conquer the world. But the Roman of the empire, who owned, if wealthy, a crowd of slaves, would lie down not only to sleep, but also to eat, read or meditate. Thus their own slaves made the Romans the slaves of the Cæsars.

Very rich persons possessed four or five thousand slaves belonging to different nations and speaking different languages. Such numbers were required because a well-regulated and wealthy household was supposed to be self-sufficing. All that was necessary for food was furnished by the master's farms, and his town houses contained slaves who were artisans of different kinds, while stores of all sorts were accumulated in warehouses against possible needs.

As people of lower social position habitually imitate those of higher rank, so it was the custom to have as many slaves as possible, often at the cost of much inconvenience. Thus, we read of one Marcus Scaurus, who inherited from his father fifteen hundred dollars and ten slaves! It was so much the fashion to appear in the street well attended, that men were often hired for the purpose in order that those who hired them might not attract attention and occasion disparaging remarks by appearing quite, or almost, alone. Rich men went about attended by quite an army of clients.

Slaves belonged to two distinct categories: (1) those purchased, and (2) those who were born in their master's house

(vernæ), and these were esteemed much more than purchased ones.

Slaves differed greatly in rank and formed a complete hierarchy, but the most curious thing is that slaves themselves often possessed other slaves (vicarii), and the highest slaves had others which had been born in their house and had grown up with them (vicarii vernæ) and who addressed their servile master as "my lord" (dominus)! The house of a rich man was a perfect republic of slaves who had all sorts of complex inter-relations. Thus the slaves belonging to the dining-room of a certain great house, passed a resolution to the effect that they would erect a statue to one of the superior slaves, who had been good and helpful to them. Their resolution reads like a decree of the Roman senate: "Ob merita et beneficia sæpe in se collata statuam ponendam tricliniares decreverunt."

Touching friendship sometime existed, as the following epitaph shows: "I call God to witness that between us, my dear comrade, friendship never ceased. We were made slaves together, dwelt in the same house, were freed together, and the day which took you from me was the first which separated us."

Marriage between slaves, even before it was recognized under the empire (as before said), was regarded by them as a serious bond, though not a legal one—and this even if they were only vicarii. Its incompleteness occasioned many abuses. Thus amongst the inscriptions which exist at Naples is one of a slave who records quite simply (as if it was a mere nothing), that he had married his own sister. Others show that it was not so rare for two men to share a wife between them,—and this very harmoniously. At the death of the wife, her two husbands would meet together to deplore her loss and combine to erect a tomb to her memory.

In spite of its many evils, slavery at Rome was an institution so ancient and so thoroughly ingrained in the manners and customs of the people, that life could not be imagined without it. Those who most abused its bad consequences, never expressed even a fugitive hope that it would one day come to an end or regarded such an event as a possible hypothesis. So radical a reform was not to be expected in the regular course of things, and a change which no one foresaw or wished could hardly have been accomplished without a revolution which should renew the world. That revolution was a peaceful transformation gradually effected through the indirect action of Christianity, which thus may surely be credited with having gradually induced another great development of human temporal happiness.

When the slave came to die, his comrades would proceed to the little cell wherein he passed away, and carry him thence to one of the rotting-pits (puticuli) provided for that purpose, unless some special arrangement had been made to the contrary. The slaves, with their dread of the future and their faith in the value of funereal rites duly performed, dreaded few things, if any, more than such an unceremonious disposal of their remains, and this fact leads us to the consideration of those institutions which we said, at the beginning of this article, specially favored the propagation of Christianity, the shelter of the nascent church, and the performance of its worship.

Before and during the first two centuries, the piety, superstition and fraternal sentiment of very many of the lower classes of the population, including slaves, led to the formation of a number of associations somewhat resembling workmen's unions. Besides these, there were a variety of religious brotherhoods, or sodalities, which met in some temple, where their flamen immolated a victim which was then finally eaten in common.

These associations, which were called "colleges," were tolerated under the republic provided there were no clandestine or nocturnal meetings. But Augustus suppressed all such societies, with the exception of those which could boast a venerable antiquity. To all others, a special authorization, with the approbation of the senate, was necessary. Nevertheless, as time went on, it was found practically impossible to prevent their formation, and they multiplied enormously until, at last, Alexander Severus became their declared protector. They were especially numerous at Rome and it was a great satisfaction to many of the multitude of strangers who flocked to the capital to be able to join one. Such an association served in a certain degree to replace those family

and social ties which they had been compelled to sever. And there were associations of different nationalities specially fitted for such a purpose, as well as of different trades and professions. Thus, there was a military college, which bore the title, "Veterani Augusti," and there were also some, the qualification of the membership of which consisted simply in being neighbors—neighborship constituting, as Terence says, a subordinate sort of friendship. Each prosperous "college" had its hall and chapel, the decoration of which was an object of special care. The corporation of flute-players, who were devoted to Jupiter, had the privilege accorded them by the senate, of holding their feasts in the capitol.

Actors were a specially pious body, and the Greek ones called themselves "the Holy Squad." This is not wonderful when we recollect that the theater was a form of public worship. Its religious character, however, did not make it moral, and young men were advised not to frequent meetings of the association of actors.

But the colleges had another tie which connected them with religion, and it is this which gives them an interest for us now: this tie was the consideration given to the sepulture of their members. We have already seen how great was the anxiety the women felt about their burial and the neglect of their tombs, and such anxiety was especially great amongst the poor and slaves, who could not secure what they needed in this respect, save by the help of such associations. Through them they hoped to escape the detested rotting-pit. There was a general desire to be buried with friends, if not with relatives; and even in the time of Cicero it was regarded as nothing less than a crime for a man voluntarily to arrange for his burial away from the resting-place of his ancestry. Thus it was that numbers of these colleges, which stood to so many of their poor members in the place of their family, were led to construct what we may call "social sepulchres" for their members. And there were very many colleges the whole aim and end of which was to provide its members with common sepulture.

These funeral associations were of two classes. (1) The first of these, which have long been known to antiquarians, constructed "Columbaria," that is, buildings with many niches inside their walls, each niche being capable of containing one or two funereal urns. Several columbaria have been found in the Roman campagna, the ground being strewn with human dust from broken urns, whilst several remain in their respective niches, still intact.

(2) The other class consisted of colleges, each of which was distinguished by the name of the god to whose worship it was specially devoted, as for example, Cultores Jovis, etc. They did not inter their members together in a special construction, but had a common purse out of which the performance of the funeral rites of the members was defrayed. This common fund was provided for by an entrance fee and a certain annual payment on the part of each member. It was further augmented by the voluntary gifts of rich members, who were called "patrons."

Such funeral societies were permitted at Rome during the first century, and they included, as before intimated, not only freedmen, but also slaves. So great was the facility given to the formation of such associations, that permission was accorded as soon as asked, and it is very probable that associations formed for other objects, often escaped the jealousy of the emperors by pretending to be funeral associations only. Meetings of members might take place frequently on any religious pretext, and a common meal was regarded, in pagan times, as a sort of pious rite. Rich corporations of the kind had frequently sumptuous repasts in common.

The liberality of "patrons" was stimulated in various ways, and sometimes a statue was voted to honor them, and they, in return, often left benefactions of land or money to provide for periodical banquets. This seemed to the rich to be the simplest and easiest mode of providing against that neglect by posterity of their place of sepulture, about which we have before seen they were so apprehensive, and strove to avoid by so many contrivances. To leave money to individuals for such a purpose would be of little avail; but a corporation, as possessing a life indefinitely prolonged, might well be charged with the office of placing garlands on the testator's tomb, or providing common feasts to be partaken of, for his spiritual

benefit, on the anniversary of his birth, on feasts connected with the dead, and on other occasions.

The frequent associations, in these colleges of slaves with citizens, must have considerably promoted the spread of sentiments of social equality, and greatly tended to diminish the evils of servitude. Slaves sometimes became high functionaries in a college, so that they must occasionally have temporarily acted as the superiors of men who were legally superior to them in an enormous degree. It is true that a slave required the permission of his master in order to become a member of a college, but this once given, he could, during the hours he passed in his college, forget that he was a slave, though when he returned home he might have to endure insults and blows. What was a much more serious thing was that the law gave his master the power of frustrating all his efforts to secure the burial he desired. His master, in spite of all the payments the slave had made to his funeral society, might have his corpse thrown into the common "rotting-pit," with those of the slaves who belonged to no college at all. But though society could not prevent this, the college was free to condemn the conduct of such a master, to declare him unjust, and to celebrate, opposite the very door of his house, the due funeral ceremonies in honor of the slave he had so outraged.

The right of association, which thus elevated the poor man in his college, also gave consequence to such colleges themselves. Now just at that very epoch, when the funeral associations became most widely diffused, Christianity commenced its at first secret and hidden conquest of the empire. The primitive Christians—the nascent church—profited greatly by the freedom accorded to such societies. Through them they could at one and the same time both disarm the law and provide themselves with Christian burial. The Christians, therefore, speedily and effectively imitated such colleges, and formed associations of their own, for the purpose not only of sepulture, but of securely performing their religious rites, and partaking of their brotherly and also their most sacred feasts in the catacombs of Rome.

For these purposes they also had their common fund, maintained by the contributions of the Christian society between the members of which a great spirit of equality prevailed. Their spirit was different, indeed, from any which animated the associations of benevolent or pious pagans, for they were animated by an assured and definite creed; a belief in one God, not shadowy and uncertain, but most clear and definite; a conviction that baptism had not only washed away their sins forever, but had also freed them from even the temporal consequences thereof. No reasonable person can dispute the increased happiness which such convictions must have diffused over the Christian community, in spite of the evils of life on earth and the shadows of declining years.

In the first century of our era, the pagan world had risen under the reawakening of the religious spirit and the moral teachings of philosophy, and it may be described as on foot and in movement towards that which was to come. Without knowing Christ it had set out on the road towards Him.

In the second century there was much in pagan reforms which harmonized with Christianity, but paganism looked backward, while Christianity, full of hope and vigor, looked ever forward. The Christian revelation thus came just at that very moment of the world's history which was most providential, in that not only had almost the whole known world become one, but the state of men's minds was wonderfully prepared for its reception. It developed under most favorable conditions. The religious and philosophic movement had excited men's minds on the deepest questions. It had set a great problem before mankind, but had not solved it and was utterly incapable of solving it. Christianity profited by this movement, but went far beyond it. It did not come out of it, but from elsewhere, yet neither from Greece nor Judea alone, nor could the combination of any preëxisting beliefs account for it, as M. Havet has supposed and endeavored to establish. He represents Christianity as little more than a development of Hellenism, modified by Judaism, and delights in depicting religious rites and ceremonial practices of Greece which seemed to anticipate those of mediæval Christianity. That representation is absurd. The rites and prac-

tices referred to had no place in primitive Christianity—for example, religious images were not erected, carried about in processions and publicly venerated. The mediæval development was no continuation of what had anciently been, but a new development which showed how congruous certain practices are with human sentiments and human needs, under certain conditions. The success of the religions from the East with their greater earnestness, their sacerdotalism, greater dogmatism and more definite assurances as to the future, showed that they supplied a want the Roman people felt. Christianity came as one more religion from the East, but one capable of fulfilling all such needs in an infinitely higher degree than any other oriental religion, and possessing especially the six advantages noted in the first part of this essay. It revealed a new spirit and provided a new organization.

It was not Greece but Rome which had profitably received and fruitfully transmitted that spirit and organization which dominates Christianity to this day. The society of ancient Rome was the society into which the Christian religion was effectually implanted. By that we mean that the whole world was, through the Roman empire, both Christianized and civilized. Christianity was, of course, implanted beyond the limits of that empire, but it is not from such regions that modern civilization has been derived, since the religion of Christ mounted the imperial throne with Constantine. As we have before pointed out, our civilization is essentially a development of that of social and political conditions of imperial Rome. But if the pagan empire thus prepared the way for the Christian church, can the latter be justly reproached with having, however, unintentionally, made the bad return of causing that empire's ruin? If it must bear such a reproach, then a considerable discount must be taken from the temporal happiness it produced, seeing how many calamities and what misery accompanied and followed the ruin of the empire. M. Boissier, in his "Fin du Paganisme," contends, we think, with great success, against that charge—so often brought against the church by the pagans of the time of that empire's decline and fall, by its historian Gibbon, and by many enemies of Christianity in the present day. With a few considerations respecting this question we must bring this essay to a close; but if we can convince our readers that Christianity did not cause the evils with which it has been charged, then we think they must admit that the historic evolution in Europe from the close of the Roman republic to the establishment of Christianity, resulted in a decided increase of happiness to mankind.

Christianity has been accused of sapping the basis of the Roman state by destroying the credit of the local gods which formed so powerful a bond between the citizens of each city and territory, and in replacing a national by a universal religion. But, in fact, paganism had not waited for the triumph of Christianity in order to transform itself to the prejudice of the national and official worship. Serapis and Mithra who had replaced Jupiter, Venus and Mars in the devotion of the people, were at least no more in harmony with national sentiment than was the God of the Christians; though they might appear to be so because their followers had no scruple in worshipping other gods also. The firmness of the Christians in refusing so to do caused them to be considered rebellious and hostile to the state, as we before described. It is true they did detest the Roman idolatry and desired its destruction, but not that of the state. In none of the many conspiracies which arose between Nero and Constantine, were the Christians compromised. Their religion taught them to be submissive and obedient to the "powers that be," save as regards their religion, and the whole of the Christian literature of the period, confirms the fidelity of the picture drawn by Tertullian, which represents Christians secretly praying for the health and long life of emperors who persecuted them. There was, indeed, a passionate hatred of Rome in Alexandria and various eastern territories, but that was not religious but political. The poor people of the capital, slaves and outcasts of all kinds, who formed so large a part of the primitive converts, were not and could not be expected to be very patriotic. But as soon as Christianity had diffused itself amongst the middle and higher classes, it became impossible to affirm with truth

that Christians were bad citizens or inimical to the state.

That Christianity and the empire were in no way incompatible is demonstrated by the fact that from Constantine to Theodosius all the emperors, save Julian, were Christians; and yet the state organization continued unchanged. It is true that there were many and violent quarrels amongst the Christians themselves, but such things are the necessary outcome of strong convictions and are certainly preferable to a state of lassitude and indifference, and indicate the presence of a spirit well qualified to furnish energetic support in moments of public danger. Even the great division of belief which existed between the Christians and pagans did not prevent their hearty coöperation in the service of the state. Such was the case in the fourth century, when resolute pagans, like Symmachus and Ricimer, and pious Christians, such as Probus and Mallius Theodorus, devoted their lives in common, to the preservation of the empire with a zeal and a fidelity which have never been gainsaid. Christians have been accused of shirking public employment, but that evil already existed in the time even of Cicero, grew worse under Augustus, and the Antonines had to force men to become magistrates. This reluctance was simply due to the ruin such functions caused to those who held them, on account of the gradually deteriorating financial condition of the empire. Similarly the diminution of the population had already set in before Christianity was heard of, as had also a decay in the military spirit of the people. As to literature, we find, indeed, that St. Augustine and his contemporaries differ greatly in style and language from the Roman classics. But such changes are inevitable and seen in all literatures. Only a single century separates Tacitus and Livy and yet the language of those two historians is remarkably different.

After Marcus Aurelius, Roman literature, so far as we know, sank at once into a very inferior condition and hardly any writers, save Christian apologists such as Tertullian, make their appearance in the literary desert which extended from Aurelius to Diocletian. No sooner, however, was political security regained than a renascence made its appearance—writers such as Ausonius, Paul of Nola, Prudentius, Claudian, Symmachus, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

To Christianity must be attributed some share in this revival, and so, even in this very subordinate respect, it may claim to have added to the brightness and happiness of mankind at the close of the Roman empire.



EB HADLEY, DESERT TEAMSTER.

By John R. Spears.

ONE of the best known citizens of Mojave, the man of whom the people there most frequently speak when talking to a stranger of the notable features of the town and its history, is Mr. Ebenezer Hadley, who keeps the livery-stable in what is known locally as "the old company's stable." There is nothing distinguishing about Mr. Hadley's appearance or business. He is rather young looking for his age, though that is nothing in one not yet at middle life, and he is simply "doing first rate" in business; but let the stranger only casually mention the subject of life on the desert, or suggest the existence of stories of adventure there and the citizen will say:



EB HADLEY.

"Stories, is it? Life, eh? Well, rather. You just want to hear about Eb Hadley," and then he will tell all about Eb, as every one calls him, whether or no.

It was in the days when Marietta, Nevada, was one of the wildest mining camps the American desert ever saw that Eb first became noted in desert annals. While some hundreds of men were digging silver ore out of Excelsior mountain, and others were hunting for leads all over the range, and the streets were only a little less noisy, on the average, than the stamps in the big red mill,—at the time when the gamblers were in luck and the daily stage was held up once a week, and the bullion wagon was robbed and its driver killed en route to Belleville,—Eb Hadley was driving a freight team for the mine company, hauling supplies from Belleville, and nut-pine from the range for fuel in the stamp-mill. With his huge wagon and the twelve mules that drew it, Eb led a rude and solitary life.

It was soon after the theft of the bullion that public attention was first directed to him. That robbery was a serious matter. Now that the road agents had been once successful, the bullion wagon would be continually in danger. As the superintendent of the mine pondered on the matter, Eb Hadley walked into the office and offered to carry the metal when going for supplies.

"It'll be safe for a trip 'r two, because nobody'll think of lookin' there for it," added Eb. It was a novel idea, and it was adopted at once.

So it happened that just at sunrise one morning Eb's team, with the bullion in the feed-box, reached without incident, the level top of the divide between Marietta and Belleville. There Eb stopped it, and climbing a crag looked back over the trail with a field-glass. The first glance made him gasp. Three horsemen were coming rapidly, and one was the leader of the camp's desperadoes. The news of the bullion shipment had leaked out, and these men were looking for the metal.

For the few minutes required to drive across the plateau Eb anxiously considered the situation. Belleville was nearly three miles away and a thousand feet below him. Once well clear of the cañon on the road down he would be safe, but the trail in the cañon was in places so steep that the wagon wheels were always locked fast in passing. Worse yet, it was a crooked trail, and the last turn in it was called Bloody Bend, because two wagons, having got beyond the control of their drivers there, were overturned and both men killed.

As Eb thought of these accidents and



"EB CLAMBERED A CRAG AND LOOKED BACK OVER THE TRAIL."

his own scheme for escaping, he swore under his breath at "the galute that 'ud run into trouble when he hadn't no call t';" but because the trip was of his own devising his pride was stirred and he said aloud:

"I've jes natterly got t' try."

At the edge of the plateau he partly set the brake and leaped to the trail for some handy bits of lava. Then he climbed back, and as the big wagon pitched over the crest of the grade he threw off the brake and with wild yells and pelting stones sent the long team galloping down the cañon in one of the wildest races the American desert ever saw.

Clouds of dust rose high in air. The huge wagon swayed and tilted from side to side as it bumped over the broken rocks, while little avalanches of gravel and sand came tumbling down the steep walls of the cañon. With one hand grasping the long line, Eb with the other hand alternately loosened and tightened the brake, but never for a moment checked the speed of the galloping team. With marvellous good fortune stretches and turns were passed and rounded until at last the low cement-gravel walls of Bloody Bend appeared at the bottom of a long, steep grade.

The supreme moment of the race was at hand, and half wild with excitement, Eb let go of the brake-bar entirely, to throw his last chunk of lava at the flying leaders, and then, with the sharp turn a scant two hundred yards away, he grabbed the brake and threw his whole weight on it to bring the team short up.

Only a lucky jolt saved him from falling under the wheels. A wheel block had dropped from place and the brake was ruined. The race to save the bullion had become for the moment a race with death.

An ordinary man would have leaped from the wagon to save his life, but the keen eyes of Eb saw a better chance. At the foot of the outer wall, right in the hollow of the bend, the gravel formed a steep, but narrow slope. Not more than one driver in a hundred could guide a galloping team so that the outer wheels would rise on such a slope without digging the hubs into the solid wall above, but Eb Hadley was the hundredth man. It was touch and go. The whole wagon leaped into the air as it changed its course, but it settled on four wheels, and with a whoop of triumph, Eb sped out over the gently sloping mesa.

A year later, Eb Hadley stepped from the cars at Mojave. He had been attracted there because of a most remarkable system of wagon transportation then in operation. A San Francisco firm was engaged in refining the crude borax found in Death Valley, one hundred and sixty-nine miles away, and trains, each of two wagons, drawn by twenty mules and carrying more than twenty tons of the mine product, were passing over the trail every day.

At the mine company's office, Eb found Mr. Jonas Berry, the superintendent of transportation, talking with a well-dressed man wearing noticeable gold-rimmed goggles, whom Eb at once seemed to recognize, though he could not place him.

"I heer'd ye wanted teamsters," said Eb, as the superintendent turned to him.

"We might hire a good one. Do you know anybody looking for a job?"

"I'm lookin' for one."

"You are, eh? Ever drive a big team? We don't want any raw-hide drivers."

"I guess I can suit. I'd like to try."

"Where did you learn how?"

"Nevada."

"Hum–m. We've had good men from Nevada and some we didn't like a little bit. There's one up that way I've been looking for,— the one the road agents chased when he was hauling bullion; but he gave them a great race. Ever hear of him?"

"Yes, sir." Eb's face did not change.

"What's his name?"

"Eb Hadley."

"That's it. Know him?"

"I'm Eb Hadley."

"So–o–o!" Berry jumped up quickly. "*Mr.* Hadley, I'm right glad to see you. Excuse *me*. I ought to have known you on sight. Want a job, eh? Well, I reckon."

At that moment the man who had sat beside Berry got up, took off his goggles and after a nod to Berry, said:

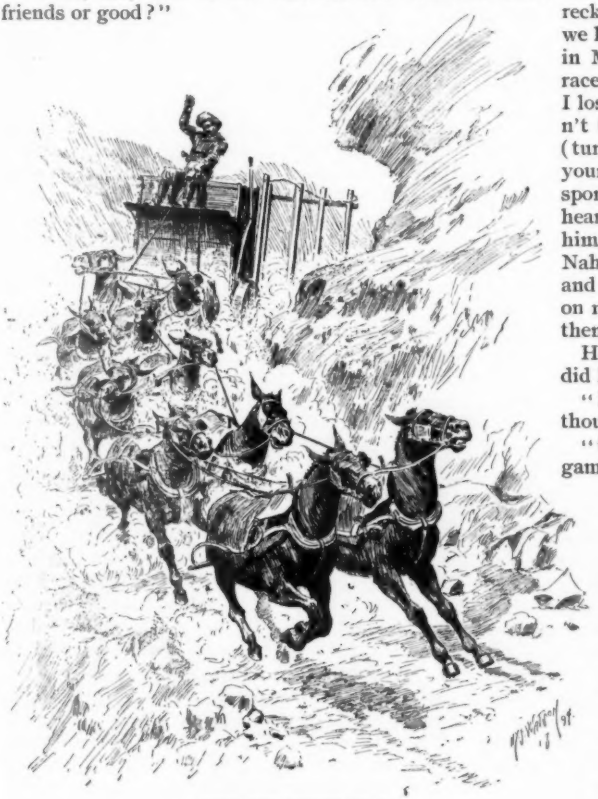
"Well, Eb, how is it? Are we bad friends or good?"

Eb's face had lost its smile when the man's goggles came off, and he made no reply.

"We'd better have a new deal," the man continued. "Business is good and I don't want any trouble here. I know you better than I did in Marietta, and I reckon you've known me well enough all the time. I aim to attend strictly to my own business while I'm in Mojave."

"That's what I aim to do, and nothin' else," said Eb. Berry was looking on with the neutral and uninterested air which men of experience always assume when trouble seems to impend in a town like Mojave.

"That's just what I expected you to say," continued the man. "All bets off, eh? I'm dealing faro over at Bulkley's,— square game, too. And since Berry'll want to know what this is all about I reckon I'd better tell him we had a little trouble up in Marietta over a horse-race on the mesa, eh? And I lost because you wouldn't throw the race. Ha! (turning to Berry) Keep your eye on Eb when his sporting blood's up. He heard I was going to shoot him, and did he coyote? Nah. Got some friends and a rope. Lucky I was on my way to Carson just then."



ROUNDING BLOODY BEND.

He laughed lightly, so did Berry.

"It's all settled now, though?" asked Berry.

"Certainly," said the gambler.

"Then let's wet it down with a little whisky."

Berry turned to Eb, but Eb hesitated. The man with the goggles was none other than Dennin the road agent, who had led in that race for the bullion. He had told the truth in part, too, when speaking of Eb's friends and the rope.



DENNIN.

When he found that Eb had won the race he returned and told people that he should kill the plucky driver at the first good opportunity. Eb was hunted for his life in Marietta. He was hunted, as sometimes happens to peace-loving men, until both fear and the love of peace were driven out of him. The hunted became the hunter, and he would have killed Dennin, too, they say, but for one circumstance. When Eb needed no help the mob suddenly took up his quarrel and went after Dennin with a rope.

Eb was thinking of these things when Berry proposed taking a little whisky. He didn't want any trouble,—as already said, he was a peace-loving man,—but how could he down the desperate hate that comes to a man who has been dogged for his life without reason? He could not do it wholly, he thought, but here was a chance to try. "He's knuckled under by beggin' off, anyhow," Eb thought to himself, "and I'll let him off as long as he behaves himself." That settled the matter in Eb's mind. It took him but the briefest instant to reach the conclusion, and before the two men had more than just noticed his hesitation, he held out his hand to Dennin and then all went over to Bulkley's for the drinks.

The team which Eb was to drive was somewhere out on the desert bound in. He would have to wait for it a few days. Berry, after the drinks, led the way to the hotel kept by Widow Hooper, "where you can get the best grub for the money in town," as he said. He meant well, but he was doing unwittingly the only thing he could have done to break the truce between Eb and the gambler.

The landlady was found in the hallway, and Berry said:

"Mrs. Hooper, this is Eb Hadley who's going to drive for us. Remember hearing about him? He's the chap the road agents chased around Bloody Bend up in Nevada, and didn't get him neither. Better not give him too much to eat. High living, you know, has a bad effect on these nervy fellows."

Berry and the widow laughed cheerfully and Eb looked sheepish, and then flushed to his ear-tips as, glancing into the parlor, he saw that a remarkably attractive young woman had heard what had been said and was looking at him with interest. Berry followed Eb's glance.

"Hello, Jennie," he said, "now you're in luck. What's that you were saying t'other day about heroes and all the men in town being stuffs? Well, now, here's the man you were aching for. When he sent that team on the jump for Bloody Bend he didn't have one chance in a thousand for his life and he knew it, but—"

But Miss Jennie turned her nose up at the superintendent to let him know that she cared not a cent for his "joshing," and then turned her back on the party. But Eb, in spite of his bashfulness, caught a glance from her eye that gave him a novel sensation.

Eb Hadley was not a ladies' man in any sense, nor had the mining-camp women he had seen been of a class to increase his naturally scant attentions to the sex. But now new conditions were at hand. Miss Jennie seemed to be well nigh perfect. Conclusions of all kinds follow quickly on causes in the desert. Within a day Eb, poor fellow, was desperately in love with pretty Jennie.

"Poor fellow" is used advisedly in writing of Eb's condition, for his troubles began with his liking for the girl. Among the hotel guests were merchants, railroad men and gamblers,—some of them young as well as unmarried, and half the lot in love with Miss Jennie. In social polish Eb, when compared with these men, was pitiably lacking and he knew it. The sight of their ever ready services and their graceful compliments were misery for awkward Eb. He says now that he would have left the house and tried to forget the girl, but for one thing: Dennin the blackleg was among her suitors.

Eb had agreed to attend to his own business, "and nothin' else." The gambler's love-affairs were not part of that business. Nor had Eb any definite idea what to do should he make them his business. So in what he called a plagued

state of mind he loitered about the sitting-room.

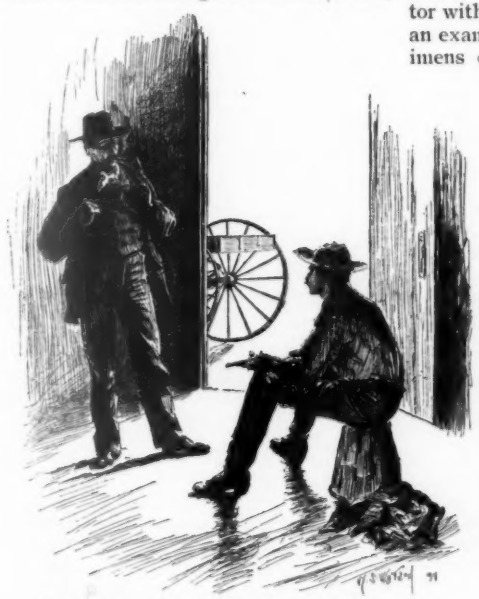
Here, however, he soon found Miss Jennie becoming very attentive. Indeed, he was sure that, save for Dennin, he was so favored more than any man in the house. But he did not see that the lassie, although "as straight as a stretched string," dearly loved to flirt,—to play one man against another to the tantalizing of both. The attentions of the gambler, who was easily the most polished man in town, pleased her vanity. Eb, with no polish at all, had come to town with a halo of desert glory about his head and had immediately fallen in love with her. There was a thrill of pride in her heart at the thought. And what great sport it was to mention Eb's heroism to Dennin apropos of nothing, and at another time, in like fashion, praise Dennin's gracefulness to Eb.

She was only seventeen, and so could not see how she was playing a game that would quickly bring the men to bloodshed; that Eb was growing desperate, and that Dennin, though he had no real love for her, was piqued and beginning to think he ought to "do for the lout."

The truth was, they say, that the relations of the two men got into such a state, after two or three days, that they avoided each other, for neither wanted to precipitate a fight after the compact of peace that Berry had witnessed. Eb was so scrupulous that he left his revolver in his valise, lest feeling its weight, when he should see Dennin, should tempt him to draw and fire. Dennin continued to wear a pistol, but he changed his hours for meals. The breaking of the truce, the opening of the old trouble with a new one to intensify the feeling, was at hand.

So matters stood on the morning of Eb's fifth day at the hotel. On that morning Miss Jennie was particularly gracious, and when Dennin came down from his room he saw that she was in the hammock on the back veranda, and Eb was swinging her to and fro. Dennin could see that she was greatly interested in something Eb was saying. She was so attentive, in fact, that when she glanced into the hall and Dennin raised his hat she did not even recognize him.

Dennin was furious. He thought Jennie was snubbing him, and that Eb had been telling her tales that made her do it. He was just at the point of rushing at Eb, when some one in the street called his name. Turning about he saw a prospector with whom he had an engagement for an examination of some remarkable specimens of ores. The prospector had a couple of burros and a burro colt in the street, and even the colt had a pack on it. As Dennin looked, the prospector nodded toward the animals significantly, and the gambler, forgetting his anger in his greed, went into the street, and was seen no more at the hotel that day.



"'I'VE GOT TO KILL DENNIN IN A FAIR FIGHT.'"

Along in the afternoon, Eb once more found himself swinging the lassie in the hammock on the back veranda, but her mood was different. In less than half an hour Eb was so vexed that he forgot himself, and in a burst of indignation said Dennin was a highway robber as well as a gambler. Jennie was on her feet in a moment with her eyes blazing.

"What? Are you a coward, that you call him a mean name behind his back?" she asked.

"That's so," said Eb, simply. "I ought t' do it to his face. I'll do better 'n that," and he walked away, leaving the girl to wonder what he meant, and half wishing that she had been less emphatic in expressing her disapproval.

At five o'clock that afternoon Superintendent Berry entered his stable and found Eb loading a fine revolver which had evidently just been cleaned.

"What's the matter, Eb?" asked Berry, as he saw Eb's serious face. "You know I'm your friend."

"I do, you bet," said Eb. "I've got to kill Dennin in a fair fight, and you'll bring him and one of his friends here,—you bet he won't reach Carson *this* time."

Berry's face brightened up with admiration.

"By the Lord, but you're the stuff," he said. "I'd do it instanter, but I can't. Dennin left town an hour ago."

"You don't mean it," said Eb.

"Yes, I do. Did you see that tramp prospector with the burros and colt round the saloons the last two days? He's one of them that's always finding the Gun Light lead again in the Panamints. He'd lots of wire silver and sulphurettes. Dennin got clean stuck on him and his charts and sketches of natural objects, and bought the whole outfit for five hundred dollars cash and half the claims. He was that crazy he couldn't wait till morning to start; but if you'll go over to Bulkley's you'll find the prospector blowing in that five hundred dollars in style."

Eb groaned in his disappointment, and at that Berry laughed cheerfully.

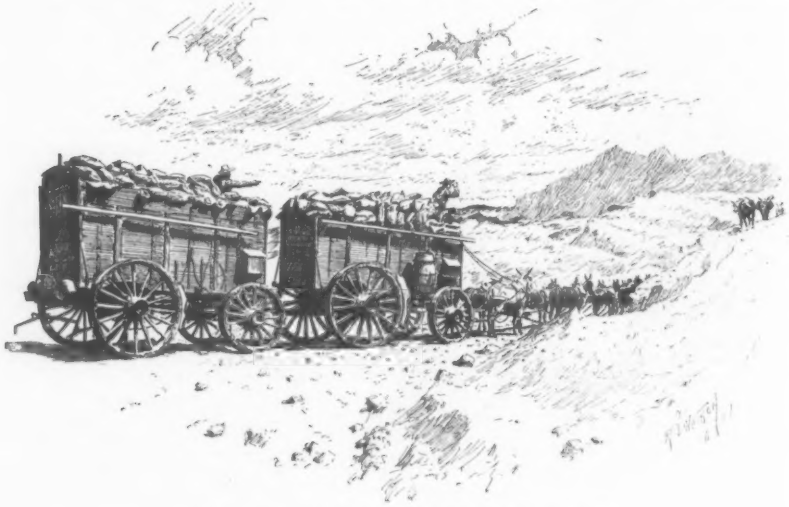
"Don't you fret your mules any longer, my boy. Why, he's sure to cross our trail, even if he don't follow it to Windy Gap. You may see him—hum—m—he may waylay you if you've got it in for one another again."

Berry became suddenly serious, but Eb jumped to his feet in his eagerness.

"Just let him, —— God! If he only will try it!" he said. "To see even the track of him is all I wish for."

He saw "the track of him" and the man, too; but the circumstances were different from what he expected.

Who has seen the desert road to Death Valley, with its whirling sand-spouts, its lurid mountains, its rugged cañons, its arid heat and thirst, its utter silence and desolation? Some of the men who drove those teams died in the trail, unable to survive its hardships. Others became insane and killed their comrades, for two men travelled with every team. The best and most cheerful of them all grew old and stolid, one may say, in a day. Eb could guess what was before him, for the trails of Nevada were only a little less



"'IT'S DENNIN'S OUTFIT,' SHOUTED THE SWAMPER"

frightful in their effects on the teamsters. And yet, as he started his long team on this journey, he whistled or sang like a school-boy, and laughed through close-shut teeth, by turns. Miss Jennie had come out on the hotel veranda, although the sun was not yet up, to wave her hand at him, and he was going out where, please God, he would find the blackleg and make him stand up in a fair fight. He was going out where Dennin had gone, anyway; he was doing all he could now to find the scoundrel.



"SOFT FINGERS LIFTED THE HAND FROM THE FLOOR"

But the exhilaration of spirits could by no means last. The hot season was at hand, and the man does not live who can keep up his spirits in such a journey as Eb was making. For two days, Eb was often on his feet to look across the plain for signs of a man with burros. Thereafter he lifted his head frequently, as he sat in his seat; but when the mountains, five days out, were reached, he sat crouched over, apparently lifeless, save for his restless eyes. And so he remained till his destination was reached, and, although refreshed somewhat by a night in the little oasis in Death Valley, so he continued as he journeyed back again. He became even more dispirited after leaving the mountains, for then he had abandoned hope of finding Dennin. Worse yet, to his mind, Dennin was probably dead. No one had seen any trace of him along the route, and Dennin, so far as desert prospecting was concerned, was a tenderfoot. How could he hope to survive the torments that sometimes destroyed the acclimated? Such thoughts as these were continually in Eb's mind. They were there on the morning after the night that had been passed at Granite spring, on the gray slope of Pilot Butte, four days out from Mojave. He was even groaning inwardly at the thought of thwarted vengeance, when his assistant, the swamper, shouted:

"Say, pard, what's that meanderin' this way, down by them yuccas?" Eb stared toward the yuccas, with an eager look on his face; but the look turned to a heavy frown as the swamper continued: "Them is burros straight enough, but I don't see any prospector with them, do you? God, I'm sorry for the poor devil they left behind them!"

Eb was biting his lip. He had seen burros come in from the desert in Nevada, as these were coming here, and had gone out to rescue "the poor devil they left behind." He had found a man stark naked, walking in a circle on the burning sand, holding his clothes high above his head and calling for help to save him from drowning. He had seen the delirious fancy change and the man drop on his knees and dig for water with naked fingers, only to fall over at last, exhausted and with hands outstretched, showing where the flesh had been worn away to the bone. And here were Dennin's burros coming. The thief, gambler, desperado was out there on the desert somewhere, dying by inches,—perhaps at that moment digging with bleeding fingers in the sand.

Eb was saying to himself over and over,

that "it serves the blackleg right," saying it desperately; but conscience would not have it so.

"Say, Eb! Lord of Moses! It's Dennin's outfit," shouted the swamper, in sudden excitement; but Eb did not hear, for a voice seemed to be whispering in his ear: "What would *she* say? What would *she* say?" and Eb replied to this voice aloud.

"I've jes natterly got t' try. I'm goin' after the—the—what them burros left behind 'em. He mayn't be dead yit."

The swamper stared at Eb a moment, and then said to himself softly:

"Well, I am damned."

On the afternoon of the day when Eb's team should have reached Mojave, Superintendent Berry was so busy that he did not notice the lapse of time till the office clock struck four. At the sound he walked over to the window. Eb should be at least in sight, but not a sign of a team was to be seen. Another hour passed and still no team appeared. The superintendent began to worry. He had liked Eb immensely, and for another hour he paced the floor. Then the supper-bell rang, and he was just going to leave, when he saw that a passing sand-storm away out on the desert was thickened by the cloud from a coming team. He met the outfit half a mile from the dump.

"Where's Eb?" he shouted. "What? To rescue Dennin?"

"Yes, sir, and he 'lowed you'd send a buckboard t'—"

"Send a buckboard, eh? *Send* one? You bet I'll *take* one."

Within an hour Mojave was in a turmoil over Eb's doings, and the starting of two well-fitted desert buckboards over the only two trails on which the teamster could be found. In the morning and during every hour of the day, every one who came out of doors turned first of all to look out over the long trail toward Death Valley.

But not a sign did they see, and night came down once more. It was one of those rare nights on the desert when the wind does not blow, and all the people came out on the street and stood in groups to speculate on the return of the buckboards. They were standing so at ten o'clock, when Berry's pair of big bays suddenly appeared and drove to Mrs. Hooper's. The population at once massed about it. They found Eb sitting on the bottom of the buckboard, holding on his lap the head of an unconscious man, to whose lips he pressed a sponge. A dozen men, eager to help, carried Dennin into the hotel. A dozen other impulsive citizens carried Eb in also, and put him in an arm-chair at the head of the lounge where Dennin lay. Then all stood around and talked in undertones, while a surgeon worked over the unconscious man. Finally, the surgeon stopped work, and said:

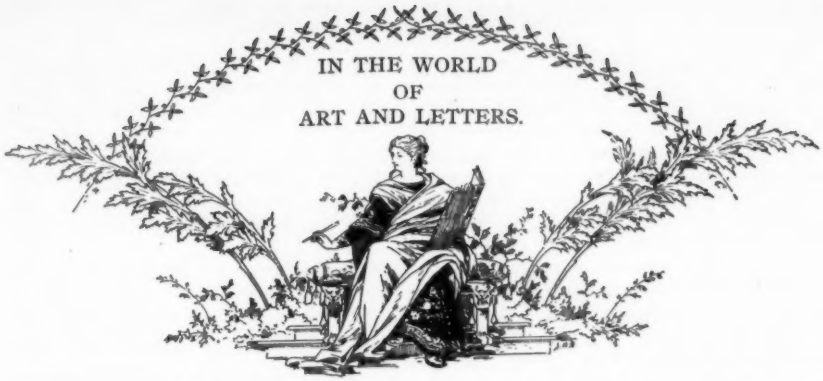
"It's of no use, boys; he's sinking and can't last three hours."

At that Eb arose and worked his way from the room. The crowd oppressed him. He was trying to think, and could not. Going to the back veranda he sat down and leaned his head against one of the posts, and with one hand resting on the floor gazed over the dimly visible wastes of sand.

Then a gentle footstep came behind him, his hand was lifted from the floor by soft fingers and wet with tears that fluffy curls brushed away.

It is said that once in four or five years there comes a season when rain falls on the Mojave desert until the thirsty soil is satisfied. Then the clouds clear away, and with the coming of sunshine myriads of blooming plants spring up until the whole arid desert becomes one vast mass of fragrant flowers. But neither rain nor sunshine nor miles of radiant flowers could have brightened the gloom of the desert for Eb as did the tears of the girl when she nestled down by his side.





I WONDER whether Pailleron's last work, "Les Cabotins," a sequel to his "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," will be played in America. Perhaps it would not be as popular with you as with us. Le Cabotinage is an evil peculiar to France, unknown, I think, among you, and Pailleron's satire would, I imagine, leave you cold and indifferent. True, there would still be left the melodramatic portion of the play, which is by no means the best, and which, indeed, came near causing its failure. You have probably learned before this that side by side with the comedy in which cabotins are ridiculed to everybody's delight, there is a melodramatic plot that has no relation at all to the subject of the play as indicated by its title.

It deals with a poor orphan girl whom a lady of the great world, mistress of an influential salon, has taken under her care. This lady is a cabotine, the cabotine of patronage. She gathers about her all rising celebrities, delights in pushing them, and takes pride in the success and glory she herself does so much to foster and magnify. The orphan grows up in this society, becomes a beautiful woman, and at length wins attentions that the great lady meant to keep for herself alone. The lady's lover falls in love with the orphan.

I need not tell the rest. It is a story of love, which, in Pailleron's work, leads to scenes of extreme violence,—to scenes really tragic, but that add nothing to the picture of cabotinage; sometimes, indeed, divert the attention of the spectators from it.

We Parisians were surprised at this want of logic on the part of Pailleron, who is one of the masters of the dramatic art, and I spoke of it to a common friend. "That story," I said, "is perfectly impossible. How can this cabotine of protection, this drawing-room chatterer, experience such intense passions, yield to them to such extent, and risk sacrificing her salon, which is her main interest in life, to such mean and unParisian-like jealousy? It all seems unreal."

"Well," he said, "though all seems unreal, all is actually true, and drawn from life. Pailleron knows the lady, the salon, the young girl. He has followed with great zest the progress and the incidents of those two clashing passions, and, as it interested him, he thought the public might also be interested."

"That may be so," I broke in; "but those passions had nothing to do with the subject he chose, since his avowed and only purpose was to describe cabotins."

"You are right, but it was precisely respect for the truth that misled Pailleron. The lady at whose house the facts occurred was really a sort of Mlle. du Deffand who had met another Mlle. de Lespinasse. Mlle. de Lespinasse had stolen the marquise's lover, and the marquise, grown fiercely jealous, had lost her temper, and dismissed her lady companion. The frequenters of her salon had, in spite of themselves, been obliged to share in the quarrel, to take sides, to listen to the recriminations of both. They had tried to bring on a reconciliation. You easily imagine what comical scenes and dramatic situations had resulted. Pailleron has simply photographed them."

"Yes," I answered, "I have no doubt of it; but the trouble is that he has transplanted all those situations and sentiments into a milieu that does not admit of them."

"Does not admit of them! But it is the very milieu in which they actually took place. I can assure you that the salon of the du Deffand of 1871 was a perfect nest of cabotins, as we understand the word to-day. Pailleron has simply copied nature; he has given us the truth."

"The truth, yes; but not the seeming of truth, for on the boards only the true seeming is logical. This story of love and jealousy, and the ridicules of cabotinage, are two orders of ideas wholly independent of one another. Therefore, when you associate them they appear false. They were, you say, associated in reality, but this was a mere accident.

"For example, nature has arranged an admirable landscape. A rich fool disfigures it by erecting a monstrosity in the very midst of it. The building is there; that is the truth. A painter appears. Will he be stupid enough, if he decides to paint the landscape, to keep in it that unfortunate granite disfigurement? No, he will suppress it, and thereby will be truer than the truth.

"Well, it is just so in this case. It is quite possible that such an adventure may have arisen from such surroundings; but it really does not belong there; it is not an essential part or product of them. M. Pailleron had an unquestionable right to utilize his adventure, but he should have found means to connect it by a very close and visible tie with the main idea of his work.

"He has not taken the trouble to do so, and the result is that the reality does not seem true, because it was not logical. What is less 'like,' at times, than a photograph? It reproduces with deplorable exactness all the accidental features of posing, regardless of the fact that these may not be in agreement with the general character of the face, may, indeed, actually disfigure it; and thus the photograph by a minute, but illogical, reproduction of the reality, may, sometimes, yield the opposite of truth."

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

À PROPOS DES CABOTINS.

JE ne sais si l'on jouera jamais chez vous la nouvelle pièce de M. Edouard Pailleron, qui défraie aujourd'hui les soirées de la Comédie Française: "Les Cabotins," qui font suite au "Monde où l'on s'ennuie," du même auteur. Peut-être vous plairait-elle moins qu'à nous. Le Cabotinage est un mal essentiellement français, qui, je crois, ne sévit pas encore en Amérique; et la satire que M. Pailleron en a faite, vous laisserait, j'imagine, indifférents et froids.

Il ne resterait pour vous de toute la pièce que la partie mélodramatique, qui n'est pas la meilleure et qui a même failli le premier soir compromettre le succès de l'œuvre. Peut-être, en effet, vous a-t-on déjà dit que parallèlement à la comédie où les cabotins sont mis sur la sellette et font rage, coule une action mélodramatique qui n'a qu'un lointain rapport avec le sujet de la pièce, tel qu'il est indiqué par le titre.

Il s'agit dans cette partie, qui est toute de mélodrame, d'une jeune orpheline recueillie par une dame du grand monde, maîtresse d'un salon influent, cabotine elle-même, la cabotine de la protection: car elle attire à elle toutes les célébrités naissantes; elle se plaît à les "lancer" et se fait honneur de leur renommée, qu'elle propage et exalte. L'orpheline grandit, devient belle, et finit par attirer à elle les hommages que la grande dame entendait réserver pour soi seule. Cette grande dame a un amant qui devient amoureux de l'orpheline.

Je n'ai pas besoin de vous conter la suite. C'est un roman d'amour, qui, dans l'ouvrage de Pailleron, donne lieu à des scènes d'une violence extrême, à des scènes tragiques, mais qui n'ajoutent aucun trait à la peinture du cabotinage et qui même en détournent l'attention du public.

Nous nous sommes à Paris étonnés de ce manque de logique chez Pailleron, qui est un des maîtres du théâtre, et j'en causais avec un de ses amis, qui est aussi des miens:

—Toute cette histoire, lui disais-je, est parfaitement invraisemblable. Comment cette cabotine de la protection, cette caillette de salon, peut-elle sentir des passions si vives, y accorder tant d'attention et risquer à un moment de sacrifier son salon, qui est la grande affaire de sa vie, à une jalousie mesquine et bien peu parisienne; tout cela sonne faux.

—Eh? mais, me dit-il, si tout cela sonne faux, c'est que tout cela est vrai et pris sur nature. Pailleron a connu la dame, le salon, la jeune fille. Il a curieusement suivi le progrès et les incidents de ces deux passions qui se sont heurtées; et comme il s'est amusé à ce spectacle, il a cru qu'il plairait au public . . . .

—A la bonne heure, interrompis-je, mais ces passions n'avaient rien à voir avec le sujet qu'il avait choisi, puisque son intention affichée, son unique intention, était de peindre des cabotins.

—Non, sans doute; mais c'est précisément le respect de la vérité vraie qui l'a induit en erreur. La dame chez qui le drame s'est passé sous ses yeux était précisément une Madame du Deffand qui avait rencontré une Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Mlle. de Lespinasse lui avait volé son amant, et la marquise en avait conçu une horrible jalousie; elle était entrée en fureur et elle avait chassé la demoiselle de compagnie. Les habitués du salon avaient été forcés, bien malgré eux, d'entrer quelque peu dans cette querelle et de prendre parti. Ils avaient subi les récriminations et les plaintes des deux ennemies; ils avaient tâché de les réconcilier. Vous imaginez les scènes de comédie et de drame. Pailleron n'a eu qu'à se souvenir et à photographier.

—Oui, repris-je, et je ne demande pas mieux. Mais le malheur c'est que tous les sentiments, toutes les situations, il les a transportés dans un milieu qui ne les comportait pas.

—Comment! qui ne les comportait pas! Mais c'est le milieu même où ils se sont produits dans la réalité. Je peux vous affirmer que le salon de cette Deffand de 1875 était un nid de cabotins, dans le seus où nous prenons le mot aujourd'hui. Pailleron n'a donc fait que copier la nature. Il a fait vrai.

—Il a fait vrai; mais il n'a pas fait vraisemblable. Car il n'y a au theâtre de vraisemblable que ce qui est logique. Or il n'y a aucun lien logique entre cette histoire d'amour et de jalousie et les ridicules du cabotinage. Ce sont là deux ordres d'idées tout-à-fait indépendents l'un de l'autre. Ils paraissent donc faux quand on les associe. Ils ont été associés dans la réalité; soit: mais c'est un hasard.

Tenez! Voici un admirable paysage qu'a ménagé la nature. Il plaît à un riche imbécile de le défigurer en dressant au beau milieu une absurde bâtisse. La bâiisse y est: c'est la vérité. Un peintre survient.

Sera-t-il assez niais, si l'idée lui vient de reproduire ce paysage sur la toile, d'y garder cette malheureuse verrue de moellons? Il la supprimera par abstraction, et il sera plus vrai que la vérité.

Eh bien, il en va de même ici. Il peut se faire que cette aventure ait poussé dans ce milieu; mais elle n'y tient pas; elle n'y est pas essentielle. Si M. Pailleron la voulait garder, ce qui certes était son droit de poëte, il aurait dû trouver moyen de la rattacher par un lien très étroit et très visible en même temps à l'idée mère de son œuvre.

Il ne s'est pas donné cette peine; il n'a pas pris ce soin. Qu'en est-il résulté? C'est que la réalité n'a plus paru vraie, parcequ'elle n'était pas logique.

Qu'y a-t-il parfois de moins ressemblant qu'une photographie? C'est qu'elle reproduit avec une déplorable exactitnde tous les accidents au moment de la pose, sans prendre garde si ces accidents sont d'accord avec le caractère général de la tête, s'ils ne la dénaturent pas, si par une observation minutieuse et illogique du réel, ils ne donnent pas quelque chose de contraire au vrai.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

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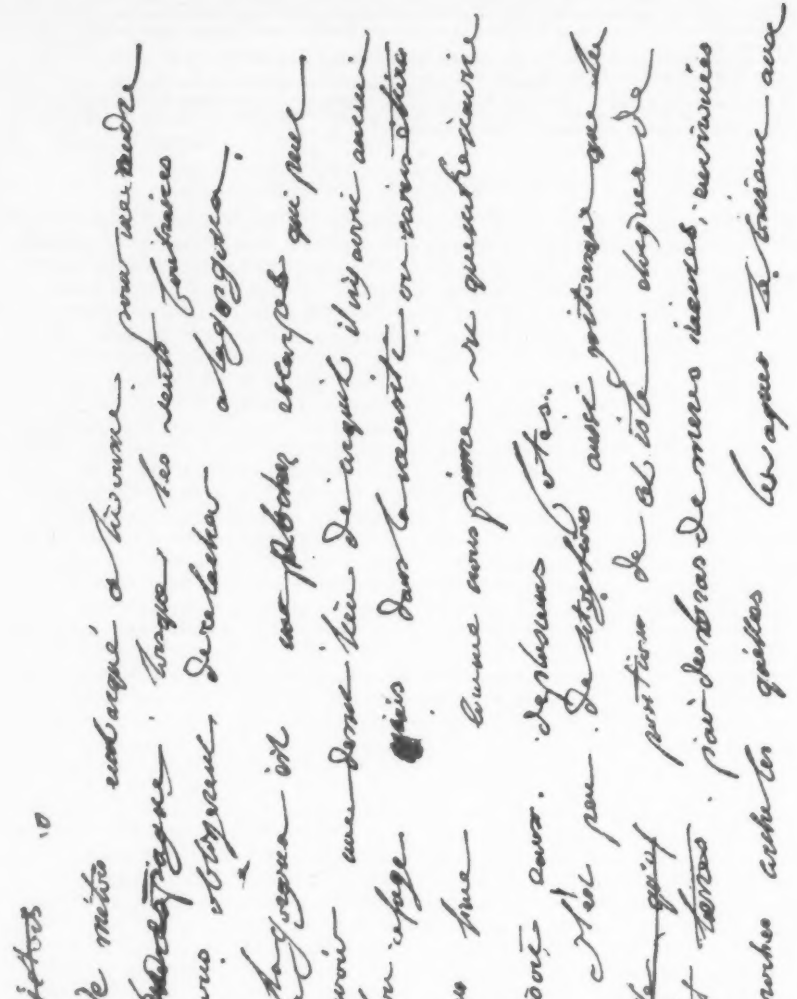
A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

"A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN" is an interesting though unwholesome novel. The anonymous authoress draws a very effective contrast between the aimlessness, the unreality, the soul-devouring ennui of the aristocratic world and the healthful activities and pleasures of a life close to the soil. It is not to be denied, however, that she knows the former a great deal better than the latter; for her description of a London season, with its gilded shams, its breathless inanities, and the moral blight which sooner or later it involves, is, as it were, steeped in actuality, and is far more convincing than her vague and somewhat idyllic picture of the farmer's toilsome existence. There is a distinct flavor of Rousseau about the book. It is a cry for a return to nature, and the abandonment of the direful artificiality of a plutocratic civilization.

Jessamine Halliday, a great heiress, and the acknowledged queen of London society, is dying of nervous prostration, superinduced by the exhausting drudgery of doing nothing, loving nothing, living for nothing. Her physician, Doctor Cornerstone, who is a radical, and apparently a socialist, cures her by a purely mental process,—filling her mind with loathing for herself and the unworthy life she is leading, and substituting a nobler and healthier ideal. She mysteriously disappears from society, and turns up on a small Scotch farm, where she devotes herself to the rude tasks of a farm help and falls in love with a young peasant named Colin Macgillvray. It is quite comprehensible that in her first revulsion against the standards of society she should idealize this sturdy son of the soil (who is skilfully, but not quite convincingly portrayed), and in the ardor of her idealization almost fling herself at his head. The somewhat subtile art and reasoning of the authoress also incline me credulously to accept the fact of Colin's love for Jessamine; but for all that I am staggered at the rapid and startling development of their mutual rapprochement. Is it possible that a lady of the high refinement of Jessamine could fail to be offended by the rudeness of a peasant's manners, or that her love would long survive her offense? To be sure, all the asperities incident upon agricultural life are carefully softened down in Colin's case, in order to produce the required illusion. If the rural lover were as uncompromisingly portrayed (with all his shadows emphasized) as the urban roué Lord Heriot, I fancy the lesson of the book would be somewhat impaired. The estrangement between the lovers, which was, of course, inevitable, hinges upon a spiritual difference which is admirably conceived and exemplified in a scene of much power and beauty. Jessamine, rebuffed and humiliated in her deepest nature by the rigid conscientiousness and Puritanic uprightness of the peasant, flees back to her old haunts and ends by marrying the diseased and profligate Lord Heriot, "the greatest match in Europe."

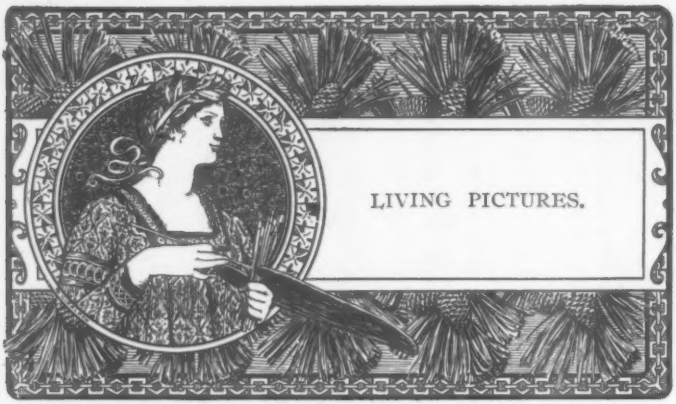
It is a noticeable fact that problems of this order are, at present, occupying so large a number of writers, both within and without the domain of belles-lettres. Just as in the decade preceding the French Revolution Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre and many others were exalting "the people," decrying the privileges of society and the shameful use it made of them, and demanding a return to wholesomer and more natural standards of human worth, so we have at the present day an outcropping of the same revolutionary sentiment in such novelists as Howells, Bellamy, Tolstoï, Björnson, Spielhagen, and a whole chorus of minor writers. The author of "A Superfluous Woman" adds a new voice to this chorus. The question arises: "Is this vehement discontent in the nineteenth century, as it was in the eighteenth, a prelude to vehement action?"

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



So extraordinary is the opportunity which has enabled The Cosmopolitan to present a story from the pen of Napoleon Bonaparte that interest will be felt in a photograph of the manuscript written when Napoleon was a mere boy. After being buried for a hundred years, this manuscript, so unexpected from such a source, will undoubtedly remain for all time one of the great curiosities of litera-

ture. The handwriting does not differ materially from that of the abdication, written at Fontainebleau in 1814, and the manuscript contains many of those orthographical blunders which characterized his writing, and which have been sometimes attributed to haste and the rapid flow of his ideas, but are more probably the result of the limited and imperfect training which he received at the college of Brienne.



ART has broken out in a new place in London—the music-halls, to wit,—and the new title, "living pictures," disguises the familiar tableaux vivants. Not that these artistic exhibitions are altogether identical with those drawing-room diversions in which our sisters and cousins and aunts have been wont to figure in uncomfortable attitudes. The beauties of the burlesque and the ballet have been hired to personate the figures, so that instead of exhibiting their paint as flesh, they now exhibit their flesh as paint. Moreover, the pictures which they compose are exact copies—or at least meant to be exact copies—of famous paintings of the day, and—for last touch of verisimilitude—they are enclosed in a handsome gold frame. It must be admitted that the result is not unpleasing, and that these illustrations of "Sunset," "Good-bye," etc., with their pretty scenic backgrounds, bring a waft of poetry over the footlights, and are an agreeable relief from comic singers and other performing donkeys. But now and then there peeps out the cloven hoof of ineptitude, to demonstrate that the designers have no real comprehension of the conditions of pictorial art. Since unity and rest are what one demands from a picture, which is the seizure of a moment, it is obviously dangerous to introduce movement. Yet one may forgive the rustling of branches—which does not contradict the spirit of the scene, and may even be considered an improvement upon the immobility of paint—and one may ignore the involuntary quiverings of overtaxed human muscles. But when, in an illustration of "Charity," the snow falls and falls and falls, while the good Samaritan lady, who is about to put her richly-lined cloak round the poor beggar-woman, makes no advance in her humane task, but stands stolid with outspread mantle—the contradiction of motion and rest is so violent that the unity of impression is shattered. Yet the audience applauds this stroke of realism, and would probably be disappointed if the snowfall were arrested by means of a gauze sheet, which should give the sense of snow without its movement.

Again, an item of this music-hall catalogue is a bronze group representing "War," and obviously intended for statuary. But as the artist forgets to remove the eternal gold frame, even a scientific thinker devoid of æsthetic perception can scarcely fail to be struck by this failure to correspond with environment. I do not know what the painters whose works are thus awarded the flattery of imitation think of the show, but one of them told me that his work was quite spoilt, whereas the other pictures were admirably rendered. This tempts me to believe that every one of his fellow-painters would return exactly the same verdict, each knowing his own picture by heart with all its nuances and subtleties, and so I am driven to conclude that this attempt of nature to ape art has succeeded but crudely. This conclusion will probably bring joy to the æsthetics and paradox-mongers who proclaim the infinite superiority of art to nature, and who are quite capable of challenging the draughtsmanship of the living figures. At any rate, the exhibition raises curious questions for the psychologist as to the exact analysis of the self-illusion by which the ordinary visual process is reversed, so

that the spectator of pictures accustomed to see depths and breadths on a flat plane (yet knowing somehow all the while that it is flat), now persuades himself that the solidities he sees are flat (while all the while conscious that they are real).

I. ZANGWILL.



THE nation is so bustled up and down in its mind, by politics and so forth, that there is no chance for literature. This, at least, is one conceivable explanation of our mediocre productions. A new poet, of course, continues to be found once a month. Last month it was Mr. Thompson, a Catholic poet, discovered by Catholics. This minstrel writes in a strange latinized lingo; his excitements are not contagious, as far as I am concerned. But, if he would write English, and leave irregular odes alone, and generally moderate his transports, it seems not impossible that he has the stuff of a poet in him. At present, ruit profusus and also turbidus. His muse is a river in flood: it is "drumly" as we say. But when it begins to run down to a clear amber color, the results may be very satisfactory. As my own opinion may be harsh and cruel, it is fair to say that Mr. Traill, whom nobody calls a sweet enthusiast, has expressed, in one of the reviews, a very high opinion of Mr. Thompson's poems, which are vended in a pretty volume, by Messrs. Lane and Elkin Matthews. Another quite new poet is Mr. Fawcett (Bell & Sons), who writes an elegy on a personal sorrow, and is highly praised by the Spectator. We have lost a young writer, Mr. R. F. Murray, a man of very original character, whose brief and disinterested career was early checked by consumption. He was a student of the University of St. Andrews. His one book, "The Scarlet Gown" (Holden), is full of the old city'sinspiration, but the verses are gay and light-hearted. He has left others of a more serious cast and was daily improving in his art. There is a new novel, "A Yellow Aster," by "Iota" (Hutchinson). It is certainly very clever and original, but there is a good deal about religion in it, and the central situation is one which I do not feel able to expound to lady readers. Into this Bluebeard's chamber they will probably crowd with enthusiasm. Having discussed the said situation (an "interesting situation") with Golfers, I find that they do not understand its moral bearings, and remain ébahis. I have not succeeded in perusing "The Heavenly Twins," but, from all one hears, people who liked it will dote on "A Yellow Aster."

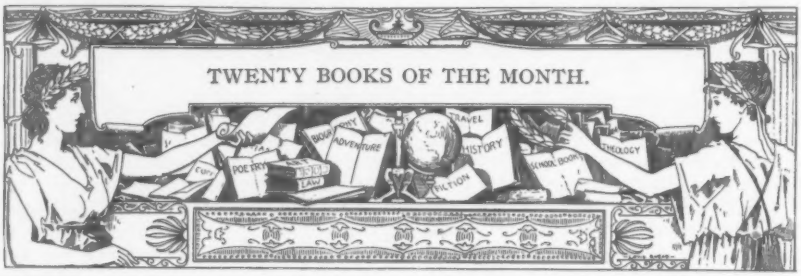
An author but little versed in original moral ideas, Mr. Rider Haggard, seems to have a public indifferent to psychological refinements, as his usual publishers have done business in 400,000 copies of his novels, exclusive of "American Tales," and of some of his most popular works which are in other hands.

A really valuable work for students is Colonel Ellis's "Yoruba Peoples" (Chapman & Hall), a learned, temperate, and acute discussion of West African manners, customs and religious beliefs.

"The contemplative gent," as John Beaumont calls him (1705), will find much to marvel on in Mr. Arthur Lillie's "Modern Mystics," with an account of the Rev. Stainton Moser. This gentleman, who died lately, was a "medium" who could give points to St. Joseph of Capertino, and St. Gregory the magician. It is an extraordinary legend, and the baffled reader can find no resting-place for a satisfactory explanation. On the other hand, my friend John Beaumont, Gent, after regaling us through a whole volume with apparitions he has met, admits that they came to him when he had suffered for a year from an intermittent fever, when his private affairs were very distracting, and, when he had been drinking heavily! This only comes

out in the last page of his really learned work. However, his is an old book, and has no business here. There seems to be some talk about "a Legion of Honor for literary persons." Some such scheme has often been revived. Thackeray wrote strongly against it. The usual man of letters has no craving for knighthood: his profession is and has ever been, distinguished by not being decorated. There are plenty of benighted or baronetted painters; writers have hitherto gone free, as a rule. Any such so-called honors are apt to beget jealousies, for men often desire what they do not really want, when they see other people in possession. Academic degrees have been all our honors, and even these have not been much coveted by our simple and contented minds. If literary gentlemen, however, really pine for bits of ribbon, like their non-literary neighbors, there can be no great harm in gratifying a taste so comparatively innocent.

ANDREW LANG.



FICTION.—A DAUGHTER OF TO-DAY, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

CLEOPATRA, by Georg Ebers. D. Appleton & Co.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES, by Thomas Hardy. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

RED DIAMONDS, by Justin McCarthy. D. Appleton & Co.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.—BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT US, by William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

MEMOIRS OF THE BARON DE MÉNEVAL, Private Secretary of Napoleon I, 3 vols. D. Appleton & Co.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VIRGINIAN IN THE MEXICAN, INDIAN AND CIVIL WARS, by General Dabney Herndon Maury. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, by Pierre de Lano. Dodd, Mead & Co.

TOWN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, by Alice Stopford Green. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

LITERARY.—THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL, and Other Essays, by Emile Zola. Cassell Publishing Co. $2.00.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU, by Tolstoï; translated by Constance Garnett. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.50.

SCIENTIFIC.—POPULAR LECTURES AND ADDRESSES, Vol. II. Contributions to Geology, by Lord Kelvin, P.R.S. (Sir William Thompson). Macmillan & Co.

THE STORY OF OUR PLANET, by T. G. Bonney, D.SC. Cassell Pub. Co. $5.00.

SPORT AND TRAVEL.—BEYOND THE ROCKIES, by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

YACHTING, by the Earl of Pembroke, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Brassey, Lieutenant-Colonel Bucknill, Louis Herreshoff, G. L. Watson, E. F. Knight, the Rev. G. L. Blake, R.N., and C. C. Davies. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

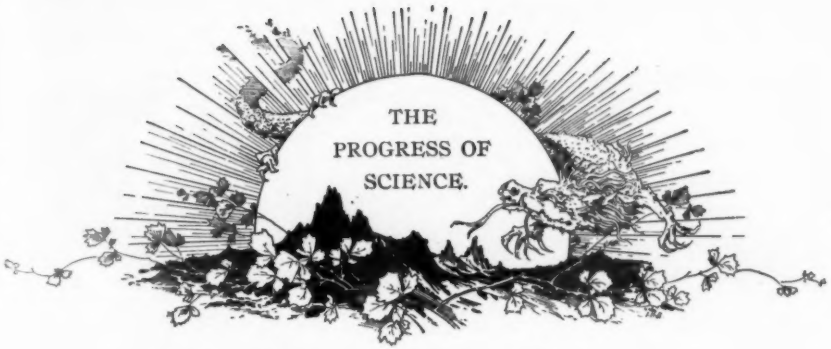
REFERENCE.—ATLAS OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES, by Th. Schreiber, edited for English use by Prof. W. C. F. Anderson. Macmillan & Co.

GAMES.—MODERN SCIENTIFIC WHIST, by C. D. P. Hamilton. Brentano. $2.00.

SHARPS AND FLATS, a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill, by John Nevil Maskelyne. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.—AN ISLAND GARDEN, by Celia Thaxter. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00.

COURAGE, by Charles Wagner. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.



THE ELECTRIC UTILIZATION OF NIAGARA.

THE necessity for having manufacturing establishments located where the water-wheels are has greatly limited the use of water-power. Now that electric energy can be transmitted to great distances on wires, one may have his source of power with a dynamo where the water-power chances to be, and his factory with its motor where it is economically best to put it, and these places may be many miles apart, and many rivers may be made serviceable which have hitherto been but a waste of power.

One of the largest of these is the Niagara river and falls, where about 18,000,000 cubic feet of water flows per minute through a descent of more than three hundred feet, including both falls and rapids. This represents something like 10,000,000 horse-power. For the utilization of a portion of this a company has constructed a tunnel about a mile and a half long, running under the town of Niagara, from the river above the falls to a point just beyond the foot-bridge below the falls and a few feet from the surface of the river, giving nearly two hundred feet for a head of water. The capacity of this plant is 100,000 horse-power, and there are to be many turbines, some of them 5000 horse-power, for driving 5000 horse-power alternating dynamos intended to maintain a current at two thousand volts.

Manufacturing establishments in the immediate vicinity will probably have wires connected directly to the dynamos, but factories at a distance of ten or more miles will have the voltage raised by transformers to ten thousand volts or more, and again transformed to lower voltage where the power is to be utilized. This process is to save in cost of conductors, for a given amount of electrical energy of high voltage requires a smaller wire than if the voltage is low. A number ten copper wire, which is about an eighth of an inch in diameter, which will conduct,—say thirty horse-power at one thousand volts, will conduct a hundred horse-power at four thousand volts. It is expected that most of this power will be used for motor work rather than in lighting, and Niagara companies have been organized in several cities and towns about, some of them at the distance of a hundred miles or more, with the probability that ultimately some of the energy may reach even New York City. It seems likely that the region about Niagara will soon become a great industrial center, where all sorts of mechanical enterprises will be grouped, because power can be had cheaper than elsewhere. There are many questions concerning the economical distribution of electrical energy that will be settled by this Niagara plant, and engineers are watching the developments with great interest. After these are settled, by experience, water-power in places now inaccessible for manufacturing purposes will suddenly become valuable properties for electrical power stations. No one need feel apprehen-

sive that Niagara Falls will be seriously affected by this seemingly large draught upon its water supply. In reality it represents but about one-fortieth of the bulk of the water of the river, and several such power-plants might be established there without diminishing the flow appreciably.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



THE distribution of light, heat, water, power, and even human speech from a central station, has been an accomplished fact so long that it attracts no attention. The artificial production of cold, as illustrated in various chemical and domestic operations and in ice factories, is also a familiar process; but the successful distribution of cold from a central station is so recent as to be known only to a few. This is now accomplished over large areas. Cold is but the absence of heat, it is therefore only necessary to cause the heat in any space to disappear to produce a low temperature, or cold. The removal of heat must, then, be the principle involved in all refrigeration.

The production of cold at widely different places from a central station, accordingly, does not differ in principle from its production in an ice factory. While this is true, the engineering difficulties in the pipe-line distribution of cold from a central station were very great. It has been unsuccessfully attempted at various places, including London, New York, Boston and Paris, but is now in successful operation in Denver and St. Louis.

In these plants the agent for producing cold is liquid ammonia. This substance is liquefied at the central station and transmitted through iron pipes, under a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, to the places to be cooled. At these places the liquid ammonia flows through an adjustable opening in a small valve into one end of an expansion or cooling coil. The other end of this coil is connected with a return pipe, leading back to the station. The boiling point of liquid ammonia, under atmospheric pressure, is about thirty degrees below zero, so that any temperature above this will boil it away very rapidly. This boiling away, or evaporation of the liquid ammonia in the expansion coil, cools the surrounding space and the temperature desired is obtained by regulating the rate at which the ammonia escapes from the main. A constant suction is kept up in the return pipes, so that the vapor of ammonia returns to the central station for repeated use.

In this process a liquid fills the outgoing pipes and vapor the return pipes, which is just the reverse of the steam-heating process, where vapor fills the outgoing pipes and liquid flows in the return pipes. In steam-heating from a central station, there is much loss by radiation from the mains, in the refrigerating process there is no corresponding loss as the liquid ammonia is passed through the mains at ordinary temperatures.

The system described admits of many applications, the most ordinary and important of which at present are the cooling of storage boxes for hotels, restaurants, saloons, butchers and butter-houses, and in enabling hotels and cafés to make their own ice; in cooling water for large stores and factories, and in cooling soda-water fountains. Among the luxurious applications may be mentioned the cooling of summer cafés and dining-rooms to any desired temperature. In St. Louis ten or fifteen degrees between the inside and outside temperatures were found most satisfactory.

For this room-cooling the same pipes used as a cooling-coil in summer are used as a steam radiator in winter.

The area that can be supplied with cold from a single station is about the same as can be supplied with illuminating gas. This new industry can never become as general as those mentioned in the beginning of this note, for "keeping cool" is in many cases a luxury rather than a necessity.

S. E. TILLMAN.



NEW OBSERVATORIES.

THERE is rather unusual activity in the business of observatory building just at present. In Asia there are the new observatories at Manila and Beirut, both of them provided with instruments for the most part made in this country,—a new departure.

In Europe the observatories at Greenwich and Meudon have been supplied with new telescopes of the largest size, and a new observatory has been erected on the summit of Mt. Blanc as a sort of accessory to the Meudon establishment. It is intended not for permanent occupancy, but as a station to which astronomers may resort when working at special researches in which it is important to get above as much of the atmosphere as possible. Janssen himself, the Meudon director, had tested the advantages of this elevation in his two remarkable ascents in 1888 and 1890, when investigating the presence of oxygen in the solar atmosphere, and it is to his energy, backed by the wealth of Bischoffsheim and Eiffel, that science owes the new establishment. The difficulty and expense of reaching it are such, however, that it may be doubted whether it will be very much used.

In this country there are two observatories on the point of erection which will probably be important in the annals of astronomy. One is the Yerkes observatory on Lake Geneva, about seventy miles from Chicago, where the greatest telescope in the world will be mounted; and the other is a temporary observing station which is to be established in Arizona at an elevation of some eight thousand feet, as a sort of auxiliary to the Harvard college observatory. The experiments at Arequipa and elsewhere in South America during the last five years, have been so successful that it has become extremely desirable to get a corresponding station in this country to work in concert with the southern observers. Mr. Percival Lowell, of Boston, has given the money needed, and will himself go out with the party, which will be under the charge of Mr. W. H. Pickering, who is a brother of the Harvard director, and has lately been in charge of the operations in Peru. The principal telescope, now nearly finished, is to be eighteen inches in diameter, and there will be, of course, a number of minor instruments, photographic, spectroscopic, etc. The work will be mainly of a kind that cannot be carried on with success at Cambridge, where the sky is all night long illuminated with the glare of city lights. The precise location of

the station is not yet settled, but an observer has gone in advance to experiment with a six-inch telescope, and fix upon the site. It is expected to have everything in readiness to observe the opposition of Mars next October.

If the results prove as satisfactory as we may reasonably hope, it is more than probable that the observatory will be made permanent; indeed, it is almost certain that the great observatories of the future will be removed as far as possible from the centers of population. The new astronomy requires, above all things, pure air and a sky unsophisticated with the lights and smokes of civilization.

C. A. YOUNG.



VOLCANIC ROCKS OF THE ATLANTIC SLOPE.

THE crystalline schists and the allied massive rocks of New England and the Appalachians have always presented formidable difficulties to the geologist, but until a few years since most of them have generally been considered as of sedimentary origin. Indeed, additional evidence has been obtained during recent years that such is really the character of some of these rocks, for Cambrian fossils have been detected in material which closely resembles in appearance gneisses, known to be igneous. On the other hand, extended study under the microscope of the rocks which had been supposed metamorphic, shows that many of them are really igneous. Of these a part are effusive, or truly volcanic, so that tuff, obsidian and ash are abundantly represented. These volcanics are seldom immediately recognizable as such, because in most cases they have been subjected to deforming pressures which have converted them into schists, and to chemical alteration, which further obscures their origin. The glassy components have been devitrified, and the hornblende, mica and pyroxene are now replaced by products of decomposition. In short, it is only by aid of what may be called pathological petrography that these old rocks can be shown to have been substantially identical with such lavas as basalt and rhyolite. The interest of these old volcanics is by no means purely petrographical. The preservation of superficial varieties of igneous material is evidence that they occupy old land surfaces, and when they are favorably situated with reference to fossiliferous beds, the age of the eruptions can be determined.

Prof. Geo. H. Williams has very recently published an interesting paper on these ancient volcanics, which are shown to exist at short intervals from Newfoundland to South Carolina. Thus the Atlantic slope in its youth must have been as fiery as the Andes of modern times, and was no doubt ornamented with imposing volcanic cones. It is not strange that none of these cones remain, for they are light and porous structures, more easily swept away than other mountains. GEORGE F. BECKER.



Drawn by Frank O. Small. *See page 232.*

"SURROUNDED WITH ARDENT AND VERY UNSPIRITUAL YOUNG MEN."